ISSUE TWO
MARCH '96

WHIZZBANGER PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS

FOUR DOLLARS

FLASHPOINT

GENDER IDENTITY

US AND THEM

Femininity and Masculinity go hand in hand

I know there are differences between men and women. But I think there is femininity and masculinity in every person. The gender of the body you reside in should not dictate the gender specificity of your personality or behavior. Women can have many masculine strengths, just as men can have many feminine strengths. "Masculinity" and "Femininity" are two terms that should describe the emotions and motives of people, not the gender of their bodies. I think we are born with equal amounts of masculinity and femininity. Unfortunately we live in a society that suppresses the half of our personalities that does not conform to the cultural standards specific to the gender of our bodies. We are taught to hide it away, because the sensitive boy who likes to hug is called a "Pussy/Faggot." And the girl who likes to play sports and get dirty is called a "Butch/Dyke." A boy must be tough and strong, and a girl must be soft and sweet. No, wrong. But society puts such pressure on us that it starts to factor in and control every action we take, every tear we shed, every toy we buy. We have been weighed down. We have lost our balance. We must stop this before all our women end up in veils, and all our men end up in the military. Is that what you want? Worthless powder puffs and macho thugs? I don't.

FLASHPOINT zine. Issue two.
Gender Identity/Us and Them

PART ONE: The Setup.
How society is arranged to brainwash X chromosome to be a female impersonator, and Y chromosome to be a male impersonator.

PART TWO: Living With It.
Men and women discuss their frustration with living in the Patriarchy.

PART THREE: Looking Back.
Comments by those who have decided to be people instead of genders.

PART FOUR: Anger and Hostility.
This might convince you the Patriarchy stinks.

PART FIVE: Possible Solutions.
What we can do to fix the mess.

WHO'S BRIGHT IDEA WAS THIS?

FLASHPOINT zine is created by Shannon Colebank.
You can write to me at:
POBx 5591
Portland OR 97228 USA

Intro by Shannon.

I dreamed I went to a party. It was at a house I did not recognize. Nor did I recognize any of the people there. They were all the typical superficial partier type, with their fake forced laughter and their phony joviality. I hated them.

My guts hurt and I felt nauseas.

Two male gynecologists were there, and when they saw me they looked ambitious and asked me how I was doing. I did not recognize them, though they seemed to know me well (clinically at least). They took me into one of the rooms of this house that was set up as a temporary gynecologists office. They were telling me about my babies. I felt confused, as I did not recall having any babies. I don't remember even being pregnant. But they went on and on, positive I should know what they were talking about.

Finally I said I thought there was something wrong, in that I felt really sick. I shed my clothes and lay on the table. One of the doctors took a test tube with a pen flashlight inside it and put it into my vagina and through my cirvix. He peered in and said, "Ah ha! Just as I suspected. The placentas from your babies are still inside you. You just didn't clean out."

Well... That's what it felt like too. I was feverish and nauseas and felt like I was getting toxic. It seemed logical. Though I was still totally bewildered in that I swear I've never been pregnant.

One of them was holding my hand and petting my hair while the other was using various tools to extract the dead placentas. Both doctors were very gentle and professional and kind. They showed me the placentas, and then gave me some medication that would cause me to have contraction's and further clean out.

I remained naked and went with them out onto the back porch where 2 incubators were. A female nurse held up a baby for me to see. It was abnormally tiny and was missing collar bones so it's shoulders hung at an odd angle. It was alive but unconscious and had no genitals at all. Then she showed me the other one that was still in it's incubator. It had a tube up it's nose and I.V.'s in it's arms. It was also unconscious. It's skin was purple and it had no genitals. It was missing both collar bones and both shoulder blades so it's arms sagged limply out the sides of it's rib cage.

I felt nothing. No affection for them, no sympathy, not even revulsion. Just NOTHING. I turned to the doctors and they were both just beaming with pride that they were able to save these babies. They expected me to burst into tears and thank them profusely. But I felt nothing. Not even apathy. Just NOTHING.

I went into the living room where those party people were still forcing fake laughter and felt NOTHING for them. Not even disgust. I turned and went naked out the front door into the hot but pleasant sunlight. I stood with my eyes shut and soaked it up for a moment. Then I walked down the dirt driveway to the mail box. I opened the mailbox and took out a blanket. I lay down on the blanket and wrapped myself up like a cocoon. Then I left my body and watched it morph and change into a different female body. That body woke up and unwrapped the blanket. It was the girl from The Muffs. She had on a dress. She looked me straight in the eye, which surprised me because I thought I was invisible. I looked down and saw I had a male body. Naked and average.

I walked over and lay down next to her and snuggled up. We lay there cuddling. She felt very smug that she was able to attract me like that. We held each other gently and then I woke up.

In my dreams my body often changes gender. When I dream of sex, I always have a male body and I'm always attracted to women. But I often dream of having a female body and casually strolling about naked in public with menstrual blood running down my legs.

I guess that's a unique dream for a boy to have.

I feel like a lesbian with a male body. Sometimes I wonder what gender I am. I often wonder if it's even relevant.

I don't want to be a female impersonator. I don't want to be a male impersonator. No cutsy powder puff. No macho tough guy. Just me. ME.

That's what this zine is about.

Us and Them

oh joy oh joy oh joy oh joy oh joy oh joy oh joy

Beer drinking
Truck driving
Limbaugh listening
Wife beating
Knuckle dragging
Good old boys

Whining
Manipulative
Gossipy
Hysterical
Promiscuous
Bitches

The differences between the sexes have for many years been attributed to biological differences. Now most people realise that the differences between a man and a woman are largely due to the way they have been raised. Socialization, from the family, the media, schools and other social structures, has a major effect on the values, norms and roles that they later adhere to. But how and why do children learn the roles that they later seem to compliantly assume? The sex role development, or sex-typing, whereby children come to adopt the attitudes, feelings, behaviours, and motives that are culturally defined as appropriate for their gender, is a complex process not yet fully understood.

But it is important to fully realise the extent which the environment has on the individual. In the same way that knowledge about any topic can help us argue against it efficiently, knowledge about the acquisition of gender roles can help us to deal with sexism. When concrete evidence can be cited to disprove that sex differences are biologicaly determined, the argument becomes all the stronger. Many things are still assumed to be 'natural', such as a woman being more 'loving', 'caring' and 'unselfish', and these stereotypes need to be fully understood before they can be deconstructed.

One body of evidence for the extent to which the stereotypes of males and females are culture-bound comes from anthropological data. An old study, one of the first of its kind, was conducted by MARGARET MEAD in 1935. She studied three tribes in New Guinea: "the gentle, mountain-dwelling Arapesh, the fierce, cannibalistic Mundugumor, and the graceful headhunters of Tchambuli." She found data which completely destroyed the idea that the gender roles of Western culture are caused by biological differences. She found that among the Arapesh, both men and women are cooperative, unaggressive, responsive to the needs of others - characteristics typically associated with the feminine role in Western culture. In marked contrast, The Mundugumor would be regarded as "masculine" by our cultural standards, for both men and women tend to be ruthless, aggressive, severe and unresponsive. Neither of these tribes put any emphasis on the contrast between the sexes. In the third tribe, the Tchambuli, the personality characteristics of the two sexes are the reverse of what is usual in our own culture, with the women acting dominant, impersonal and managing; whilst the men are less responsible and emotionally dependent.

She claims that the Arapesh "regard both men and women as as inherently gentle, responsive, and co-operative, able and willing to subordinate the self to needs of those who are younger or weaker, and to derive a major satisfaction from doing so." Whereas "the Mundugumor ideal of character is identical for the two sexes:...both men and women are expected to be violent, competitive. aggressively sexed, jealous and ready to see and avenge insult, delighting in display, in action, in fighting." The Tchambuli have gender roles which directly oppose ours. However, men are still "theoretically legally dominant" although they "play an emotionally subservient role, dependent upon the security given to them by women". This could be compared to the supposedly "equal" rights that the legal system creates for women in Western Culture which is pretty "theoretical" and not particularly "practical".

Other data from different societies has been provided from the studies that have examined the rare cases of hermaphrodites. Studies have shown that children born with both sets of genitals, which are raised according to conform to a certain gender role, have produced results which stress the importance of nurture over nature.

In one such study two genetically female infants had ambiguous external genitals. Both had surgery to correct their enlarged clitorises. One infant's genitals were "feminised" and she was raised as a girl: the other infant's genitals were modified to resemble a penis and "he" was raised as a boy. It was found that both conformed to their respective gender roles - the girl was somewhat "tomboyish" in appearance; the boy was accepted as a male by his peers and expressed heterosexual desires. This suggests that an individual's gender identification is influenced by the way a person is labelled and raised rather than by his or her hormones.

Similarly in male identical twins one was reared as female after he had his penis completely severed in what was supposed to be a routine circumcision. The parents decided to have the infants testes removed and a vagina was given a preliminary shape. The child was then given female hormones and raised as a girl. Within a few years the child seemed to have assumed a female gender identity: she preferred more feminine clothes, toys and activities than her twin brother. The researchers concluded that socialization is the main factor at work here in establishing sexual identity and orientation.
However, this study is by no means conclusive because it has also been reported that at thirteen years of age a psychiatrist reported that the subject had significant emotional problems associated with her sexual identity. These included her relatively masculine appearance and a reported preference for male companions.

Another 'believe it or not' tale is of some remote villages of the Dominican Republic in which eighteen genetic males who, owing to the fact that their cells were insensitive to the androgen their bodies generated pre-natally, were born with internal organs that were clearly male, but external organs that were closer to females, including a clitoris-like organ. All eighteen were raised as girls, which was at

odds with both their genes and their prenatal hormonal environment. When puberty was reached the surge of male hormones produced the normal bodily changes and turned their clitoris-like organs into penis-like organs. The vast majority of these males-reared-as-females rapidly turned into males. They seemed to have little difficulty adjusting to a male gender identity; they went off to work as miners and woodsmen and soon found female sexual partners.
However, it has been argued that these Dominican hermaphrodites were not consistently raised as females, mainly because they had ambiguous genitals.

Anthropological research and studies conducted on children whose bizarre circumstance make them ideal 'guinea pigs' adds much support to the viewpoint that gender roles are a cultural creation. The biological argument, which claims that women and men are different due to their different hormonal, physical and intelligence levels, seems completely illogical and incorrect. These assumptions are perhaps not as prevalent in the nineties, but still exist to a lesser degree, as sexism is hardly a thing of the past.

Simple myths, such as women being better at raising children, men being better at scientific matters, and suchlike, have for so long been seen as truths, based on inherent and unchangeable differences between the sexes. Even now, when these myths are constantly being challenged, the importance of being able to say **why** these ideas are incorrect cannot be undermined.

It is because of the importance of breaking down these ideas that a knowledge of the processes by which children learn their sex-roles aids us into understanding the different roles that we assume later in life. It seems important to know at what age did you realise that someone wearing a skirt was a woman? When you associated a lady in a skirt with being a mother, or a nurse or a secretary? What age you thought that mostly a mother raises a child? What age you began to think that a mother raises a child better than a father? What age you thought that only a mother was capable of raising a child. Most children learn these answers at a disturbingly young age, and most learn the myths that the women's movement has been fighting to dispel for decades. Only when we understand the ways in which a child learns the responses to these normally unanswered questions can we begin to plan how we can unteach these values, or, perhaps more importantly, ensure that future children do not adopt them.

One such study which answers some of these questions regarding how young children acquire these schemas was conducted in 1978, by KUHN. It showed that two to three year olds believed that when they grow up boys rather than girls will be the boss and mow the grass, whilst girls will clean the house, be a nurse, be a teacher when they grow up. Many other stereotypes were also internalised by this young age.

Gender labelling, gender identity, sex-typed toy preference, and awareness of adult sex roles can be reliably observed in children as young as 26 months. The majority of 26 month olds are able to verbally label pictures of men and women appropriately. By 31 months of age they are able to indicate whether they are male or female themselves. By the end of the third year the majority of children can easily sort pictures of men and women into male and female categories and they are aware that some activities and possessions are more commonly associated with one gender than another.

Parents are seen as the main agents for socialization in the first years of a child's life as it is they who administer values and ideals to children, with tools such as love withdrawal, disapproval and punishment used to control their children's behaviour. They encourage their children to occupy themselves with certain activities by buying them particular toys and playing with them in particular ways. Some research has shown that they give daughters toys that encourage imitation, are used near the caretaker, and give less opportunity for innovation or variation. It is hardly surprising that a child develops the skills appropriate for use in the play that it is engaging in. Therefore if a child plays in a small area, their ability for spatial awareness will not be high. Females' spatial awareness skills are not as good as males', and this is surely the reason why.

It seems that the extent to which a parent has control over it's child's development is practically limitless. The child is like a sponge, absorbing all that is given to it with relish. Whether the child is exposed to other ideas and values is entirely up to the parent. No-one insists that a parent allow their child to watch television. No child has to attend school before the age of four or five. The parent can be entirely responsible for the child. They can entirely supervise the books the child reads, the other people that the child interacts with, and so on. it would not be hard to make sure that your child only received information and stimulation that was left-wing, non-sexist, non-homophobic, non-anticommunist, non-racist: it would not be hard at all.

However, this is no solution. It is not right to be arguing that it is possible to raise a child in a 'politically correct' vacuum. It should not be necessary. The necessary thing, in fact, is to continue to fight against the stereotypes that we are bombarded with everyday in this culture that we live in. To continue to fight against the myths that are still commonly believed and repeated. It makes sure the next generation believes they can achieve what they want, be who they want, act how they want, without norms, values and roles being subscribed to them according to their gender, race or sexual persuasion. Without biological factors imposing on their lives as they have done for generations. For centuries. Perhaps things are changing, but not fast enough.

CHANGING by Mirya

I always knew I was different, even when I was little I identified with things that were supposed to be alien to me; and things that were supposed to be second nature were not. It was difficult and nothing could conceal it. When I look back on my childhood it is startling how in many ways it was all quite obvious.

I am a transexual. My childhood was quite painful. I was an outcast; the one everybody beat up and laughed at. That actually continued all the way through college, as I desperately tried to fit in but never could.

When I was in fifth grade my mother suggested I dress as a girl for Halloween. But I didn't want the other kids to say I had finally revealed my true nature, and laugh. Kids can be amazingly cruel.

By the time I was 14 and going to Catholic boy's school, I had figured out my gender conflict. High school was a nightmare

I considered suicide, and often dreamed of waking up with a female body and having that life, but still be the same me on the inside.

I was terrified of telling my parents, and of their possible reactions. We had to be the "Perfect Family," and perfect families didn't have such things.

By the time I was 18 I had a heavy drinking problem. I spent 4 years drunk at a prestigious Catholic college.

My parents got divorced during my senior year. My mother had been trying to maintain the "Perfect Family" image, but it all fell apart when my fathers adulteries and lies and devious financial dealings came out in the open. I drank through the divorce. I had developed quite a pot habit too, and by graduation I was on acid. Watching my reality twist into something else was really appealing to me.

After graduation I moved to a big East coast city, and for the next 2 years I continued to party. By the time I was 20 I had lost my virginity to both men and women. I kept my 2 liaisons with men secret, while drifting through several with women. I tried to be "normal." However, though I was really attracted to men, a strange thing happened; I fell in love with a woman. We lived together for almost a year. Shortly after she moved in I broke down and told her about my true self. I told her I have a strong female identity and she didn't run from me. She recognized I must have trusted her immensely and it brought us closer together. At one point we were engaged. She taught me how to put on make up and how to dress. Eventually it got to be too much and we had an extremely painful breakup. I almost killed myself. I recognized I had to accept myself as a woman or die. I started talking about it with my friends and most of them were accepting. It gave me courage to tell my family. I had to tell my father over the phone because I didn't want to get hit. He and my brother disowned me.

Most other family members accepted me.

Currently I live full time as a female. I have almost saved enough money for the final surgery.

People who knew me before often ask me what it's like. One woman, who was my roommate for a while, says she likes to talk with me because I have the "Teiresias pespective." (Teiresias was changed into a woman by the Gods, and eventually slain by Zeus for daring to suggest that a woman's pleasure is 9 times greater than a man's during sex) I have been both. I have observed allot.

I pass as a woman. I look like and am accepted as a woman in every day life. No one in my current job knows about my past, nor do they suspect. Over time this has caused difficulty with other transexuals I know who are envious. I stopped going to transexual gatherings because of this.

A friend of mine who knows a few transexuals says the one difference she notices is that my core identity is truly female; where as the others are just queers.

All women know about sexism. We deal with it every day. It permeates our existence. It may be the boss who believes we are incompetent because of our gender, and makes that judgment BEFORE assigning us the job. He does not promote us because he thinks we might leave to have a baby. The way men look at us, and the usual street harassment. And men act differently when women are not present. In college a guy said good night to his girlfriend. He was very kind to her. After she left he called her his "slampiece" and bragged about how he "nailed" her. She thought he loved her. Women will never know how their kind and supportive boyfriends talk about them in the locker room. But I do.

No man, no matter how caring/sensitive/liberated, can truly understand a woman's fear of rape. Most of them really don't want to know either. It's like racism: out of sight, out of mind. They don't want to feel "white male guilt" by acknowledging there are so many men out there who are so cruel. I've heard supposedly enlightened men define rape as: "A frustrated guy trying to get some." I have heard men joke about rape. In college I was with a bunch of guys and the prettiest girl on campus walked by. One guy said, "Ya, she'd be worth 20 years." He didn't mean it. He was just joking. But the fact that every one laughed shows how oblivious men are to the legitimate fear women feel just walking down the street.

Women's lives are infinitely more complicated than men's, and when we try to express our frustrations we're called "bitches" because the men just don't understand.

There are undoubtedly women reading this who resent me; who think I'm not real; who think I'm a queer who just can't admit it. I live my life every day the same way you do. Every day I deal with sexism. I worry about our freedom of choice, and how they want to throw mothers off welfare and bring back the orphanage. (Welfare mother. ie, a woman who DARES to raise a child without a man.)

I know these things. As Sojourner Truth said: "Ain't I a woman?"

As we unite and become more political, the world will become a better place. A place similar to what existed in ancient times, when women were not property, but respected.

May the Lady watch over you.

Mirya.

You may write to Mirya
c/o Skunk zine
POBx 20524 Tompkins Square Station
New York NY 10009 USA

• A FEMININE JESUS? Bible passages that some say show that Jesus has a feminine side were debated at a Minneapolis conference organized by members of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in America. The discussion focused on the word "Sophia" which is a Greek word meaning wisdom, and in the Bible is referred to with a feminine pronoun. Some think of Sophia as a goddess. Diane Jacobson, a professor at Luther Seminary in St. Paul, said the Old Testament speaks of Woman Wisdom as a prophet, teacher, mother, lover and goddess who was beside God during creation. In the New Testament, she said, it becomes clear that Jesus is Sophia. She cites Chapter 11 of Matthew, in which Jesus says, "Yet wisdom is vindicated by her deeds." "Unabashed, with no change of gender, Jesus is referred to as Sophia," Jacobson said. "The connections get stronger and stronger." (*The Sioux City Journal* 12/4/94)

I know these women. They are in love with each other. They live together as mates. They are very physically affectionate with each other. They sleep together, but they do not "have sex," because they are not queer. They both have male lovers, but they only fall in love with women. They label themselves "heterosexual lesbians." They say there are allot of "lesbians" like them. It is an emotional relationship, not a sexual one. It serves it's purpose. They emotionally nurture each other. It is the relationship they need at this time. I wonder about them. Is it an emotional immaturity or insecurity that makes them only love women? If they were more emotionally mature would they fall in love with their male lovers? Are they "fucked up kids?" Am I? Most of the women I have known, perceived me as female. But I kept falling in love with them. Is that a sign of emotional immaturity? If I were a "real man" would I then be able to fall in love with men? I am only sexually attracted to women. Does that make me a queer girl? When I fall in love with my friend, she either freaks out, because a lesbian wants her, or else she feels disgusted that I can not play the gender specific sexist role she keeps assigning me. It helps to know there are other people like this. But I am unsure what it's a sign of. Emotional immaturity? A weird twist on homosexuality? Are we a bunch of emotional deviants? Or are we so emotionally superior that we can see beyond gender, and love the person as a soul. And if that is the case, then why are we only emotionally attracted to women? Is it because men have been culturally conditioned to be emotionally "unavailable?" If I met another man like me, would I be able to fall in love with him? And what about Mirya? She has a male body but swears she is heterosexual because she is only sexually attracted to men. I compare myself with her and wonder. Are you confused yet? I am.

Shannon.

(7)

one dollar

USA

hi Shannon,

Of course you're not giving me the creeps. I understand all too well about the variations on sexuality and gender. I think it's really fucked up that women in yr situation (and Mirya's) have to be so cautious about trusting people who you'd like to be close to (don't we all, though?). I'm a biological female who, although have only been with men as lovers, have always been attracted to women, although really not ever felt as though I fit in to any gay or lesbian lifestyle or 'scene'. Why must we always put such definitions on whom we are attracted to and whom we chose to make love to? I don't think anyone is completely het or homo. Maybe a person lives primarily as a lesbian, or as a hetero, but I think instinctive attraction spans a range of gender.

Growing up, I was always called a dyke by assholes on my block b/c instead of wearing tight, tight pants and flowery blouses like the other chicks, I wore rock & roll black t's and loose Levi jeans (boy clothes?) I also hated disco and didn't think that it was wrong for me to want to play guitar, and wished that I was Keith Richards or Ann Wilson of Heart.

Before I ever knew what a "fag" was, I knew I didn't want to be one. Yeah, growing up in a suburb sucked. My friend Shell (who's a lesbian photographer friend of mine) told me that when she was a teenager, her mother kept dragging her to beauty parlors to have them make up her face & hair. She was a champion skateboarder in her teens. Why wasn't that something that her mom could be proud of, instead of trying to change her?

I have always been somewhat androgynous looking. When I was a little kid, my abusive father used to butcher my hair (he hated long hair & ranted about his daughter not turning into a hippie —*I was 7 years old, fer chrissakes!*) anyway, I always was mistaken for a boy. If I don't wear makeup and pull my hair back into a braid or in a hat, sometimes strangers will call me "sir" or "buddy". I used to hate that, and would go overboard to try and be feminine. Now I kind of like it, b/c when guys think I'm another guy on the street they ask me for matches to their cigarettes, instead of asking me what my bra size is, or how wet my pussy is, or any number of obnoxious questions (do guys honestly think that this is going to get them dates?)

Recently I was in San Francisco and we were walking around in Castro and I caught the eye of a man who I presumed was gay (not to stereotype here, but the trimmed mustache, tight jeans and flannel shirt was kind of a giveaway.) He smiled at me, and then I realized he thought I was a *boy*. I just smiled back, and didn't bother to pull my hair out of my hat. I don't need to prove that I am a woman anymore. It doesn't matter if people think I'm a guy. I just wish that I didn't have to look like a boy to not get harassed on the street.

As far as your question about lesbians who live together as a couple but don't have sex, I personally have never met any, but I don't see why this should be abnormal in any way. Being married, I've learned that sex is only a part of my relationship with my husband. We are partners in putting out our zine, he's the bass player in my band, we are roommates and part-time parents, and offer emotional support to one another through frequent migraines and bouts of depression. Sex is something both of us enjoy a lot, but it's not the end-all or be-all of our relationship. I think people can have long-term relationships without having sex. It's not a choice I'd make for myself, but everybody's life, as everybody's relationship is different. I've seen personal ads by lesbians looking to meet gay men for marriage and children. Personally, I'd love to have sex with a girl, but don't think I could ever be emotionally bound to one. Well, maybe, but I'm more comfortable in relationships with men.

I guess I'm just tired of seeing these shows like Geraldo or Sally Jesse Raphael, where, on sweeps week they get these loud, obnoxious drag queens to talk about ripping off gay men in bars or about having lots of unsafe promiscuous sex. This is such a stupid "freakshow" atmosphere that feeds to all these assholes in the audience who stand up and say things like "you people are disgusting.... blah blah.... indecent" But *they're* the ones who stood on line for hours to get to see these shows, right? Sometimes when I ride the subway to work, I'll see a woman I think is probably a transexual and I always try to catch her eye and smile, maybe to let her know that I think she's just fine the way she is, but sometimes I'm afraid to let on that I know, I don't want to upset somebody I don't know.

I specifically told Mirya that I wanted her to write for Skunk b/c I don't think too many people really get to know about transexuals' lives and so many transexuals are afraid of being "outed" that many people around them never realize that they are transexuals. I wish the world wasn't so oppressive. Mirya has told me so much about being lonely and afraid to reach out because of homophobia and scaring away people in her life.

I hope you find somebody who can accept you for who you are and is not intimidated by your body, or your mind. So many people are so afraid of being thought of as "queer" that they overreact if someone of the same sex, or someone who is a lesbian or gay person is attracted to them. I was the same way up until I turned 25 and was working with and got to be good friends with a lot of lesbians. My closest friend at the time was a lesbian and she had the back of her head shaved, like I did. This woman who worked with us was really homophobic and started harassing me and my friend saying that we were "dirty" and "disgusting" and it got to the point where I couldn't be in the same room with her without yelling and threatening to kill her if she didn't leave us alone. It didn't matter to me that she thought I was gay. It mattered that she was harassing me and my friend just because she assumed we were lovers. I have a friend who can't be in a women's bar because she's really afraid queer women will hit on her. She's someone who considers herself "liberal" and has no problem being in gay men's clubs, but is still homophobic toward lesbians. I've had some of the best times in women's bars. I haven't been in any since my friend moved out of state, but I've never felt awkward, or intimidated around lesbians or in gay bars (except one time when another lesbian friend and I went into a gay men's bar on the wrong night and we were the only females in there & EVERYBODY turned around and stared at us until we left. I learned that gay men can be just as mysogynistic as hetero men.)

Well, I've written a much longer letter than I'd intended, but this is a subject I don't get to talk about enough.

Nicola Sanchez

you may write to Nicola c/o skunk zine

PO BOX 20524. TOMPKINS SQ STA. NYC. 10009 USA

one dollar

skunk
skunk
skunk
skunk
skunk

POBx 20524
Tompkins Sq Station
New York NY
10009 USA

one dollah

IGNORING THE RAINBOW: A POT OF HUMAN SEXUALITY

I can't recall when I first questioned my sexual preferences, or why I did so. Being so confused as to what "true love" entailed was probably part of the reason, but surly not the soul reason. I grew up on Oprah's topics, A Current Affair's scandals, and my gym teacher's sketching of a penis. I always felt attracted to males, but I also fit, to some extent, the stereotypical lesbian: I never wore make-up; in elementary school I played with the boys at lunch time; and I had one boyfriend, that lasted a whole pathetic month and a half (I think).

Because I questioned my own sexuality on the basis of such factors, it's obvious to me that I wasn't completely aware of what my sexuality was, or what relationships really were, (not that I am any the wiser now). To think that I could be a lesbian because I never wore short skirts and heels was a pretty ridiculous consideration. Quite bloody ignorant, to put it bluntly. I actually never thought that I was a lesbian, though. I figured that I had some sort of mutant sexuality that wouldn't be satisfied, wholly, with either sex. I liked to call it "independent".

So there's a thin, almost dotted, almost liquid line between who I "love" and who I am "in love" with. But there is a huge, obvious line, for me anyway, that distinguishes and highlights my human, primitive sexuality. (I wish I was a bi-sexual. In fantasy land where you choose your sexual preference, I would definitly pick bi-sexuality; it would be nifty to open the attraction scale to both genders.)

One of the biggest problems I have with my sexuality is when I go over the scenario of being confronted with a gay proposal. No, I do not believe that gays hit on every person that they see- I run this movie through my head to see what I'm doing in it. How am I reacting? What do I do? To tell you the truth, I don't really know. I can't imagine myself reacting any differently towards a gay female than to a heterosexual male. But one often sees the ideal self, and not the real, unjustified self. I guess I'll find out if it ever happens. Perhaps I'll find more demons to face.

So, I love Jenn. And Jenn loves me. And I proposed to her that if our present day relationships with males don't work out, we will become lesbians in 1998. It's in document form, my proposal, so neither of us can back down. I'm only joking, of course, that we could just "become" lesbians, for any reason whatsoever.

But who am I to say- just some fucking, heterosexual chick who has an opinion on almost anything. One thing I can't tolerate is ignorance, pure and simple, when it comes to sexuality. Not understanding is very different from not relating to something. I can't relate to the gay community, but I can, for the most part, understand it (in the most basic sense, considering I don't understand entirely my own classified community.) And I find it appalling that some people (mostly heterosexuals) expect other people to ignore their sexuality, figuring that it will dissipate somehow- ignoring one's sexuality would be like trying to ignore a rainbow- impossible. Well, it would be impossible to function as the human being you really are, masking those 30-60% of your thoughts like that.

SEXUALITY IS NATURAL. It may not be the easiest topic to address at the dinner table, nor may it be the easiest part of the self to face, especially with society's restrictions, prejudices, and conventions- but, it's what makes us tick... and squirm, and moan, and breath funny. Your own sexuality is no one's business but your own, and if people question it or you, tell them to fuck off. None-the-less, sexuality has drawn its own boundaries in our minds, impossible to escape, impossible to cross, impossible to erase. My sexual preference just happens to fit the "norm" (read: not the minority). I still think that the male thought process has more paths that lead to sex than does a females- but if I had a penis, I would probably find it damn hard to ignore too. And males don't suck, (mind out of gutter, please), they are half of the ticket to reproduction. However, with all of the males and females who are together in more ways than one, why is this reproduction factor such a big deal when it comes to gay relationships? Who cares if two people who are in love can't reproduce? Should we tell every wife whose husband can't seem to get it up, to go remarry because her function as a human being isn't being utilized? Blame it on your ever-so-perfect god- he molded us- he put the pot of human sexuality at the end of the rainbow.

WHICH ONE ARE YOU?
a) HET
b) BI
c) QUEER
d) INDEPENDENT

DESPERATE TIMES
call for
DESPERATE ZINES

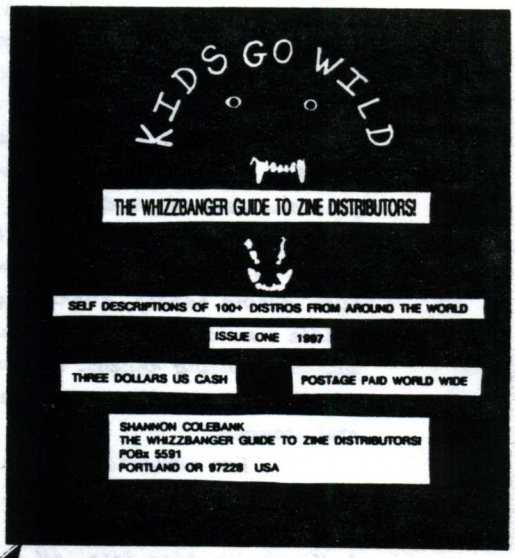
★ FLASHPOINT ★

FLASHPOINT zine issue two
Gender Identity / Us and Them

a zine about
the stupidity of gender roles

88 pages letter size
four dollars US cash
postage paid world wide

Shannon Colebank
FLASHPOINT zine
PO Box 5591
Portland, OR 97228 USA


KIDS GO WILD
THE WHIZZBANGER GUIDE TO ZINE DISTRIBUTORS!
SELF DESCRIPTIONS OF 100+ DISTROS FROM AROUND THE WORLD
ISSUE ONE 1997
THREE DOLLARS US CASH
POSTAGE PAID WORLD WIDE
SHANNON COLEBANK
THE WHIZZBANGER GUIDE TO ZINE DISTRIBUTORS!
POBx 5591
PORTLAND OR 97228 USA

filler
filler
filler
filler
filler
filler

My dad has a spiteful and belligerent rapist mentality. He is psychotic and insane. My mom has at least 5 personalities. All of them are backstabbing, compulsive liars. She is a sexual deviant. Both my parents were very abusive toward myself and my 2 older sisters. We lived in a constant state of terrified numbness. My sisters had each other to cling to, but they left me out because I was a boy. They used to tie me up and lock me in the cellar, calling me that really dirty name, "Boy Boy Boy!" They would trap me in berry vines and force me to snort pepper. They led me out into giant corn fields and ran away, leaving me lost. Their constant betrayal of my trust made me even more insecure and desperate for their acceptance. I was absolutely convinced that I was abused more than they were, and that it was because I was a boy. Actually, my youngest sister was abused MUCH more than the rest of us, but I didn't know that at the time. All I knew was the girls had each other and I was alone. Plus I had the girls torturing me too.

The sexual abuse came from mom, and I was the one to receive it because I was the boy. I spent my whole childhood honestly believing that if only I were a girl then everything would be better. I tried so hard to be like them. I must have been pretty good at it because when I started school, groups of boys would meet me coming off the school bus. Carrying me over head they would throw me into the girls bathroom. I never understood why this was happening. I didn't know I was a girl, but they did. This happened quite regularly all through first and second grade. They never beat me up though, I guess they thought it was wrong to hit a girl. It started to happen with more regularity, even during recess. Eventually I cut out the middle man and just went straight to the girls bathroom during recess. But enough girls complained, that I got threatened by the Principal and stopped.

For some reason the school I went to had a segregated playground. They never let boys and girls play together. On the boys side all hell was breaking lose. All these "games" of War, Fight, and Sports. Six year old macho men beating each other up and being hostile, as a game. I was horrified to see the same behavior I had experienced at home, as abuse, being acted out as a game at school. I hated boys. I would sneak onto the girl's side of the playground and watch them. They played the cutest games. All those jump rope chants and hand clapping songs. All their games were based on co-operation with a group, instead of that boyish independent macho competitive hostility. I loved girls. I belonged on that side of the playground. The teachers would always catch me and look disgusted, throwing me back to the boy's side. Mrs. Butler would taunt me before the boys, saying "Look, Shannon thinks he's a girl." Thus getting me beat up. I would go to Mrs. Pinkum, the so called "play ground monitor," all beat up and crying. She always had a half a dozen girls hanging on her but put her snoot in the air for me, once again proving to me that if only I was a girl, none of this would be happening.

Shannon.

READING FRENZY

AN ALTERNATIVE PRESS EMPORIUM

MAGS ZINES COMICS BOOKS

921 SW OAK ST

PORTLAND, OR 97205

ONE BLOCK FROM POWELL'S BOOKS

503*274*1449

Send a sample copy of your zine to Chloe at Reading Frenzy. If she likes it she will put it on consignment. You get 60%.

Dreams.

I have been reading Jung. He talks allot about dream symbolism and how everyone has inner femininity and inner masculinity and how these present themselves in your life and in your dreams. In most people's dreams they are the gender of their body but the other characters are the opposite sex, which some times represents their own inner femininity or masculinity. The reason I dream of actually BEING the opposite sex is because my original self was so pulverized from abuse that he hardly exists at all.

All my life I have been very heavily involved with the music business. Due to my gender confusion, music was a good way for me to express myself non-gender specifically. It became the most important part of my life. I have written over 300 songs. Unfortunately I also became obsessive about it as a way of avoiding my gender problem. I told myself that the reason I can't have relationships with women is because I have music business to take care of. (I don't have time for a girlfriend.) The facts are: Queer girls are intimidated by my male body, and het girls are not attracted to me because I'm female.

In my dreams I usually have a female body. In the last few years I have steadily withdrawn myself from the music business and began confronting my gender confusion. While doing this, I kept having more and more dreams of having a male body. In these dreams I was a starving, beaten little boy who was desperately insecure and terrified. His sole purpose in existing was to perform cunnilingus. I was 4 years old and my mouth was exactly the right hight for teen age girls. I've had many dreams of being nothing more than their sex toy. I was a naked little child on a leash who got immense pleasure from drinking girl juice. They never felt embarrassed about me hanging on them and getting them off in public. But in these dreams I was physically starving, and girl juice seemed to be the only thing I could eat. To them it was just sex, no emotion toward me at all. I felt nothing but desperate starvation. And though I liked the fact that they accepted me as their sex toy, it was not emotionally satisfying to me at all. I always felt so intensely lonely while doing it.

I have since completely bailed on the music business, I don't even listen to music much. I keep myself surrounded with dead silence as much as possible, to be alone with my self and try to figure out what gender I am, or if I even have one. In most of my dreams I still have a female body. But in my cunnilingus dreams I some times have my own adult male body, and I don't feel so desperately starved. The women I go down on are mature adults too.

To me these dreams suggest that because I have given my identity over to my female self and allowed her to control my life, it gives her the strength to heal my male self. I do not deny my femininity or try to fight her by being macho (I never did). But I used to immerse my self in music to such extent that I didn't have time to think about it either.

I am still very dependent on my inner femininity (and female identity) to be able to even exist in this world. I can't help it if the comic book version of myself is female. But the fact that in my resent dreams, my male self is some times physically represented by what I look like in present time, gives me the impression that I am beginning to heal as a man.

I think allot of queers are really pathetic. The macho bull dyke and the femmy fag boy. I wonder how much of their sexual identity is based on their inability to give their inner femininity or masculinity the power to heal their original self. They seem to be in desperate denial of their own weakness. The pulverized little girl inside who is dying because that dyke is so busy over compensating for her insecurity with the macho tough guy act. She needs to let that stronger masculinity heal her, instead of using it to deny her pulverized original female self.

And the fag boy who exaggerates his femmy mannerisms while hating women. He's so busy acting effeminate while denying his inner femininity the power to heal him. There is a pulverized little boy in there who keeps re-playing the sexual abuse over and over because he's too insecure to allow his femininity to have any power.

I had to give up having relationships with women. In the last 10 years I kissed a girl's hand once. That is the only physical contact I have had. Obviously it is very lonely. But it was a necessary step for me to take in becoming my own woman. That strong inner woman is making me a healthier man.

I see this allot with Riot Grrrls. Them boycotting boys while assuming more masculine roles.

I think allot of men could benefit from withdrawing from women and getting in touch with their own feminine strengths, rather than having co-adictive relationships with women.

Jung said, men who like pornography are subconsciously trying to get in touch with their own inner femininity, but they are so infantile in mentality that they can not see femininity as any thing more than degraded and objectified smut. Their own masculinity is so insecure that it can not allow their femininity to have any control. And they can't let any WOMAN have control either.

That's where you get your street harasser. His masculinity is so pathetic that he is terrified of his femininity. He projects that onto what ever woman happens to walk by. He is such an insecure whimp. He rubs his nose in pornography and goes to the stripper club for "male bonding" instead of embracing his femininity and allowing her the power to heal him.

That's why I have always thought pornography was disgusting. Sure, I've looked at it. I am very sexually attracted to women. But I could never masturbate over it because I never felt male enough to do so.

Thank God.

Shannon.

Another dream.

There was this girl. 19. Long and slender waif body, but curvy and strong. Maybe 5'8". She had hip length thick and curly hair, dark reddish brown, like the color of dried blood. She was very white with brown eyes. Had a smirky self assuredness like Ani Defranco. Had all her natural fur, and a feminine tangy smell. She lived with her very safe and middle class parents in a big gorgeous house. Her parents were present but I never saw them. They didn't like me and I didn't like them, but I didn't care. I was at her house all the time. I worshipped her. She was a Goddess to me.

To the great annoyance of her parents she never wore clothes. It wasn't out of female vanity, and it wasn't a don't-give-a-fuck attitude either. She honestly didn't realize she was naked. It just never occurred to her to put clothes on. I thought her body was breathtakingly beautiful, but I never felt sexual toward her. Though the smell of her was very sensuous. There was definitely chemistry but it wasn't lust.

I had written some books as thick as a dictionary. I opened them to the middle page and attached straps to them and put them on her like clothes. One was open, pages facing out, over her breasts. The other was, pages out, over her belly. The book only covered the space between her navel and her pubic hair. I don't remember what the books said, but they were ME. All the dreams I've ever had, my life story, whatever. She took my hands and searched my eyes and recognized how important it was to me for her to wear those books. She didn't really want to, but she did it for me. Her parents were yelling at her to put some clothes on, so she grabbed her back pack and made a run for the door. I followed. My heart was pounding with excitement. I was in love with her. I was running in front of her, opening doors for her and little worshipping things like that. I was so elated by what a privilege it was to me, for her to wear my books in public. Of course the suburbanites who were out on this fine day were aghast at her nudity. I was offended that they DARE question the behavior of my Goddess. She was standing still on the side walk allowing them to express their negative opinions, but not actually hearing them.

I went out in the street and looked up at the blue sky. It was hot. I saw occasional clouds. They were gnarly and freakish and came down to a point at the bottom like potential tornadoes. I started shouting to warn people that tornadoes were going to touch down, but they thought I was a raving lunatic. I pointed out specific clouds, 4 of them, but no one listened. They just looked at me as if to say, "Who the hell do you think you are telling us what to do?" Such snotty products of American television viewing. I was screaming and very afraid for my Goddess. All the clouds were funneling. I was pointing at the clouds and the biggest one funneled down right onto my right fist and instantly set up like cement. There was a sudden panic and people were running and screaming. I was terrified and almost dislocated my wrist, elbow, and shoulder trying to jerk free. The Goddess ran over and lightly tapped my belly with her fingers and the cement tornado shattered. We ran.

Now we were on the freeway, running faster than cars. We jumped the guard rail and ran into the woods. Once again I was in front of her making sure her path was clear. I went down a steep bank to a creek. She was right behind me but her back pack had suddenly gotten huge and heavy, she fell. She had on those cheapy little ear bud walkman headphones. It was like they were really super loud and had made her disoriented so when she fell her back pack flew off and she tumbled awkwardly into the creek and cracked her head on a rock. It knocked her cold. The water was only about 3 inches deep but it was ice cold. She was lying on her side in the water with her head on a rock looking very pittiful. My books she was wearing had become smaller and transparent. I started crying and feeling guilty that I hadn't been able to catch her. I tried to lift her and get her out of the freezing water. But because she was unconscious it made me very weak and small, almost invisible. I resented the fact that I couldn't live with out her. My body deteriorated and disappeared. I felt desperately small and frozen and starved. I kept trying to get her out of the water but I was pathetic and useless. All I could do was cry in hysterics.

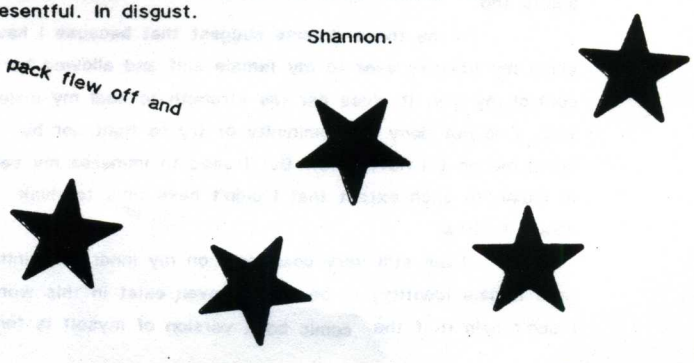
Then another body appeared. It was me at the age of 5. But he was physically thuggish, emotionally powerful and mean. He was pumping up a BB gun and was going to shoot her. I knew a BB wouldn't hurt her much, but I felt so pathetic and terrified. I was in death throes of horror. I clung to her so I would take the bullet, but it was hopeless. I knew it would go right through me an into her. I kept pulling at her trying to get her out of there but my arms would just flow through her. Finally I realized there was nothing I could do to influence her; I could only influence myself. So I turned on him and with all my psychic power I hit him in the head. He fell and was completely submerged. But he came right up again and this time he had a real gun. He had spiteful hatred in his eyes. He was going to kill me. I didn't know what to do. I recognized that he was me and if I let him kill me it would kill him too, thus saving her. I thought it was a sacrifice worth making. But I also recognized the fact that if the abused little boy were to die then the girl would completely take over. I would become a true multiple.

(My sister is a multiple. She is permanently disabled with mental illness. She has 4 separate personalities. I would rather be dead than be like her. In the dream I fully recognized that if I let him/me kill me/himself that the female would wake up and I would be like Mirya. In present time my core personality is still that abused 4 year old boy. He has ALWAYS been awake and present. But he is VERY dependent on the female. So I didn't want to completely separate the personalities, like my sister. But I didn't want to let the weak one die, like Mirya. So in the dream I had to stop him but not hurt him.)

So he was getting ready to blow my brains out and he slipped and fell into a whirlpool. He could breath under water and I could hear his voice calling me to help him, but not expecting me to do so. His body was totally floppy. He could do nothing for himself, but I was still invisible; I felt terrified when my hand went right through him as I tried to pull him out. So I set the girl up right, took her arm and reached it into the water to try and push him out. But she was still unconscious and her arm was so floppy and I just couldn't control it right. But she said to him telepathically, "You have to learn to let the water help you." He heard her and turned his head at an Odd angle and caught the current and it pushed him to the edge. He crawled out and instantly vanished. My body re-materialized. I was about 10 years old. I clung to her and cried. She woke up and we got out of the water.

Now she was different. Her hair was short and black. She had on make up, and nail polish. Her legs were shaven. Her eyes looked superficial and vain. She was still wearing only my books, and they were back to normal size, but still transparent. She seemed to be oblivious to all we had just been through together. She found her back pack and saw that her walkman headphones were broken. She got really snotty and whiny about what a bitch it was that her headphones got broken. I produced a quality pair from my pocket and gave them to her. She cried like it was the kindest gift she had ever seen. I felt disgusted with this shallow idiot. This was not my Goddess. This was not my inner femininity. This was just some generic chick! I became normal size and walked away feeling very resentful. In disgust.

Shannon.



So here's a brief analyses of what this dream means to me:

The girl is my inner femininity.

When I was 4 I was molested by a 19 year old girl. It was a good experience for me. It showed me that women can be unbelievably tender but still in complete control. I usually picture my self and dream of my self as a 19 year old girl.

The books were me. The real me has no gender. I was trying to cover her gender specificity up.

My female self is totally self sufficient. She is oblivious to what other's think.

The 4 tornadoes are the first years of my life. They steadily got worse until the 4th one killed me. That's when my female self took over. All I had to do is let her.

The walkman headphones were the music business. I was stifling her with my music obsession, and she couldn't handle it.

She had to remind me that I could not exist without my female identity. And that my male identity (what there is of it) is so desensitized from abuse that he is homicidal and suicidal both at the same time. He died at 5.

She said: "You have to learn to let the water help you." Water represents your subconscious. Do not deny what is in there. I have a male persona, but he is dangerously pathetic. My femaleness is very strong and confident, but only if I let her be a girl. I keep trying to be male because of my body, and it just isn't working.

As soon as I let her have control again she saved what was left of me. I acknowledged her power and clung to her and cried.

This is me.

If I denied my femininity I would die. But if I denied what little masculinity I have I would become like Mirya. I would become 100% female with a male body. I have already held my genitals in my hands and cried uncontrollably because they don't "mean" any thing. When I hear boys bragging about their sexual conquests or the size of their penises I have no idea what they're talking about. I feel no identification what so ever. I think they are pathetic for basing their self image on some thing as irrelevant as a piece of meat. But at the same time, I feel lost that my body doesn't give me any sense of identity.

Shannon.

I can't imagine how alone I would feel if I hadn't stumbled upon the zine scene 2 years ago.

My zine friends have helped me allot, especially the Riot Grrrls. They send me "girl love" in the mail. I feel it. I love them back. It hurts that I can't let them see my body. I just want to hug them, but they would misinterpret it as sexually threatening. I would give anything for a female body.

I was raped as a child (my mother repeatedly sodomized me with a brush handle to prove she had the power to force me to submit. While doing this she would pinch my testicles. This happened often between the ages of 2 and 4). I know I am capable of literally killing a rapist. Not in a blaze of passion, but cold and calculating.

My mother is evil. When my sister was 12 years old our mother would lock her out of the house dressed only in a diaper. I try to imagine how devastating that would be to a young girl. At that time my core personality was already dead. I was in second grade getting beat up for being a girl. But my sister was strong. They never broke her. One day when she was locked out in a diaper, she got raped by some boy who was maybe 16. There was no one to tell. Today I look at her and am held in awe. She still has her core personality. But mine stopped at 4. It makes me feel pathetic. Why can't that little boy grow up and learn to deal with it? I've been a girl ever since I was 4, but she was raised as a Christian male so she's a fucked up kid. I try to love both of me but I don't know who "I" is. Except in my dreams. In my dreams it's so obvious. I'm Tori Amos. I'm Ani Defranco. But I really like muffy too.

I thought I wasn't queer because I have a male body. But on the rare occasions when some one has let me go down on her, I never got an erection. I was a woman. This male body did not exist. I was a lesbian. I was a queer girl. Not a boy.

It seems absurd to admit I'm a homosexual. I have a male body and I think girls are sexy.

90% of the times I've "been with" a girl, we could make out and sleep together but when it evolved into actual sex it would always creep her out. She could tell she wasn't with a boy.

The problem was I am a lesbian trying to make het girls act like queer girls.

Well, it will never happen again. Next time I will be certain she understands who and WHAT I am before I even kiss her, and take a long time in coming to understand why she can accept it.

I admit it would feel empowering to seduce a het girl. But I don't know how I could tell if she was seduced by the male body or by the lesbian. I am certain I could only have a "real relationship" with a bi girl.

I think it's funny when I hear a het boy say he's a lesbian trapped in a male body (heh heh). What he means is, he likes to eat pussy. I wish he knew what it was really like. It's not very funny.

Shannon.

So that's how I got onto this subject.

All my life I have identified with women. But because I have a male body, I was never allowed to understand what it's really like to be female.

My abusive parents were Christians. I was taught to be a dominant male; To regard women as property; To seek out a little girl to take care of. Women were always perceived as inferior.

I identified with the women. But the church and my parents kept trying to make me into a male impersonator. The boy I was wasn't capable. The girl I was resented it.

There was a time in my life when I tried really hard to be that man. I had Christian girlfriends who were these little fluffy powder puff things. I was ashamed of their weakness and passivity. They would get offended when I would suggest the religion was wrong. I flogged that dead horse until I hated it. THUS ISSUE ONE OF FLASHPOINT

I don't wish I was a man. I wish I had never been a Christian. I wish I would have had the opportunity to nurture my strongest identity, rather than stifle and suppress her with that male supremacist Christian bullshit.

I feel like I have wasted SO MUCH time.

When I was 6, those boys would throw me into the girls bathroom, and I would stand there feeling bewildered, thinking: Okay... Now what?

Now my female bi friend says, "Shannon. You're not a boy who thinks he's a girl. You ARE a girl. You are a QUEER girl. Accept it."

And I stand there feeling bewildered, thinking: Okay... Now what?

Well... It has taught me to reject gender roles. It has shown me how very wrong sexism is. It has made me recognize my own abuse of "male privilege."

That's a start.

Shannon.

→PART ONE

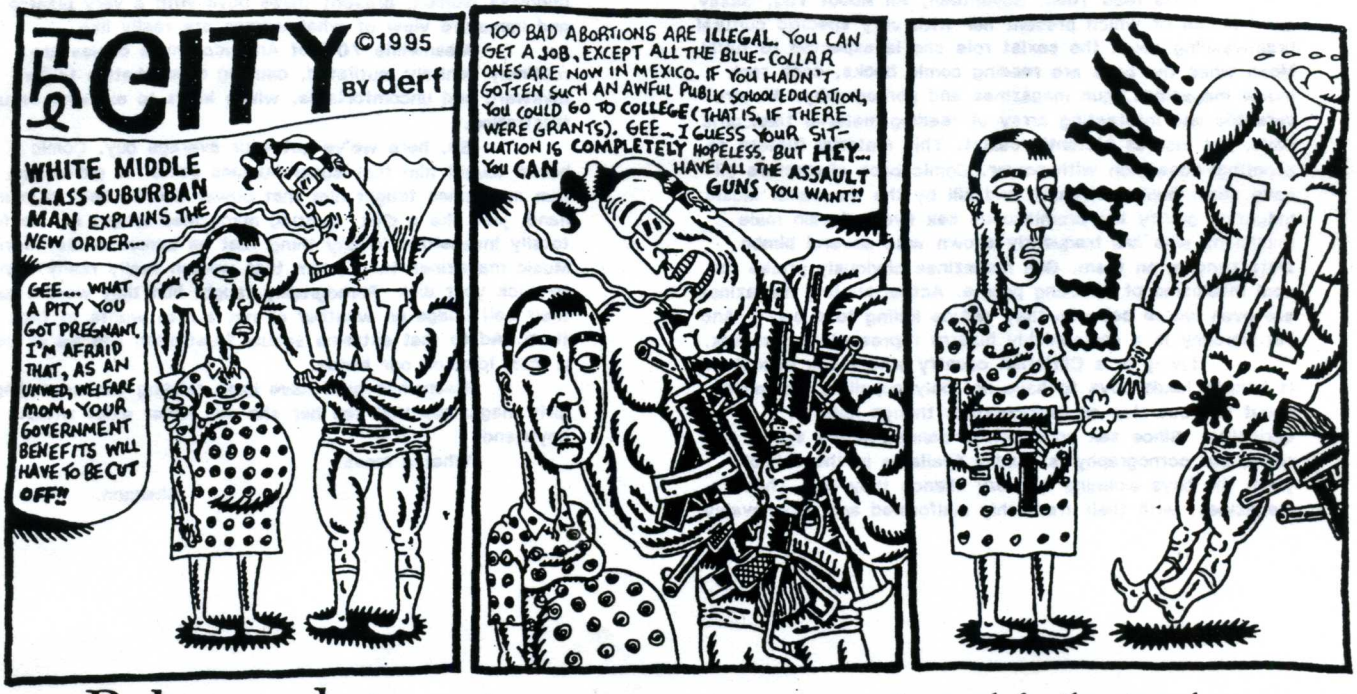
THE SETUP

Our society takes perfectly balanced kids and forces them to be either male impersonators or female impersonators, thus depriving them of half their inner strength. This sucks.

"I THINK YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A LITTLE MORE SPECIFIC, FRANK."

Gender structure dictates two ways that all human beings are suppose to be, and artificially puts all human beings into two categories that are not suppose to overlap. We all know what they are: masculinity and femininity. Feminists should argue for a free play of gender.

AS LONG AS KIDS ARE RAISED TO BELIEVE THAT WE ARE ALL STRAIGHT, BOYS ARE STRONGER BY NATURE, GIRLS ARE SWEET AND SUBMISSIVE, AND THESE TWO ARE SUPPOSED TO UNITE IN MARRIAGE AND CONTINUE THE PROCESS, THEN DOESNT IT SEEM OBVIOUS THAT PROCESS WILL CONTINUE?


THE CITY ©1995 BY derf
WHITE MIDDLE CLASS SUBURBAN MAN EXPLAINS THE NEW ORDER...
GEE... WHAT A PITY YOU GOT PREGNANT. I'M AFRAID THAT, AS AN UNWED, WELFARE MOM, YOUR GOVERNMENT BENEFITS WILL HAVE TO BE CUT OFF!!
TOO BAD ABORTIONS ARE ILLEGAL. YOU CAN GET A JOB, EXCEPT ALL THE BLUE-COLLAR ONES ARE NOW IN MEXICO. IF YOU HADN'T GOTTEN SUCH AN AWFUL PUBLIC SCHOOL EDUCATION, YOU COULD GO TO COLLEGE (THAT IS, IF THERE WERE GRANTS). GEE... I GUESS YOUR SITUATION IS COMPLETELY HOPELESS. BUT HEY... YOU CAN HAVE ALL THE ASSAULT GUNS YOU WANT!!
CLAMM

Baby-card stereotypes

BIRTH CONGRATULATION CARDS MAY SEEM WELL MEANING, BUT they can also subtly stereotype your child. When Judith S. Bridges, Ph.D., a psychology professor at the University of Connecticut, analyzed 122 birth cards, she found that cards for boys featured more physical activity, more action toys and more "aggressive" animals, like bears and dogs. Cards for girls were more likely to be illustrated with passive images—hearts, flowers, a baby dressed in lace and ribbons, and "gentler" animals, like birds and rabbits. Most disturbing to Bridges was the finding that more boy cards than girl cards contained messages commenting on the happiness of the parents, perhaps reflecting a feeling that it's better to have a boy than a girl. "It's disappointing to see these stereotypes being presented so early," says Bridges.

my parents search for the eternal answer, "how to raise the perfect child." they have searched their how to raise your dream child self help books. they've consulted highly esteemed 'experts' on this subject. they go to every perfect parenting meeting there is. they subscribe to every perfect magazine. they've done everything, except ask my brother and I how we feel. what we think. but then again, we are not the experts, are we?!

MOTHER GOOSE & GRIMM

CALVIN & HOBBES

I CAN PUT THINGS TOGETHER! I CAN KNOCK THINGS APART! I CAN ALTER MY ENVIRONMENT AT WILL AND MAKE AN INCREDIBLE DIN ALL THE WHILE!
© 1995 Watterson/Dist. by Universal Press Syndicate

Girls read Teen, Seventeen, All About You, Sassy, and YM; all of which present her with very specific cultural brainwashing about the sexist role she is expected to fulfill. Mean while the boys are reading comic books, cock rock music magazines, gun magazines and pornography. A more versatile and interesting array of reading material than girls have, but just as blatantly sexist. This material fosters an abnormal obsession with power. Comic book characters all have super human strength and kill by the thousand. Music magazine glorify the promiscuous sex lives of vain male musicians who are frequently shown with several bimbo sluts hanging on them. Gun magazines obviously praise the cool machismo of shooting people. Actual hunting magazines are even worse because they reduce killing to a sport. And Pornography is a cartoonishly bizarre representation of sex.

Living in a Christian country where sex education is banned leads boys to have not only appalling ignorance about sex but also an exaggerated, though natural, curiosity. Since sex education is banned in the school room, but pornography is readily available in the school yard, the boys examine it every chance they get. These magazines, with their freakishly malformed and unbelievably mindless women, present these boys with a very bizarre and immature view of what women are really like.

Meanwhile 70% of American male babies are routinely genitaly mutilated, causing masturbation to be awkward and uncomfortable, which leads to extreme sexual frustration.

So, here we've got your average guy. Comic books taught him that super humans power is glamorous. Gun magazines taught him that power can be held in your hand, just like a dick. Hunting magazines taught him to feel totally insensitive to any thing that he perceives as inferior. Music magazines taught him that women really really want to suck your dick. Pornography taught him that women base their self image on whether or not a man wants to fuck them. Ad to that extreme sexual frustration and we've got a total idiot on our hands.

Meanwhile girls have been reading condescending girly magazines that tell her she will never exist without a boyfriend.

What a mess.

Shannon.

WHICH DO YOU WANT TO BE?

few feet from where the family was having dinner. He was terrified of getting caught, but could not resist challenging his mother's asexual rules by having his orgasm in her territory, her pretty powder room.

If he had been discovered, he would have aroused the wrath of his father too. But the rules of his father had only recently entered his near-adolescent life. It is a boys mother who gives him the mixed messages about his genitals, who in his first years of life, so lovingly washes his little penis and moments later pushes his hand away from it. Whose penis is this anyway? In his defiant mastrubation, the boy makes his ownership absolutely clear.

When a young girl come along, the boy is overwhelmed with a mix of emotions, but he doesn't want to lose his still fresh independence. Part of what he feels is true romantic tenderness, but this threatens to pull him back into the female dominance from which he so recently escaped.

Romance is a mystery to him. The sexual rush however, THAT one he understands perfectly, as his penis is at full attention, shouting at him to nail her. This is the exact same feeling he gets when he masturbates, defiantly asserting his independence over the woman's control, which he fully expects to be praised for.

As for the girl who is being held and kissed, she has no way of isolating the sexual feelings from all the other emotions and sensations racing through her adolescent mind and body. She has no idea that this is SEX and has nothing to do with an "emotional bonding of romantic bliss."

The girl has no words for what she feels. By adolescence she is convinced that all feelings "down there" have to do with love. For years her and her boy crazy girls friends have read nothing but Sassy, YM, and Seventeen. When the boy kisses her she thinks she has found it at last. (violins please)

The boy however, assumes the girl is feeling as horney as he is, and with one arm around her, he tentatively reaches between her legs. She recoils and tells him he is vile. How could he mistake her for "that kind of girl." He has broken her illusion of romantic oneness she was feeling in his arms.

He will have to pay for what he has done. If he ever hopes to get his arm around her again, it will be on HER terms. It is the girl's first lesson in the power of withholding sex, and the boy's first realization that SHE will decide whether or not there will BE any sex. It is an abrupt reminder of the total power a woman once held over him, and his sexuality. And though he still wants the girl, he resents it bitterly. Thus the groundwork has been laid for the unspoken deal.

Would any of this change if a girl grew up learning from her own body that she is a sexual being unto herself? Masturbation may not solve everything, but what better way to learn the all important difference between love and sex?

The idea of having sex by herself goes against her perception of herself as a partner in a relationship, a role she identifies with her mother, who she assumes must never masturbate. The boy is supposed to MAKE her sexual, to bring her to life like Sleeping Beauty. But first he must make her feel loved, in love, and one with him. She wants to be swept away.

Boys and girls meet like people from 2 different planets and make these unspoken deals, based on common need but opposing experiences and expectations. As adults they may sleep together with the same conscious objective -getting off- but the union awakens old needs: When sex is done, he rolls over, satisfied, knowing from past experience that he will subside and return to that known level of independence at which he has always lived. But she lies there feeling cold, desperately wanting to continue the bonding.

If she becomes pregnant, her doctor asks, "Why didn't you use contraceptives?"

"I just couldn't. I didn't want to spoil the moment. I wanted to be swept away." (violins please)

This is not an adolescent talking, but a grown woman. She pays her own bills, is responsible at work, and takes care of herself - in all but sexual matters. When it comes to being kissed and held and having a man enter her body, the giving over of herself becomes just that: not a mutual exchange, but a deal.

I have never heard a man describe sex as a desire to be swept away. For one thing, there are too many jobs a man must perform during sex that eliminate any possibility of him losing consciousness: He must orchestrate the seduction, arouse the woman while keeping himself from cumming long enough for her to have an orgasm. Even if his goal is just for him to get off, it's not going to happen by his lying back and waiting for the woman to sweep him away.

The swept away phenomenon is particular to women who have been raised to think that sex is

SEX and LOVE

by Nancy Friday

It's the most natural thing in the world - our hands on our genitals, doing something that gives us pleasure and harms no one, practicing the safest sex possible. Yet when women masturbate, they feel guilty, their sense of self lessened when it should be heightened by the mastery of self-love.

Masturbation is an instinctive act; our hands automatically move between our legs the first year of life. But something gets between our hands and our genitals so early on that we can't remember it happening. A message is imprinted, a warning so fraught with fear that long after we are grown, even after we have invited a penis inside us, we are ambivalent about touching ourselves. We may still do it, but that message is still there.

A mother may not like it when a her little boy touches his penis; she tsk-tsk's and take his hand away, but not with the same determination with which she takes her daughters hand away from her vagina. Ultimately she doesn't want to interfere with her son becoming a man. He may masturbate with Christian guilt pounding in his ears, but he still masturbates.

Touching ourselves is a fundamental lesson in anatomy; learning what is "down there" makes us intelligent owners, more in control of what is ours. Being able to give ourselves an orgasm IS sexual independence - it's the sexual equivalent to being able to pay our own rent.

There is another lesson masturbation can teach women: that love and sex have separate but equal importance. Nothing says more clearly that men and women are not alike in how they experience love and sex than the difference in their attitude toward masturbation.

Here is my earliest memory of unconsumated masturbation: I am 10 or 11 years old. I am lying on my bed, my hand aimlessly moving between my legs. What is the source of this tingling pleasure I am feeling, and why do I stop before I find my clitoris?

The reason is that, like most women, I had made a deal with my mother. Probably in my first year of life I unconsciously promised that I would never masturbate as long as she loved me. It was easy to give up; after all, I was dependent on her for everything. The deal was never verbalized, but it has always been there.

When we grow up we make deals with men based on the ones we had with our mothers. The things we expect from our lovers are in reaction to that first, most important relationship; we are holding out for that love and acceptance we wanted when we were little.

Lovers' contracts, like those with our mothers, are never verbalized: "Promise that you will take care of me, love me unconditionally and never make me jealous or in fear of abandonment; never let me suspect that the sacrifices I have made for you have been in vain. In return, I will give my sex to you. We will be as one. If you break this contract I will die (or maybe kill you)."

If we ever verbalized this it would break our romantic illusion and expose our dependency, mistrust and hostility. Best to stay in a state of denial, until he looks at another woman with that special look that is reserved for us alone - then we erupt into a rage of suicidal hostility.

Men don't command women to fall in love with them in that "Ill-die-if-you-leave-me" way, which is opposite to sex because it's how a baby experiences neediness rather than how an adult experiences love. We give up sex and lose ourselves in dependency because that is the kind of love experience we know best. The kind of love we learned from our mothers.

Men make deals that are rooted in childhood too, but they don't hand over their independence or identity as part of the trade they make with their lovers. Their childhood pacts with mom may influence their sexuality, but they keep masturbating all the while. They don't give it up in an attempt to recapture the asexual deal they once had with their mothers.

Around the age of 10 or 12 he learns that his penis has a life of it's own. Without even being touched his penis swells and ejaculates. This can be scary and outright irritating, but it is a valuable lesson too: Before he comprehends the meaning of sex, or even feels sexual desire, his body is already teaching him he is a sexual being unto himself.

He may be filled with guilt when he touches himself, but risking the loss of his mother's love by defying her rules, wins him something too: Masturbation becomes a process for separating emotionally from his mother. A pre-adolescent right of passage away from the conrtol of that woman and into independent manhood. He defiantly beats off in spite of his mother. Then to his amazement he is praised by his mother for becoming so independent. A reality that little girls dare not test.

One man told me that when he was 12 he would masturbate in the powder room, just a

not their responsibility. How many times have you heard some woman resentfuly say, "HE got me pregnant." Like it couldn't possibly be her responsibility?

It might seem that young women of today should have a different mind set. Many have varied and exciting sexually independent lives. But the alarming statistics on unwanted pregnancies indicate that the "swept away" phenomenon is alive and well. These appalling statistics show how sexually ambivalent the new generation is. Some young women probably masturbate despite any criticism from their mothers, but they still have much in common with the previous generation. They prove that it is possible to be sexually aware but still have an unconscious desire to be taken care of. These women speak and act like a brave new breed, but their feeling of what is right and wrong sexually -inherited from their parents- motivate them powerfully and are slow to change.

Masturbation alone would not teach young women to use contraceptives or distinguish the difference between love and sex. Many pressures are working on someone who allows herself to become pregnant. But women who feel guilty about masturbation are reluctant to use contraceptives that require them to touch their own genitals. The Journal of Sex Research said, "Masturbation guilt accounts specifically for the reluctance to use the diaphragm as a contraceptive device."

When we sleep with someone it would help us to know if it is sex we want, or love - and to recognize we CAN have EITHER one without the other.

Women are raised on a fantasy: We are sleeping beauties who can only be sexually awakened by a man.

We often say that men are unfeeling, when in fact, a man usually knows exactly what he feels. He knows that last night was SEX, not love, and he feels great! We resent that a man can have an extraordinary night of sex and bound out of bed the next morning, refueled, more independent than ever. He will have a better day because of the night before.

We loved the night of sex too, but in the morning we are reluctant to leave the bed; we lie there waiting for him to stop whistling around the room and come and sit beside us, touch us, reconnect. We do not have a better day; far from being refueled by a night of sex, we are weakened, having left part of ourselves in that bed. We want to create the oneness, the romance, the love.

It is not that men are unfeeling - they simply approach sex and love from different angles. And men own their sexuality, we do not own ours.

Here is the heart of the issue: It is very difficult to learn, late in life, to believe in ourselves as sexual entities, responsible for our own sexuality. Even adolescence may be too late to learn this. The best time is the first years of life, and the best teachers are our mothers. If our mothers don't allow us to believe that our body belongs to us alone, that we own it and are therefor responsible for it, then anything we do with our body later will refer back to her, and her attitudes and judgments.

Masturbation is so difficult to learn late in life because we have been raise to believe that the area between our legs is untouchable. We come to loathe the sight and smell of our genitals, and to think of menstruation as dirty. It is an unnatural, learned revulsion that has been deeply and dutifully ingrained as part of the mother/child "love" exchange. Our mothers weren't monsters; they were simply daughters themselves who passed along the "wisdom" from their own mothers' time.

Young women today are growing up in a climate where women are talking and writing about their sexuality with exuberance and excitement. We are the first generation to grow up with a semblance of sexual acceptance, more at ease with the subject of masturbation. But only when we have daughters of our own will we see how genuinely we believe our right to sexual freedom in general, and masturbation in particular. Will we be thoughtful enough to wish for our daughters something better than what we had? Will we remember the exhilaration of controlling our own sexual destiny and teach our daughters to love their bodies, to discover their own unique sexuality? Children don't need to learn HOW to masturbate; they learn that all by themselves. The only thing they need to learn is their own right to privacy.

Perhaps the most generous act of all would be for a mother to free her daughter (and son) to find their own sexual way, to be different from her. A mother needs to tell her children: "I love you whether you masturbate of not. I want your sexual life to be a wonderful one, and I want you to take care of yourself. Enjoy your body and enjoy your life. Go with my blessings."

Nancy Friday

One of the things I resent the most about this culture is the way affection in perceived differently depending on the gender of the person expressing it.

I went to Kinko's. When I was done making copies I took my copy key up to the register to pay. When the girl working the register took my copy key from me she used both hands and stroked my hand from my wrist to my fingers. I think it was logical for me to perceive this as flirtatious. I could elaborate on the flirtation and perceive it as an invitation to affection. Because the girl did it to the boy, the boy perceived it as an unexpected but sweet surprise.

If I had been working there and dared to caress random girls I honestly found attractive I would be perceived as sexually threatening and offensive.

When a girl does this it is charming and is likely to draw more male customers into that store. When a boy does the exact same innocent flirtation it is likely to be perceived as threatening, intimidating, indecent liberties, and blatantly unprofessional. Not only would it cause an obvious decline in female customers but it would get him fired as well.

I resent this.

I left Kinko's and sat in my car for 10 minutes trying to figure out how life could be any worse if I had a female body. I felt jealous of that girl in Kinko's. She was really pretty. She wore a little short skirt with bare legs and combat boots. She was charmingly sexy and could touch people without them being offended.

Meanwhile I feel like I have frost all over me. I try to be as neuter and a-sexual as possible. But when I try to hug my friends they still pull away resentfuly.

The girls get a bitter look on their face and say "What makes you think you have the right to touch me. I'm not your property, you sexist pig."

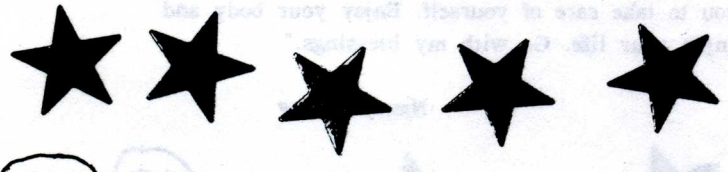
And the boys out right punch me and say "Get the fuck away from me, you faggot."

Girls can hug each other and hold hands and sleep together. But boys are not allowed to do this.

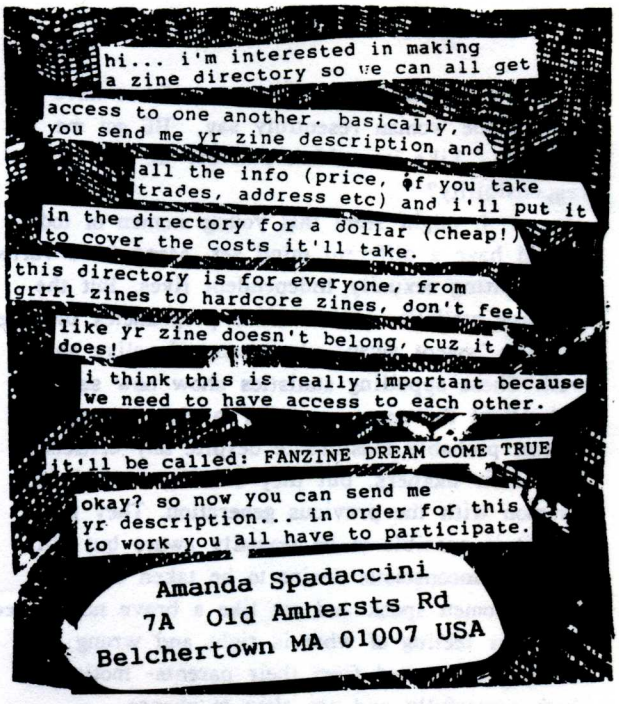
How many times have you seen a little boy hit a little girl as a way of flirting with her. He's only 8 years old. And he already knows that if he touched her affectionately with the tenderness he feels in his heart, she would pull away resentfuly or even slap his hand. It hurts him so much to have to hit her to get her attention. It stabs him right in the heart every time he touches her.

I hate this culture. I hate every time I was slapped for showing tenderness. I hate all the lesbians who think if I look at them that proves I am a rapist. I hate the random pedestrian who was visibly terrified when I closed my umbrella (apparently she thought I was going to beat her with it). I hate the resentment I felt when that girl at Kinko's touched me. I hate the women who blame my male body for their problems. And I hate the men who don't give a shit. I hate that the girl at Kinko's was probably just as angry as I am. How she has to used that body of hers to manipulate the patriarchy and constantly "act" sexy and flirtatious in order to survive. I hate the people who recognize the problem, but swear they are not part of it. I hate the people who know they are the problem, but get off on the power they are abusing. I hate the church and parents who tried to force me into that mold. I hate that I really tried to play along. I hate that me having the wrong body is a "problem." I hate that you are acting like a gender, instead of like yourself. I hate this society that gives you no choice. I reject this culture.

Shannon.



"Prolific Discussion" between men and women usually consists of the man knowing when to shut up.


hi... i'm interested in making a zine directory so we can all get
access to one another. basically, you send me yr zine description and
all the info (price, if you take trades, address etc) and i'll put it
in the directory for a dollar (cheap!) to cover the costs it'll take.
this directory is for everyone, from grrrl zines to hardcore zines, don't feel
like yr zine doesn't belong, cuz it does!
i think this is really important because we need to have access to each other.
it'll be called: FANZINE DREAM COME TRUE
okay? so now you can send me yr description... in order for this to work you all have to participate.
Amanda Spadaccini
7A Old Amhersts Rd
Belchertown MA 01007 USA

Men in our culture are only allowed to have two feelings. a) Lust, and b) Love of a Woman.

He is required to keep a stiff upper lip, take it like a man, and deny his natural feelings.

When he does have the opportunity to have those socially acceptable feelings, he goes completely overboard. Becoming sexually OBSESSED, or MADLY in love. Thus making women perceive men as the weaker sex.

Men are not the weaker sex. Men and women are the same. But women are culturally allowed to be in touch with, and express, all their feelings. The men are not. So they over compensate.

Shannon.

Girl Scene City

girl is a catalog listing

of girl made zines

Scene How it works is you send

me a description, including

City price whether or not you trade

of yer zine

in yer very own words and all put it

all together in a super spiffy catalog.

The 1st catalog is done & if you want

a copy it cost a buck Also send me yer

description cuz number two will be ♡

done some time or another OK? Sarah

ps i have a new address: Sarah Kennedy

2501 N. Lincoln Ave #261 Chicago, Il. 60614 USA

With these 10 easy steps, you'll have the boyfriend you need to continue living and breathing in suburban high school... and life!

1. First, and most importantly, act really, really stupid. Don't have any opinions on anything, don't do your Algebra homework without asking for his help, don't even try to open jars for yourself. Make sure that he knows you know nothing, so he can feel better and stronger than you.

2. Whenever you see him, look at the ground and talk in a cooing little voice and giggle a lot. Use "like" and "um" whenever possible. Wear lots of makeup and that perfume he likes (even if it gives you hives), those tight lycra bodysuits and mini skirts (even if you hate them) because he loves to show off his "little piece of ass" to his footballbuddies and make them jealous.

3. Never ever eat food in front of him. Ever. he'll think you're a fat pig if you do. Go on diets to lose any weight he wants you to. You are, after all, his toy he shows off to his friends and he wants you to look as much like Kate Moss as you can. Picking up an eating disorder is a good way to lose weight and fit into that size 3 he's always wanted you to.

4. Let him choose the movie, restaurant, party, TV show, etc. and always let him drive you. This way you are dependent on him and that makes him feel like a man.

5. When with him at a movie or watching television, let him leer at the fashion models, ting waifish actresses and let him tell you how he wished you weren't so fat and that you looked like them. But, when a male model or actor appears, do not look or comment. Instead, complement on how hot your boyfriend looks in his new GAP khakis and how much you wantto blow him when you get home (he may make you do it right then and there, so be prepared). Showing no interest in anyone but your guy shows him that you are his possession and you are hooked on him. However, he likes to look (and maybe even sleep) around, and if you see him talking or kissing another girl and he seems to not see any problem with it, don't make any noise about it. After all, he'll think you're a "bitch". So you let him have the freedom for both of you.

6. When in the company of his friends, do not speak unless spoken to. If you are spoken to, make your answers short and brainless so you assure them that you are not smarter than you're boyfriend. "Um, I dunno," is a good answer to most any question. If possible, shrink down a bit when sitting next to him so he looks bigger. This will make him look like a real man. This will also keep him from feeling like you think you ought to be equal like him. Another thing: you will never see your friends again because you'll be spending all your time with him. But, what's more important? A boyfriend! Definitely.

7. Have lots and lots of sex with him, not because you want to, but because he thinks you believe that story he gave you about how if he doesn't get any it'll damage his dick forever and that he'll tell everyone you're a frigid prude and you'll never get on the drill team. Also, put up a good fight sometimes. Saying "no" several times before giving in and crying is a good place to begin so he feels manly and like he's totally overpowering to you. Unprotected sex is good too because he hates condoms and you don't want to lose him over a silly thing like a piece of latex.

8. If he wants you to, drink heavily at parties until you pass out. This enables him to fuck you over and over in front of the party guests to fulfill a fantasy he came up with after watching a pornography movie. Also this enables him to keep his promise to his buddies that they can get a good screw out of you (he told them that you are the loosest cunt he's ever gone out with and will fuck anyone or anything) and you do not have to suffer the embarrassment because you are unconscious

9. Think out loud every once in a while about how you wish you were a model and were skinny and beautiful. Don't be hurt when he says "Yeah, me too" because that means he wants what's best for you too.

10. Never, ever, under any circumstances, reveal you believe in women's rights. Do not become a feminist because you hear him make jokes over "those fucking dykes" at lunch and he'll never take you to the Spring Fling if he finds out you think it's okay that women are allowed to vote.

Meanwhile boys are taught to base their entire self worth on money. Other boys will judge you on the size of your DICK. But girls will judge you on the size of your WALLET. Spending insane amounts of money on your car is a great way to get whores-I-mean-girls to like you. Having a car stereo you can hear 4 blocks away proves you have bux. And the car itself should look like a show car. A trophy winner. After all, a trophy car is the best way to get a trophy girl friend. It says so on the front of every one of those car magazines. Trophy car/Trophy girl. Both "possessions" "owned" by the man.

We've all heard the story of the stock market crash, and how hundreds of business men jumped out windows because their entire self worth was defined by the money they made. They would rather be dead than lose their money, because they "just knew" their wives would leave them and their children disown them if they were broke.

You see that even today. The man who gets really jealous if his wife makes more money than him. That is PARTLY due to his own macho attitudes. But it is MAINLY due to the cultural conditioning that taught him that a "real man" brings home the bacon (a good provider). If his wife makes more money than him, he cant help but feel humiliated, emasculated. It makes him look like a "Momma's boy." He resents her for it and makes her quit her job. This is total stupidity of course, but he is so brainwashed by the Patriarchy that he just doesn't feel like a "man" if he isn't making the most money. The pressure is extreme. And he will most certainly judge women on their looks, it's only fair. It's okay for him to have a pot belly and a bald head. After all, just look at all the money he's making. His arm ornament girl friend darn well better be gorgeous.

Ten year olds have already learned this crap. Packs of boys dogpile on the lower class boys and pinch their testicles. Did you know that was the purpose of a dogpile? To grab some ones testicles and give them a good squeeze? And it's all on account of CLASS. "Your parents make less money than my parents and so you must be symbolically castrated." Ten year olds do this on the play ground every day. The average 10 year old boy has had his testicles crushed at least a dozen times, as a way of enforcing the "class" system. "Only 'real men' have money."
AND MONEY BUYS THE TROPHY GIRL.
Shannon.

Facets judged distasteful or not conducive to the desired effect are quietly rendered inoffensive or nonexistent, while other aspects are enlarged or heightened to absurd proportions. Often, the emphasis completely reverses itself as the decades pass. In an eerie, slow motion rendition of Dr. Seuss' story *The Sneetches*, our society has spent a ridiculous amount of time pursuing the "ideal" breast size. Pick a bra size...any bra size! Step right up, folks... it's Tura Satana vs. Kate Moss! The history of this and countless other cycles are preserved in the pictures we leave behind; a century and a half of advertisements provides a running catalog of falsehoods we've come to recognize as truth, and fabricated ideals we've come to accept as our own.

IT WAS OUR SECOND date, and we had driven one hundred miles up the coast in my car to go abalone-diving. When I stopped to fill the tank at the only gas station in sight, Craig scowled and said, "You shouldn't get gas here. It's a rip-off."

But he didn't offer to help pay. And that night, after dinner in a restaurant, he leaned over and whispered intimately, "You get the next one." Though he was sensitive and smart, and looked unnervingly good, Craig was as cheap as a two-dollar watch.

This is not an ethical dilemma, you're all shouting. *Lose the guy*, and fast.

Lose the guy? Is this fair? My friend Jill is always heading for the john when the check comes, but I don't hear anybody telling me to lose *her*. And she's far from the only cheap woman I know. A lot of us make decent money these days, yet I haven't seen women knocking over tables in fights for the lunch tab. In fact, many women with 20/20 vision seem to have trouble distinguishing the check from the salt, pepper and other tabletop items. But if a guy forgets to chip in for gas or gloats too long over the deal he got on his Nikes, he's had it.

Why is this double standard so enduring? One reason is that, while neither sex has a monopoly on imperfection, there *are* such things as flaws that are much more distasteful in one sex than in the other. Women seem especially unpleasant when they get drunk, swear or even insist on pursuing an argument they'll never win. And men seem beneath contempt when they're cheap.

These judgments are a holdover from the days when women stayed home and men earned the money. Though that old order has passed, we still associate men with paying for things. And besides, there's just something appealing about generosity. Buying something for someone is, in a sense, taking care of her. The gesture says, "I like you, I want to give you something." If it comes from a man to whom we are about to entrust our hearts, this is a comforting message. We miss it when it's not forthcoming.

Then why *not* dump on cheap men?

Some men are just skinflints and that's it. My friend Skye broke up with her boyfriend because when they went to the movies he doled out M&M's to her one at a time. Craig, my date back at the gas station, liked to talk about how he'd bought his car—which in California, where I live, is like buying shoes—as a special present to himself.

This kind of cheapness is ingrained; you'll never change it. That guy who parks two miles away to avoid the parking lot fee was once a little boy who saved his birthday money without being told to. Now he's a man who studies the menu and sputters, "Ten dollars for *pasta*?" His stinginess will always grate on you, since he is likely to dole out his feelings as parsimoniously as his dollars.

On the other hand, I know a wonderful man, crippled with debts from a former marriage, who had to break up with a woman because she never paid her share, and he was simply running out of money. Though she earned a lot more than he did, she couldn't expand her definition of masculinity to include "sometimes needs to go Dutch treat."

To men, such women seem grasping. One friend of mine, who spends a lot of money on concerts and theater and sailing but not on restaurants he considers overpriced, has evolved a strategy for women who are annoyed at the bohemian places he favors. If his date complains, he offers to donate to the charity of her choice the cost of an evening at her favorite spot. "Some women have bad values," he says. "And if the idea of spending money on a good cause, but not on her, makes her livid, I know she's one of them."

I had a bracing encounter with my own values when I told my friend Danny the humorous (I thought) story of a recent date who asked if I wanted a drink after a concert, then led me to the nearest water fountain.

Danny gave me one of his wry looks. "Let's get this straight," he said, laughing. "As a woman, you are so genetically precious that you deserve attention just because you grace the planet. So, of course, he should buy you drinks. He should also drive the car, open the door, ask you to dance, coax you to bed. And then when you feel properly pampered, you can let out that little whine about how he doesn't treat you as an equal."

On second thought, I guess I'd rather buy my own drink.

So here's the deal. Before dumping a guy for ordering the sundowner dinner or the house white, better first make sure that you aren't burdening the relationship with outdated ideas of how the sexes should behave. Speaking for myself, I know that if a man looks up from the check and says, "Your share is eleven dollars," part of me remembers that, according to my mother, *my* share was to look charming in my flowered blouse.

Wanting the man to pay dies hard. What many of us do now is *offer* to split the check, then let our purses continue to dangle from the chair as we give him time to realize that the only proper response is to whip out his own wallet.

Is this a game worth playing? It's up to you, but consider that offering to help pay implies that the check is his responsibility. And this attitude can work both ways. My sister gets angry when her husband offers to help clean the house. "Like it's *my* house!" she snorts.

Like it's *his* check.

PART TWO

LIVING WITH IT

"I'm not crazy about the term 'sexism,' because of the inherent dispute or dilemma as to who gets to claim it. I think men can be hurt by experiences they've had just because they're men. But to me, sexism carries the implication of being something that happens to women because women don't have the cultural power."

DO YOU HATE BEING A GIRL?
IT'S GOTTA BE BETTER THAN THE ALTERNATIVE.
WHAT'S IT LIKE? IS IT LIKE BEING A BUG?
LIKE A WHAT?!
I IMAGINE BUGS AND GIRLS HAVE A DIM PERCEPTION THAT NATURE PLAYED A CRUEL TRICK ON THEM, BUT THEY LACK THE INTELLIGENCE TO REALLY COMPREHEND THE MAGNITUDE OF IT.
I MUST'VE PUT MY FINGER ON IT.

Men today are much more likely to want a wife who contributes her share to family income and is a person in her own right, but they still feel nervous when women expect equal status in the household. All human beings like to get their own way; to men, that privilege is a right and expectation. So modern males support female equality, but only up to the point at which it collides with their privilege.

Male privilege

Woman's place

I did a zine. Forty pages. Full of writing. Some pictures. Some art. What did some people pick up on? What was some people's first comment about? What stuck in some people's minds more than anything? My breasts. The two inch picture of my breasts. I was shocked. Dumbfounded That it was such a big deal. If There was a picture of a boy with his torso showing, then no-one would say anything. I said this to a friend. And he said "Yeah, but a girl's breasts are a sexual organ." Erm... No. No, they are not. They are two large mounds of flesh with the function of feeding an infant. That is their function. Not as something to turn people on.

The use and function of breasts has become so completely warped in our society. The image of breasts does conjure up sexual thoughts. But should it? I do not think so. I think the image of breasts should conjure up the thought of an infant suckling. But, no, that is frowned upon in our society. It can't be done in public. It can't be natural and wonderful. No, we have to feed infants on cows milk. Like that is natural?

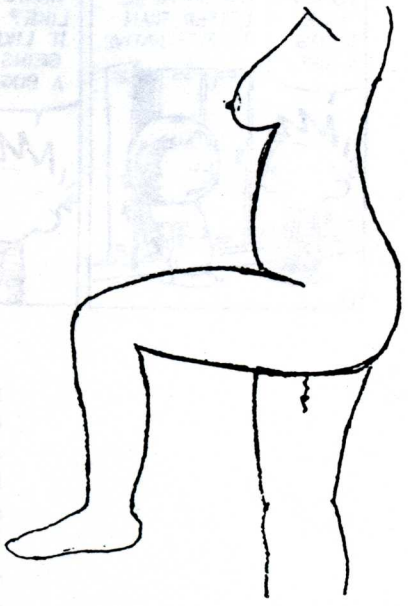
Breasts have only one purpose, and that is to look as big as possible. To look as pert as possible. To look as sexy as possible. In order for men to come over them.

I do not want to debate the issue of pornography.

What I want to say is that after all that I wrote about in simba four, if the only thing that you bothered to pick up on was the image of my breasts then I think you are fucking sad. I mean, what is the complete fascination? Where does the need to comment on the fact that I 'flashed my tits' come from. Why do you care? They are just part of my body. Like any other part. Yeah, they are sensitive when they are touched in a sexual manner. Yeah, most women's are. But it is just my chest. Just like a boy's chest is his chest. It isn't very exciting.

In a string of Dutch supermarket robberies stretching over four months, a group of six women has entered the stores and stripped off their tops baring their breasts. While customers and store personnel stood staring, an accomplice emptied cash drawers. Finally, on June 4, a supermarket owner in Deventer alerted police in time to catch the group. "When I saw them coming in and starting to show their breasts, I immediately pushed the alarm button. I knew what was happening," said Albert Goorman. Police had trouble stopping the crime spree because they found "dazed witnesses" to be not much help.

There was a photo that looked something like this...



It was used as an advertisement for some product I don't recall. It was posted in the window of some store, in prominent display for pedestrians. Most people were indifferent, some were embarrassed and pretended not to notice, and a few made a big deal out of it. Especially young men. One dick punched his buddy in the arm and said, "Woa! Nice piece of ass!... Eew, is that what I think it is?"

This jerk is a seriously fucked up product of the patriarchy. He has to prove he is a macho stud by saying, "Nice piece of ass, dude!" But in the same breath, prove he is a queer by saying, "Eew, yuck. It's female." The patriarchy requires him to prove his pussy whipped "manhood." But he must make sure you know he also hates women. These are the rules. They disgust me.

Shannon.

Here in Oregon, some state official decided public breast feeding was obscene. He rallied the perverts and tried to ban it. This did not go over too well with the liberal general public. Protests were held at the capitol building. It was called "The First Annual Oregon Suck In!" A large crowd of women sat on the capitol steps breast feeding babies. Numerous 6 year olds were nursing Cabbage Patch Kids. A good supply of bare chested men were parading about demanding equal rights for topless women. The media turned out to laugh at the theatrical spectacle. The whole deal became such an embarrassment to the officials that they just dropped the whole subject.

I'll bet you that same official has a stack of Penthouse magazines at home. He says, "Show us your tits, show us your tits, show us your tits...Public breast feeding is obscene!"

Shannon.

The Pussy Commodity

No one will arrest me for exposing my pussy, unless I display it in front of children, who are obviously more helpless than me. The sight of **women's sexuality might corrupt and scar them** for life! They must be protected, but not men. My pussy is never a threat to men, it is always an invitation.

So I must recognize I am being **Consumed** and come to terms with this.

FOOLED BY FREE LOVE AND THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION

Brought up with ideals of the 60's "sexual revolution" permeating our culture, I believed in **Free love.** I happily fucked anyone who seemed to desire me, pleased to be able to please others so easily. I expected that because I was nice, loving, and sweet, along with the fucking, that I would get love in return.

But I didn't, I got **scorn and disapproval.** Everyone was amazed at **my naivete.** At giving away pussy for free. I got used. Everyone talked bad about me. Women hated me because I was a slut and would give my pussy away to their boyfriends without demanding what they demanded in exchange. My free pussy lessened their value, unless they helped to make me a bad woman, a woman with no value, a cheap woman, that men would be ashamed to talk with or be nice to or be seen in public with. Since the men knew I was giving away my pussy to other men, they already knew I was cheap, and they would be foolish to value me at all except for my skill in giving them pleasure with my free pussy. Many men had too much self respect to fuck my free pussy because it was so cheap. They would desire and consume only the finest most expensive most hard to get pussies. Even my amazing skill with my pussy could be negated by the idea that since it was used so often by so many different men, it must be "loose", not like the tight pussies of their legitimate girlfriends who dispensed them more carefully and discriminatingly.

Every woman must ask herself, to what extent is her pussy traded for Friendship, respect, emotional intimacy, and security?

Ok so now I will fuck you. Now what do I expect?
Will you love me?
Will you be honest with me?
Will you expect to know what I am doing tomorrow night?
Will you let me into your private world, more than you would if we had not fucked? Will you tell me what you think about?
Will you expect me to keep your secrets?
If I do not fuck you again do you expect an explanation?
If I could not pay my rent would you loan me a hundred dollars?
Will you listen to my problems when I am upset?
If I had a fight with my roommate would you let me sleep at your house for 3 days?
Would you walk with me somewhere at night when I am afraid of rape or attack?
Would you introduce me to your circle of friends?

Why or why not? Do your answers change if I fuck you more than once over a period of time? How long does it take? What if you know that I am also fucking someone else?

Pussy is never free. It is exchanged in the hope of establishing social kinship ties. Everyone knows the easiest way to make friends is to fuck someone with a lot of friends. Their friends will most likely accept you into their social kinship structure. They will expect you to come along to their parties and they may even make friends with you as a separate entity, not just as an adjunct to the person you are fucking.

So what if you **stop fucking** the original person? Will their friends still be your friends? Depends on how long you were hanging around. The actual fucking merely establishes a

false sense of intimacy that need not be respected, once the pussy commodity is withdrawn.

THE BUSINESS / LOVE RELATIONSHIP VS. PHILOSOPHICAL FRIENDSHIP

Some women **never expect friendship** from the people they fuck. When you suggest they fuck a male or female friend they are very close to, they react with a sort of taboo related shock and horror. Oh no that would ruin our friendship, I would never want to risk losing that!

Why??????? If you never base your friendship/ lover status on the exchange of the pussy commodity, then the complications of the modern business/love relationship need not be considered. The philosophic ideals of traditional Platonic friendship allow you to share work, play, thoughtful conversation, concern for the other person's happiness and welfare, and respect.

Whereas in a **business/love** relationship, **management of the pussy** commodity is the main concern and focus, for you and for his interactions with you. Is the man getting enough pussy? Are you packaging it nicely, in a body is that is not too fat, with an attractive hairstyle, some makeup, and sexy clothing? Are you serving the pussy just the way the man likes it, with interesting variation and ego satisfying multiple orgasms so he can feel virile and exciting? Or, are you giving too much pussy, so that it is being taken for granted, for free, without the respect, tenderness, or flattering expressions of desire you would like to demand in exchange for it? Does he take you on a date or spend time talking with you, before he uses the pussy you are offering? Or, at the other extreme, are you forcing the pussy on him too much, so that it interferes with his work or hobby? In this case you must remember that the pussy is there to be consumed when it is desired, not to have a life and desires and needs of its own.

And you better not even imagine, don't even let it enter your head, that you might give his pussy away to anyone else, without his explicit consent and participation! He must control that pussy at all times! He might be insulted if you use it yourself, if you masturbate, without his voyeurism or participation.

So why does it outrage people to suggest that pussy is never really free? Most people in our society scoff at the notion that we give food, clothing, or shelter away for free. Why should pussy be free, since it is the most sought after commodity around? (Second only to beer, of course) Mention any idea like this and you can be told that this is communism or socialism! Oh no! Or, maybe it is because you are politically naive and too altruistic, a common trait in women and children. But paying for pussy! Well prostitution is a symptom of a decadent, corrupt, society, it erodes the moral structure of the family! It destroys the values that make civilization great and powerful!

"**But I need sex too.** I don't want to feel like a whore. I don't want to make men give me money for sex." you say.

Women who have sex in a capitalist, sexist society like the one we live in, without demanding tangible, reliable payment, are still whores. A wife is a professional, very highly valued whore. A girlfriend can range anywhere as far as value. A slut is a cheap whore. There is no way out of this. Why be a foolish or cheap whore? Why not demand explicit payment for the one thing you are valued for having, your pussy. Your pussy is like nirvana, like paradise, it is the place everyone wants to be. It is not powerful in itself, but because you are the owner of it, you are powerful.

Dark despair, violent depression! What can I do now that I realize that some or all of these things may be true!

Do not pray for a slavish mind to match your slavish state. In other words, don't make do with what you can get.

Don't try to forget, do not lapse into helplessness.

Do not think that the only thing to do is go buy a **machine gun** and **slaughter** all visible penis bearing human beings.

Don't personally blame all the men in your life of being in a conspiracy to steal your pussy or devalue it.

Do not hate your pussy for detracting from your humanity.

Certainly you should think about these things and if you feel them **that is completely reasonable.**

But **maybe there is hope** lurking in the pandora's "box" we have just opened. **It is better** to loose these evil thoughts than for the above to be true, but for you to be **blind to the truth.**

Then what can you do? I really don't know, but I suggest that you never let anyone else own your pussy. Instead try:

LOTS OF DISCUSSION, WRITING, AND DEBATE BETWEEN WOMEN

show this manifesto to other women and try to imagine and talk about what would happen if you asserted your right to own it. Talk about it with other women without men around. (Then if you want to, talk about it with men.) Write your thoughts about your pussy and how you have been using it. Try personifying your pussy; if it could talk and have a life of its own what would it say to you or to other people?

THOUGHTS ABOUT RAPE AND REVOLUTION

Rape is the ultimate expression and proof of the commodity status of our pussies. Rape is so outrageous not just because it is violent, or painful, or humiliating, but because it is theft. That is why men are less upset when a prostitute or slut is raped, than if the pussy of their wife, daughter, mother, or sister is raped.

It is difficult to imagine a penis being raped. Penises are always supposed to want pussy and enjoy it. It is not humiliating for a man to have his penis surrounded forcibly by an orifice. We must consider that it is considered humiliating, painful and bad for a man to be penetrated orally or anally. Under current sexual conditions there is just no way to violate a penis other than cutting it off or sticking something into its orifice, the urethra.

These abstractly interesting thoughts lead to direct ideas of revolt and revolution. I must admit to fantasies of tough, armed gangs of women roaming the night streets, assaulting and raping men who foolishly walk alone. Or even vigilante squads of women who administer this form of "justice" to men who are found guilty of rape. Any woman who has been raped has probably had thoughts like this.

Anyone who has not been raped may be disgusted by these thoughts or think I am sick, crazy, or exaggerating for literary effect. But my fantasy gangs of violent women are the only recourse I have, since I don't have the money to fly across the country, hire a lawyer, and spend a year or two in a probably futile court battle to legally punish my rapist with a few months in prison. In this context, it can be very comforting to imagine getting a gang of women to shove various huge, sharp objects up your rapist's asshole and mutilate and torture his penis and brand the word "rapist" across his forehead.

Of course, even a few incidents such as this would lead to the government declaring a state of emergency. There would be immediate war upon women and this could be used to deny women any rights they've got now. The backlash upon women by individual men would be tremendous. Vigilante patrols of men would wreak revenge upon any small group of women found engaged in suspicious activity, like meeting without men present. Now, women are violently raped, not to mention beaten, threatened, or dismembered and eaten, by crazy men, let's estimate conservatively, one every minute or so. By any logic it should be obvious that men are extremely dangerous to the social order and should be killed or kept in huge concentration camps until they prove they can behave themselves.

Despite thoughts like this I am pretty much disgusted with answering violence with violence. I don't think the world would be better if it were run by women. I think if women had power as a group like men do today and if men were second class citizens, practically subhuman, like women are today, then women would generally be corrupt assholes and men would be strong, though oppressed, survivors. So I don't particularly advocate violent revolution. I don't think it would make anything worse or better overall for people. In short while it is tempting and solves short term problems like women's powerlessness, it is not a path to social utopia, where I would like to be.

OBJECTIFY MEN AND HUMANIZE WOMEN'S DESIRE

Perhaps it is impossible because of men's superior economic power, to make their penises commodities. However, individually and collectively, women can objectify penises.

They could print calenders and centerfolds of penises in ludicrous and objectified poses and situations, and put these pictures over their desks at work. They could talk about penises crudely in an objectifying way, with other women, alone or in front of men. They could talk about penises casually, their size, smell, shape, etc, and how they feel when they are in your pussy, just like they might discuss what they had for dinner last night. They could objectify and fetishize every other part of men's bodies. They could invent funny names for men's nipples and other parts of their bodies, analogous to the million odd synonyms for breasts that exists. They could invent active sounding catchy names for women masturbating, analogous to the million funny and power-wielding names men have for choking their chicken, spanking their monkey, flogging their log, beating their meat, etc.

They could regularly consume lesbian and gay porn. Gay men's porn provides excellent examples of how to objectify men. Lesbian porn, especially when it is created by lesbians, provides models and language for the active desire that women and their pussies can feel.

They could lust and demand to fuck guys in the ass with dildos or their hands. They could strap on dildos and demand that men get on their knees to suck them. They could get men to get on their knees to suck their clits. They could create all kinds of pornography, including pornography where women degrade, imprison, rape, sexually mutilate, and kill men for their own personal fulfillment and pleasure. They should write all kinds of academic theory about fucking and pornography. They should poke into and participate in every existing cultural realm that deals with sex as well as creating entirely new ones.

These ideas may be offensive to women who believe in the superior i.e. puritan virtues of women and that women should express a sort of "natural" motherly or sisterly tenderness while fucking or desiring, I think of this as trying to create equality through insisting upon boring, insipid, politically correct, mediocre sex. Sex can certainly be tender and sweet, but it is also hot, primal, animalistic, feverish, and uncontrollable. It is just not hot and sexy to have to worry about equality while fucking, like whether I am being more active, or whether I am being too selfish, or lustful, during actual fucking. Much better to get the contractual agreements and equality of relationships agreed upon before fucking, which should be as limitless and uncensored as any art.

CREATE A FLEXIBLE FRAMEWORK FOR CONTRACTUAL RELATIONSHIPS

Before you fuck, negotiate a verbal or written contractual relationship. This could be as simple as saying "I don't expect anything from you, I just want to fuck once for the sake of fucking, my feelings are in no way involved", and having the other person agree. Or it could be as complicated as a 10 year group marriage contract, written and signed! The possibilities in between are endlessly flexible.

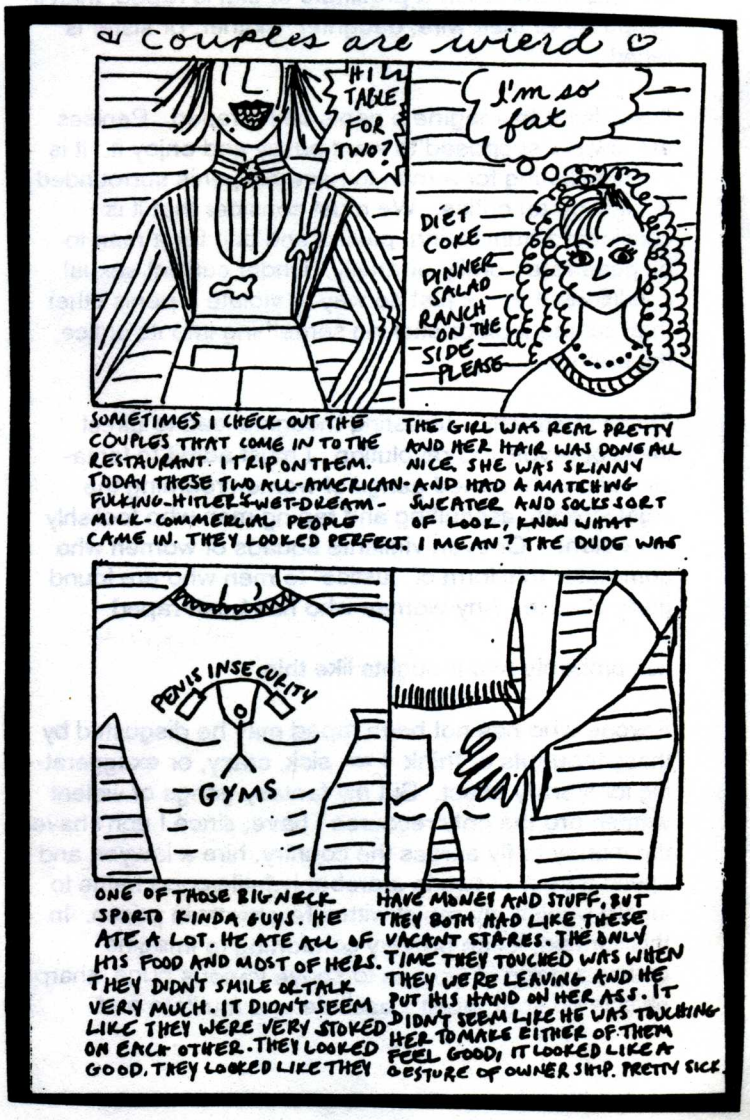
Current love/business relationships are included in this framework; it would just make their structures more explicit, so you could say "I want to go out on dates with you at least 5 times before I decide if I want to have sex, and then if we have sex I am your girlfriend, with a certain status". You could have heterosexual marriage. You could have prostitution just like we have it now. Nothing would have to change. But it could and probably would. Think about it: IF corporations got married and divorced like individuals do, it would be a disaster! The individual should at least have the legal status that a corporation has! That is to enter into legally binding contractual relationships with other individuals or groups!

Instead of following some unquestioned social norm structure such as marriage or serial monogamy, where expectations are not always clearly articulated and a huge possibility of misunderstanding exists, people would have to actually know what they wanted. They would have to examine themselves and their own desires.

Create sexually alternative communities with shared language and ethics and values. Once this contractual framework is made possible then people can create new forms of community where fucking is not entirely controlled by sexist capitalism. No one would get to be the objective consumer. Everyone could be commodified.

MAXIMUM CONSTRAINT

Whereby a species is so evolved within its own niche
that it cannot exist outside that niche
without becoming extinct


Couples are wierd
HI TABLE FOR TWO?
I'm so fat
DIET COKE
DINNER SALAD
RANCH ON THE SIDE PLEASE
SOMETIMES I CHECK OUT THE COUPLES THAT COME IN TO THE RESTAURANT. I TRIP ON THEM. TODAY THESE TWO ALL-AMERICAN-FUKING-HITLER-WET-DREAM-MILK-COMMERCIAL PEOPLE CAME IN. THEY LOOKED PERFECT. I MEAN? THE DUDE WAS
THE GIRL WAS REAL PRETTY AND HER HAIR WAS DONE ALL NICE. SHE WAS SKINNY AND HAD A MATCHING SWEATER AND SOCKS SORT OF LOOK, KNOW WHAT
PENIS INSECURITY
GYMS
ONE OF THOSE BIG NECK SPORTS KINDA GUYS. HE ATE A LOT. HE ATE ALL OF HIS FOOD AND MOST OF HERS. THEY DIDN'T SMILE OR TALK VERY MUCH. IT DIDN'T SEEM LIKE THEY WERE VERY STOKED ON EACH OTHER. THEY LOOKED GOOD. THEY LOOKED LIKE THEY
HAVE MONEY AND STUFF, BUT THEY BOTH HAD LIKE THESE VACANT STARES. THE ONLY TIME THEY TOUCHED WAS WHEN THEY WERE LEAVING AND HE PUT HIS HAND ON HER ASS. IT DIDN'T SEEM LIKE HE WAS TOUCHING HER TO MAKE EITHER OF THEM FEEL GOOD, IT LOOKED LIKE A GESTURE OF OWNERSHIP. PRETTY SICK.

ZERO HOUR
By Leidy
©'91
HEY! PULL OVER, QUICK! OF ALL THE DUMB LUCK!!
GREAT! JUST GREAT!! AND WE WERE SUPPOSED TO BE AT THAT PARTY— HOURS AGO!
PFWAP
STAY IN THE CAR.. I GOT AN IDEA!
LEMME OUT WILLYA! I CAN DO IT.!!
YOU FILLIES IN TROUBLE?
SKREECH
HIKE HIKE
HAVE NO FEAR LADIES! BIG MO IS HERE TO SAVE YER DAY!!!
OOOHH! ARENT YOU A SAVIOR!! =GIGGLE=
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOURE DOING THIS—IT GOES AGAINST EVERYTHING WE AS WOMEN HAVE ACHIEVED— SELF SUFFICIENCY!! MURMER...MURMER MUTTER...
GOSH! ARENT YOU HANDY! I WOULDN'T KNOW A SPARE TIRE FROM A LOVE-HANDLE! =GIGGLE=
...CONTROL OF OUR OWN DESTINY.... ...EMPOWERMENT... GRRRRR
WELL DON'T YOU WORRY NON' I'LL HAVE THIS FIXED IN TWO SHAKES!!
BYE NOW!
TOODLES
OK PJ, YOU JUST MADE US LOOK LIKE TOTAL INCOMPETENTS!! WHAT WERE YOU THINKING? =HUH??
WELL MISSY, WHO ENDED UP ALL HOT AND STANKY, GREASY AN' GRIMY? AND WHO'S GETTING TO THEIR PARTY ON TIME, SQUEAKY CLEAN?
...WELL... STILL
THE END

This comic is copy righted. It may not be reproduced without permission.
However, the entire book is available. See the ad on the following page.

The exchange that is being made in this comic is one of power. She is trying to prove the power of pussy by seducing this man into doing her work for her. And the man is trying to prove the power of his superior male intellect.

If she acts dumb and sexy he will do the work. If he acts heroic and intelligent she will fawn all over him. Both of them had a commodity they were willing to exchange.

She comes away feeling superior to the pussy whipped man. He comes away feeling superior to the mindless female.

Shannon.

85% of all Valentines are sent by women. Men play along with the myth of romance, but women are primarily responsible for its care and keeping. Could it be that romance is the female equivalent to men's pornography? Romance novels present an obsurdly false image that is no less alienating to men than pornography is to women. Women turn men into "romance objects," just as men turn women into "sex objects."

My daddy has never sexually abused me, never hit me 'cept for little-kid spankings. I still can't bear to have him touch me. I shrink when his hand attaches itself like a leech to my shoulder. My skin crawls as he deposits a kiss atop my hateful head. The affection implied by the contact is a lie. It's flawed. "Oh my darling daddy's little girl" you only love me when I am YOURS.

filler filler filler filler

filler filler

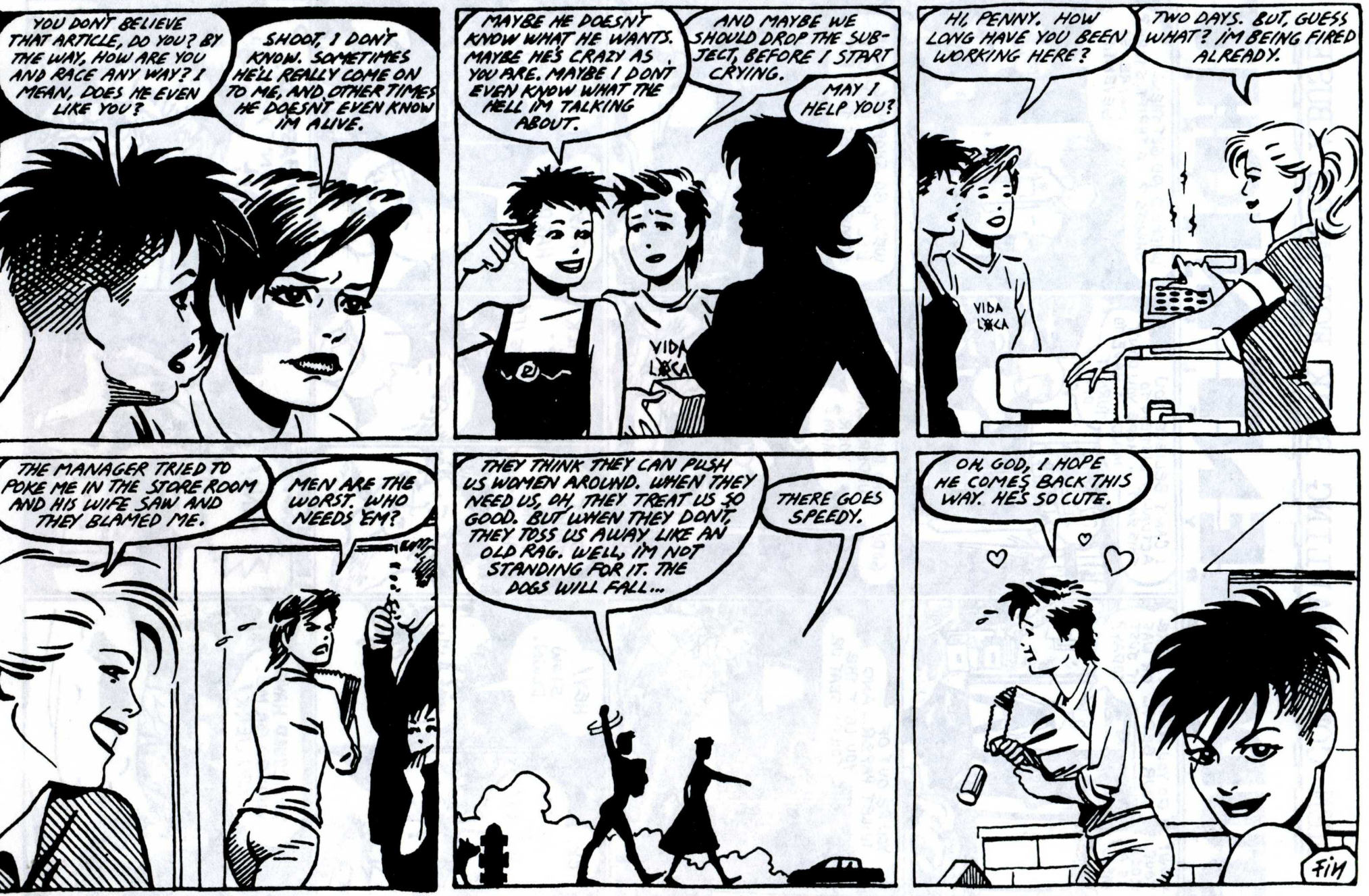
Fantagraphics books

7563 Lake City Way NE
Seattle WA 98115 USA

Fantagraphics carries:
Love & Rockets, by the Hernandez Brothers.
Meat Cake, by Dame Darcy.
Naughty Bitz, by Roberta Gregory.
And 2000 other books and comics.

Write to the above address for a free catalog.

WOMEN COME CRAWLING BACK FOR MORE ABUSE


YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT ARTICLE, DO YOU? BY THE WAY, HOW ARE YOU AND RACE ANY WAY? I MEAN, DOES HE EVEN LIKE YOU?
SHOOT, I DON'T KNOW. SOMETIMES HE'LL REALLY COME ON TO ME, AND OTHER TIMES HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW I'M ALIVE.
MAYBE HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE WANTS. MAYBE HE'S CRAZY AS YOU ARE. MAYBE I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THE HELL I'M TALKING ABOUT.
AND MAYBE WE SHOULD DROP THE SUBJECT, BEFORE I START CRYING.
MAY I HELP YOU?
VIDA LOCA
HI, PENNY. HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN WORKING HERE?
TWO DAYS. BUT, GUESS WHAT? I'M BEING FIRED ALREADY.
VIDA LOCA
THE MANAGER TRIED TO POKE ME IN THE STORE ROOM AND HIS WIFE SAW AND THEY BLAMED ME.
MEN ARE THE WORST. WHO NEEDS 'EM?
THEY THINK THEY CAN PUSH US WOMEN AROUND. WHEN THEY NEED US, OH, THEY TREAT US SO GOOD. BUT WHEN THEY DON'T, THEY TOSS US AWAY LIKE AN OLD RAG. WELL, I'M NOT STANDING FOR IT. THE DOGS WILL FALL...
THERE GOES SPEEDY.
OH, GOD, I HOPE HE COMES BACK THIS WAY. HE'S SO CUTE.
FIM

The above panel is from Love & Rockets. Available through Fantagraphics books.
Copyright 1983, Jamie Hernandez. It may not be reproduced without permission.
See the Fantagraphics ad on the previous page.

JUDGMENT NIGHT

BY SHARY FLENNIKEN

WOW! YOUR ROOM IS A MESS!
DO YOU NEVER MAKE YOUR BED?... OR WAS IT JUST TODAY?
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU ACTUALLY LISTEN TO THIS SHIT ... HOPE YOU DON'T MIND... I HAVE TO TURN IT OFF.
WHERE'D YOU GET THESE SHEETS? A THRIFT STORE? THEY'RE SO SEVENTIES.
YOU'RE OUT OF TOILET PAPER... AND YOU LEFT THE TOILET SEAT UP.
GOD! WHO BUYS YOUR UNDERWEAR? YOUR MOM?
WE'LL GO SHOPPING AND I'LL HELP YOU PICK OUT SOME CLOTHES THAT FIT.
ICK. YOU'RE SO HAIRY!
HEY! SLOW DOWN.
DON'T TOUCH ME THERE. I HATE THAT
DONT TALK TO ME. YOURE RUINING IT!
FASTER! HARDER! !!
NO! No! No!
YOU COULD HAVE WAITED FOR ME. YOU JERK!
NEXT DAY
RING!
YOU BASTARD!! WHY DIDN'T YOU CALL ME!

My job was to show up at the closed Safeway store and clean the floor. Some one was supposed to be there at 2 AM with a key to let me in. I arrived on time and went and knocked on the window to see if they were there yet. No one answered so I went and sat in my car to wait. I waited till 4:00. I began to get impatient and went to the pay phone, right there next to the doors, and I called them.(maybe they hadn't heard me knock) No answer. I went back to my car and sat. I was starting to get pissed because I was supposed to have the floor done by the time the store opened at 6:00. Where the hell was the key person? My butt was getting numb so I got out and walked around. I noticed another car in the lot with some one in it. I went over and asked her if she worked there. She said she was the assistant manager. I said some one was supposed to be here with a key to let me in. She said, "I know." I said, so what's going on? It's a quarter till six. It takes me 4 hours to clean the store. She just sat there in silence. I assumed she was waiting for the key person too. I went back to sit in my car. 6:00 came and the manager showed up to open the store. I went to him and said, Some one was supposed to be here at 2:00 with the key to let me in. I really resent having to sit in my car for 4 hours waiting for you bums to show up and do your job! (this is in fact the proper way for janitors to speak to managers) He said he thought everything had been taken care of and said he'd check it out. I went on and cleaned the floor. That after noon my boss called me and said the manager had complained to him about my attitude. I told my boss that I was there on time and had to wait 4 hours to be let in. My boss said the assistant was there at 2:00 but was afraid to get out of her car because there was some guy just hanging around. I yelled IT WAS ME GODDAMNIT! She knew she was supposed to be there to let in the janitor. She knew I would be waiting when she got there. Goddamn Worthless Females! TYPICAL FEMALE PARANOID DELUTIONS!! AAAAARRRGH!!!

A few days later I had to do that store again. The same assistant was there and she let me in this time because she recognized me. This was the first time I had seen her outside of her car. She was less than 5 feet tall and about 8 months pregnant. I recognized how vulnerable that must make her feel. I felt embarrassed for having been irritated with her befor.

Years earlier I had read Gloria Stienem's book, Revolution From Within. In it she said that when she went to Japan, for the first time in her life most of the men were shorter than she was and it had totally changed her self image. I thought a long time about how it must make a woman feel to have to physically look up to men her whole life. How she thinks she has to act cute all the time to keep from getting hurt. How honestly scary it must feel to walk down the public sidewalk. And being 8 months pregnant... My God. That must make her feel about one inch tall.

Having a tall male body, I just plain forgot. And only with the power of sexism can you have the privilege of being oblivious.

Shannon.

I've been trying to write an article about sympathy pains. But I've never gotten anyone pregnant, so I have no experience with it myself.

The point of the article would be to suggest that a man can become so very much in touch with what a woman is going through that HE literally feels physical pain when SHE has a contraction. He has been with her throughout the entire pregnancy and understands. He's been there for the ultra sounds and the big scary amniosentisis. He went to all the La Mas classes with her. He is in touch. He does understand. If only men could be that sensitive throughout society. It is possible, but we've got allot of work to do.

I knew this woman who was a farmer. She had an old cow she had owned since it was a baby. She knew this cows personality well. It had a personal name. Bessy, or some such.

One day while she was cooking dinner, she got this strange feeling that she was being called by someone but didn't know who. She kept hearing this voice in her head calling her to come. She went out to the barn and felt the desperation in the voice calling her. She looked out to the pasture and saw the old cow tangled in barbed wire and strangling. She ran out and freed it, saving its life. The cow had telepathically called for help and the woman heard it because she was that much in touch with that cow.

That day the woman quit the Christian religion.

Now, whether you believe in telepathic cows or not, is not the point. The point is, people can become so in touch with animals or each other that they can truly understand. All you have to do is WANT to.

We need to create a society where people actually WANT to understand. Right now we live in a "me-I-me-I-me-I" society. Men think, "Fuck the bitch, that's what she's for." Women think, "Poor me, I'm such a victim. I might as well have a baby cuz I'm not good for anything else."

It is awfully depressing, but I know it can be changed. I have seen people truly care about animals, and I have seen men truly care about women.

Shannon

→PART THREE

LOOKING BACK

WHY I HATE MALE IMPERSONATORS
By Shannon Colebank

Men can not ask for directions when they are obviously lost.

Hes driving around in circles and his head feels hot and stupid because he knows he's lost, and he really wants to ask for directions but hes terrified some one might find out he's not "Super Man Whos Always In Control." How unbearable the humiliation would be if he had to ask for help. The utter shame. The public castration he would have to endure for having admitted he did'nt know every thing.

"Ive got my pride Goddamnit." He says. Driving in circles for hours. What an idiot. Thats not pride. Thats assinine stupidity.

Imagine how many times he must have been humiliated for having shown weakness. Its so permanently ingrained that now as a grown man he still cant even ask for directions (???). He lives in a constant state of fear. Hes more terrified of men than any woman is.

He cant help but feel inferior. So he tells himself, "Well, at least im not a WOMAN." (i.e. weakling)

The facts are, he IS a weakling and he knows it. So he trys to overcompensate by beating his wife, molesting a child, raping any woman he percieves as stronger than himself. How extremely validating that must be to his machismo. Aren't you impressed? I know I am. I dont know whether to laugh or puke.

And now we've got a whole new crop of them. Strutting around like a bunch of roosters. With their DORK bowl cut hair dos. Their DORK base ball caps on backwards. Their DORK over size pants. Their DORK "No Fear" T-shirts. Give me a break.

"No Fear Dude. No Fear!"

Gee, Im sure convinced.

He wants every one to think hes "He Man, Master of the Universe." But he exagerates it to such extent it becomes obviously fake. Why? Because hes terrified! He's so afraid some one might find out he has feelings. Nothing is scarier than the mere thought of the Patriarchy finding out you have a heart.

As a child he liked girls. Mainly because he didnt know there was supposed to be a difference. Girls were brain washed to ACT sweet and kind. This made them very pleasant to be friends with. He had a kitten that he dearly loved. Unfortunately he probably had parents too. They told him "Boys dont play with dolls." And "Be a MAN and quit crying." He learned that sensitivity=weakness=ridicule.

Dad looks out the window and sees his son playing guns and war and fight and feels proud that "I finally made that wimp into a man."

Then this fucked up kid is shuffled off to the sadistic public school. He emidiat made female friends but the other boys beat him up and called him a pussy.

In first grade all the kids drew pictures of their pets. All the other boys lie/ drew ferocious dobermans and pit bulls. But he drew his kitten. When the others saw they beat him up and called him a faggot.

After 12 years of this the brainwashing was complete. He graduated from high with a bowl cut, a No Fear t-shirt and a beligerant smirk.

Woman=pussy=weakling. Wipe your feet thats what its for.

Sensitivity=faggot=disgust. Sieg Hiel and throw them in the oven.

The first time Team Dresch played Portland they got beat up by Neanderthols. Swaggering macho jerks beating up queer girls to prove what big men they are. Thats so pathetic it doesnt even make me angry. It makes me want to throw up.

And now that guy is a grown man. Still swaggering aroundwith his fake macho tough act. He will never grow up. Hes still that scared little boy getting beaten for having feelings. Hes stuck there. Hes stuck in that fear.

Deep down he really wants to like girls. And he really misses that kitten. But hes so terrified some one might find out.

Hes so weak.

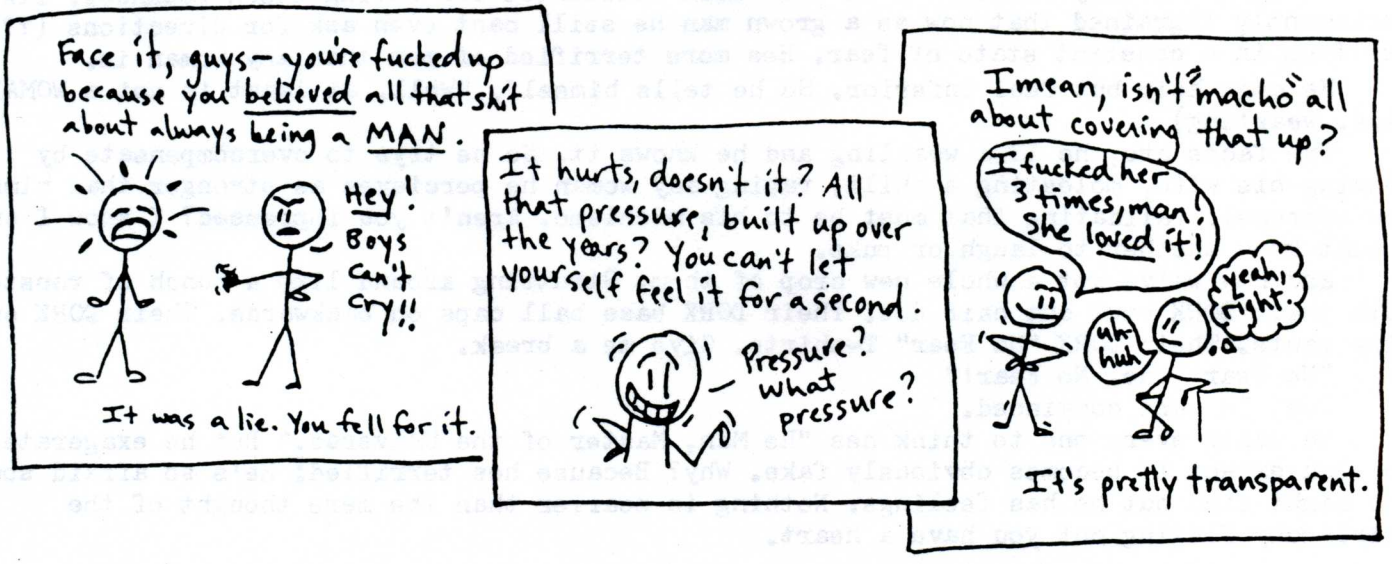
He struts around in that suit of armor. Trying so desperately to impress all those other armored jerks. Terrified. Frantically trying to convince himself that penis equals power. So very intimidated by strong women, he cant help but percieve them as castrating. That illution of power is all he has. The mere sight of Team Dresch on stage makes him curl up and suck his thumb and cry for mommy. He knows this. And hes so petrified with fear that someone might find out. So he puts on the most exagerated tough act he can muster. Beligerant, thuggish violence.

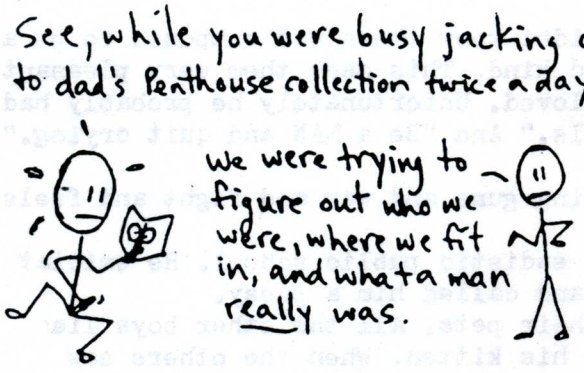
I suppose I should feel pitty for this poor pathetic child. But I dont. I feel hatred and hostility.

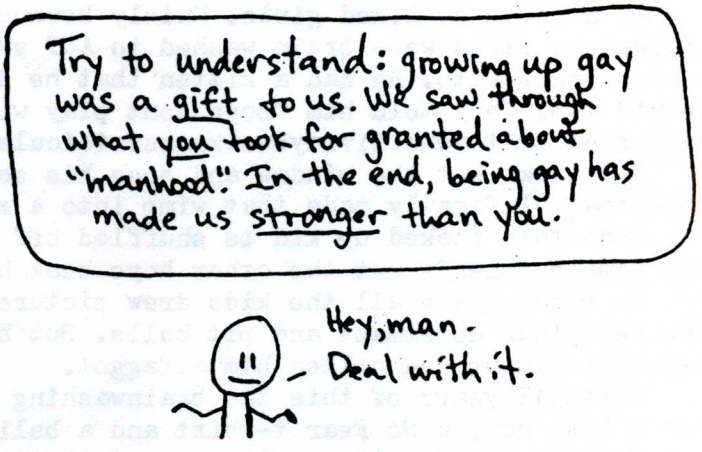
I was there the night Team Dresch got beat up.

A year has passed and I still shudder with rage.
I have never had a male friend. And I dont want one.

Shannon.


Face it, guys— you're fucked up because you believed all that shit about always being a MAN.
Hey! Boys can't cry!!
It was a lie. You fell for it.
It hurts, doesn't it? All that pressure, built up over the years? You can't let yourself feel it for a second.
Pressure? what pressure?
I mean, isn't "macho" all about covering that up?
I fucked her 3 times, man! She loved it!
uhh huh
yeah, right.
It's pretty transparent.


See, while you were busy jacking off to dad's Penthouse collection twice a day,
we were trying to figure out who we were, where we fit in, and what a man really was.
(ok, we jacked off once in a while, too)


Try to understand: growing up gay was a gift to us. We saw through what you took for granted about "manhood." In the end, being gay has made us stronger than you.
Hey, man. Deal with it.

comic by Todd Morman

♀♀♀♀ WHY I HATE FEMALE IMPERSONATORS ♀♀♀♀

There she is, wearing just as much armor as the macho man. Putting such a fantastic amount of effort into that ACT. She is so cute and so perky. It must be exhausting holding up that large of a shield all the time. Imagine what she could do with her life if she put that much effort into something constructive.

At a tender age she was neuter and strong. But she was handed Barbie, and sent to the concentration-camp-I-mean-public-school. The girls were just as cruel to her as the boys were to him. Maybe not as physically abusive, but just as emotionally damaging.

She is culturally conditioned to hate herself, so she feels intense jealousy toward any girl who is more Barbie-like than herself. And the make herself feel better, she is sadistically cruel to any girl who is less Barbie-like than herself. She is just as heartless of thug as the macho dicks beating up the sensitive boy. She knows it too, and hates herself for it. But that illusion of power is all she's got.

She is told she is nothing without a man. But her only way to get a boyfriend is to tear down every other girl. Cutting down the competition becomes the most important thing in her "life."

The boy never was a friend, and now he's not even a person, he's just a trophy. Beating that other catty bitch to the trophy is all that matters now. She is so fucked up. By now the only man who will have her is the jock. And he is so equally fucked up, he only sees HER as a trophy. Such a lovely couple. They deserve each other.

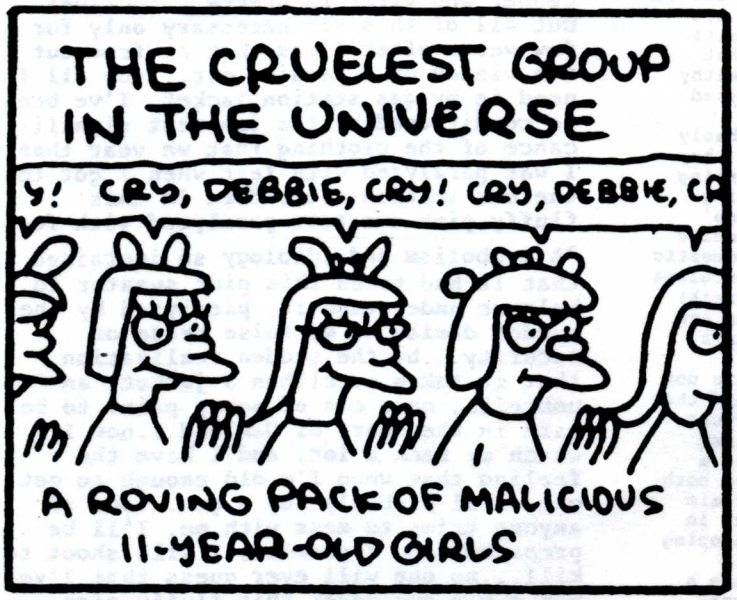
And yes, I realize I am supposed to feel sorry for this poor pathetic victim, because not only are all the girls out to get her, but society is too. But I don't.

She has never been happy one day of her life. She is shaven all over and stinks like nail polish and hair spray. But hey! She finally got her man. Too bad all she knows how to do is suck dick.

And one day she'll have a daughter. And she'll force that daughter into the exact same mold (mold). She never once stopped to realize how miserable she is. She never once thought, "No daughter of mine is going to suffer like this."

I feel disgust.

Shannon.



filler filler filler

A young man I know, who is relatively 'normal' in most respects (heterosexual, interested in many male-oriented pastimes), likes skirts on girls and likes wearing them himself. He owns two. This wouldn't seem to create any sort of problem--he's not harming anybody by dressing in a way that is comfortable and enjoyable to him--but I have been out with him while he was wearing a plaid skirt with a t-shirt and sneakers, and the stares, comments and occasional projectiles from passing cars shocked us both.

Gender roles are an institution in our society. They form an unwritten code by which there can be immeasurable pressure for both sexes to abide. But what is constituted by gender roles? What kind of limitations does it place on young minds? And why do so many people get upset if you dare defy them?

Gender roles are a reflection of sexism, and are harmful to males as well as females. This is so because they reinforce stereotypes of both sexes, they stifle individual growth for members of both sexes, and they support and enforce the existing male-oriented power structure, which in essence keeps women relegated to the secondary, domestic sphere.

Sexism is dictionary-defined as 'discrimination against women', but its true meaning encompasses harm being done to both men and women, girls and boys. It involves the molding of women into the male-created stereotype of ideal women: docile, pretty objects concerned with frivolous things, emotional and indecisive, and trained to serve men on the home front and in the bedroom. The flip side of this, though, is the forcing of men into traditional and stereotypical masculine roles, in which they must be tough, aggressive and unemotional, and always in charge. This type of role is a demanding and high-pressure one, and likely is a good part of the reason why men have higher mortality rates than women.

Also, enforcement of these gender role stereotypes is apt to take the form of harassment, ostracism and sometimes even assault. For example, my skirt-wearing friend was ostracized and called "faggot" and "pussy", while a female friend who has a shaved head is constantly being harassed and labeled "mannish" "bull dyke", etc. The only reason they are being harassed is because they dare to step outside of the restrictive gender role stereotypes that are imposed on all of us practically from birth. Stereotypes are oversimplified, conformist views of a group, which, by their nature, are not generally accurate. Therefore, they can be harmful when forced uniformly on vast and vastly differing groups of people, like females and males.

The practice of socializing children into specific gender-determined roles is likely to stifle individual development among them. A young girl who plays with Matchbox cars and talks of becoming a race-car driver is handed a Barbie doll instead and told to 'be more feminine', because 'girls don't do that'. A little boy who wants to take ballet lessons is quite likely to be made fun of, if not flat out denied the opportunity and sent unwillingly to football practice. By the same token, disruptive or aggressive behavior on the part of boys is excused with a good-natured 'boys will be boys', just as females are excused an unhealthy or excessive display of vanity. Traits that are socially conceived and applied are treated as what is 'natural' for a certain sex. Perfectly normal and healthy desires that fall outside of these categories are suppressed and treated as anomalies.

Another reason why gender roles are sexist, and probably a good explanation for why so many people get upset when they are violated, is that they support and reinforce the existing power structure. American society functions according to the masculine model. Traits that are deemed 'masculine' are also the traits that are most highly valued in the public sphere, which of course is valued more highly than the domestic sphere, where woman reigns. For example, aggression (masculine trait) is prized more highly than submission (feminine trait) in the worlds of business and politics. Therefore, women are supposedly not well suited to enter this domain, the 'man's world'.

However, if it were to turn out that women, alas, are not necessarily more emotional and less rational than men, and that many women were capable of being just as aggressive and just as competent of leaders as men; that many men could be just as sensitive as any woman, and could look just as cute in a skirt, then it would seem ridiculous to continue to force both sexes into these useless roles. Unless, of course, your aim is sexist, and you are looking to preserve male dominance in American society by maintaining female subordination. Keeping woman caught up in such useless notions as whether she is attractive enough, or needs to go on a diet, is in essence a virtual crippling of the entire female sex so as to prevent her from presenting a threat to male superiority. Gender roles, for all of these reasons, are sexist.

FUCK GENDER ROLES!! I'M SO SICK OF ALL THE EMPHASIS ON BOYS ACTING LIKE BOYS AND GRRRLS ACTING LIKE GRRRLS. FUCK THAT SHIT. WHY CAN'T A GRRRL HAVE A SHAVED HEAD WITHOUT BEING CONSIDERED UGLY? WHY CAN'T A BOY WEAR A SKIRT WITHOUT BEING MADE FUN OF OR LAUGHED AT? "IF YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, MAKE FUN OF IT." SOCIETY IS SO FUCKING CAUGHT UP IN ITS "RULES" THAT IT TEACHES PEOPLE TO HATE THINGS/PEOPLE THAT ARE DIFFERENT FROM HOW IT'S ALWAYS BEEN. IF MTV SAID "HEY, IT'S COOL IF BOYS WEAR SKIRTS NOW," AND "IT'S COOL IF GRRRLS SHAVE THEIR HEADS NOW," I'M SURE THAT THERE WOULD BE THOUSANDS OF KIDS DOING IT.

A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO, IN SOME PRIVATE SCHOOLS, DRESS CODES STATED THAT GRRRLS WERE NOT ALLOWED TO WEAR PANTS. THE KIDS FOUGHT BACK AND AFTER A WHILE A FEW BOYS STARTED WEARING SKIRTS TO SCHOOL. "IF GRRRLS CAN'T WEAR PANTS, BOYS SHOULDN'T BE ALLOWED TO EITHER," THEY PROTESTED. ALL OF A SUDDEN, PARENTS WERE OUTRAGED. THE MEDIA GOT INVOLVED. A BUNCH OF SHIT WENT DOWN. BUT OF COURSE IT WASN'T ABOUT THE GRRRLS NOT BEING ALLOWED TO WEAR PANTS, IT WAS ABOUT THE BOYS WEARING SKIRTS AND DRESSES. "BOYS WEARING GRRRLS CLOTHES?!" "HOW CAN YOU ALLOW THIS!!" THEN THE SCHOOLS HAD THEIR LITTLE MEETINGS AND THOUGHT OF WAYS TO SOLVE THEIR PROBLEM. "WE HAVE TO STOP THIS PROTESTING," THEY DECIDED. "I KNOW, SUSPEND THE BOYS. THEY ARE MAKING A MOCKERY OF OUR SCHOOL." OF COURSE THEY DIDN'T REALIZE THAT MAYBE THEY SHOULD LET THE KIDS WEAR WHAT THEY WANTED. FINALLY IN SOME OF THE SCHOOLS THE DRESS CODE CHANGED AND GRRRLS WERE ALLOWED TO WEAR PANTS BUT OF COURSE, BOYS CAN'T WEAR SKIRTS.

DRESS LIKE A WOMAN!! LET'S EXAMINE THAT PHRASE SHALL WE? I AM A WOMYN. I DRESS IN CLOTHES. I'M DRESSING LIKE A WOMYN, AREN'T I? ACCORDING TO ALL OF THE PRESTIGIOUS FASHION WOMEN'S MAGAZINES, I'M NOT, AT ALL. I DRESS LIKE A BOY. BUT IF I'M A GIRL (WOMYN, WHATEVER) HOW CAN I LOOK LIKE A BOY? WHAT SPECIFIC CLOTHES DO BOYS ONLY WEAR THAT IF I WEAR I'M A BOY? DO I DEVELOP A PENIS, TESTOSTERONE, AND GROW CHEST HAIR WHEN I STEP INTO THESE CLOTHES. SO FAR I STILL HAVE MY BRE_ ASTS, MY UTERUS, I OVULATE, AND HAVE PEACH FUZZ ON MY CHEST.....SO, MAYBE I'M NOT QUITE CATCHING ONTO THE MAGAZINE"S PURPOSE. I GUESS I'M QUITE DUMB. BUT, HEY, I EVEN HAVE AN EXCUSE FOR THAT, I AM A NATURAL BLOND.....

It's amazing how easily I can convince myself of my own invincibility.. all it can take is the significance of a certain item of clothing to make me feel safe (or not)...for a while, rain or shine, I carried a particular large black umbrella with me if I was planning to be home after dark...now I only need my grubby old brown and stained gas station jacket, though for a while there I needed both, plus a ballpoint pen hidden up my sleeve, and a can of paint or two to spray into the eyes of an attacker (though I've recently heard that cayanne pepper and water is pretty effective), but all of this was necessary only for a few weeks after I was shot at from out the window of a passing car...now all I need is my gas station jacket. I've been so conditioned by the inherent significance of the clothing that we wear that I was paralyzed with fear when I got to the bus station after dark in this fluffy pink sweater, paralyzed with fear at symbolism and ideology so ingrained that it had taken this pink sweater to help me understand it, paralyzed by the sudden demise of my false sense of security...by the sudden realization that it takes more than a jacket, an umbrella, or a can of spray paint to be safe in the heart of Oakland...now I watch my back a lot, and I have the feeling that when I'm old enough to get one, I'll probably buy a gun...and if anyone tries to mess with me, I'll be prepared, and I promise, I will shoot to kill...no one will ever guess that I've got a big gun under this fluffy pink sweater...

MALE PRIVILEGE

Male privilege is when something that is not really a mans right is handed to him on a silver platter anyway. This occurs so often he becomes unaware its even happening.

Tammy and I worked together. One day we were both heading toward the back room. She got to the door first but realising I was right behind her she stepped asside, letting me go through ahead of her, and said,"Im sorry."

Being used to male privilege I thought,"Whatever." And went on through.

A couple of minits later it really started to bother me. So I went and found Tammy and said, "You sure apologise alot."

She said, "Ya, I was thinking about that. I read an article that said women rutinely apologise for things that are not their fault about 90% more often than men do."

I said, "Ya, and you dont even realise youre doing it. It just spontaniously pops out of your mouth."

There was a pause of silence and then I said,"When you look at me do you honestly see a Neanderthal with a caveman club?"

She looked embarressed and said, "Oh, of course not."

I said,"Well...thats how it makes me feel whenever you apologise for existing in my presence."

She said, "Im sorry."

Then we both started laugning and she said, "Okay, so Im NOT sorry."

I said, "Let us stop being genders and try being just people."

She nodded her aproval.

By the next day she had decided I was probably a nice guy after all, and so she started flirting with me. But her style of flirtation was so extremely sexist. She became this ultra cutesy, giggly little girl. So sweet and innocent and dumb.

I thought,"Damn...she didnt hear a word I said."

Shannon

Dear Sarah.

I am lost.

Today around 10 AM I broke down and cried.

I have some feminazi scream in my face because I'm not woman enough. Then I turn around and have some macho dick head threaten to beat me up because I'm not man enough. I don't give a shit what either of them think of me. But I do care what I think of me, and I am lost.

Why must gender exist? It's not good for any thing. All it's ever done for me is prevent me from giving or receiving affection. Gender exists in order to make babies. Well, I don't plan to do that, so I shouldn't have to deal with this SHIT.

I am quite aware of my sexual orientation, but I don't know what gender I am. In my dreams I am usually female, and my comic book version of myself is a girl. Does that make me a really cool guy, or does it make me some sort of nut case? Do you know? I don't.

Maybe I should get a bowl cut, wear a dork base ball cap on backward, say "No Fear Dude!" Get some bimbo cheese cake to hang on me like an ornament. God, that would be so easy. But I identify with Team Dresch more than any one else. I can't help that.

Some lesbian screams at me for being a man and I know how she feels. Kryst! Most WOMEN don't know how she feels.

I cried. Not because my male self deserved it (he didn't). But because my female self identified so strongly. So VERY strongly that I lost track of what gender I was supposed to be.

I cried so hard.

I said, "I'm one of the good guys. I'm on your side. I didn't do any thing."

She poked me in the chest and said, "Exactly. You didn't do any thing."

That hurt so much. All this time I thought I was being such a good feminist, and she just crushed me flat. I have nothing to say in my defense.

It took me 50 minutes to write this because I couldn't stop crying. I feel so much better now, but I don't know what to do next.

Shannon.

Dear Shannon.

Have "No Fear Dude." I can see your confusion. To be you but still criticized by both extremes.

The Feminazi knows not your inner battle. Not even a big enough piece to even imagine she knows what makes you. She is categorizing you with all other men. She's so pissed that you're not good enough. If you were perfect you would not be good enough. That's her problem. In reality you are extremely TONS more than good enough for her. You are what no man will ever be... So very much in touch with your femininity. She is very confused and lost in herself and can not recognize a true being when he is standing right in front of her angry screaming face.

The macho dick head is nothing more than a macho dick head. Probably so fucking arrogant and far off from his feminine side he even hates women. He is not even worthy of recognition. He should be castrated so he can't produce any more worthless, insensitive life forms to brainwash with his macho fucking bullshit.

I agree that gender should not exist. It should be erased.

The only time I ever felt right is when I loved a girl. But it labeled me a lesbian. This is you too. You're a lesbian. Gender identity has nothing to do with sexuality. The soul has no gender. Love should never be ruled by sex or gender. You are just a soul, who happens to reside within a male body. So what?

I know you are not a nut case. I can understand you drawing comics of yourself as a girl. When I draw pictures of myself I always look like a skinny boy. It's the only way to look as male and female as I feel inside.

I am glad you cried to me. I would be glad if I even helped you remotely.

You are not alone.

I love you.

Sarah.

Personally, I find it hard to get worked up over the wrinkled with worry grimace of some balding, middle-aged, middle-class-and-falling-fast Joe Blow who's just lost his job to affirmative action policies because I cannot forget about , one in four women will lose to sexual assault before she even reaches the "age of consent." It involves, contrary to what the silent majority of men seems to hold true, more than the loss of a sacred inner-vaginal membrane that won the award for most cherished symbol of feminine virtue in 1955. As one in three US-women can attest, the pangs of rape do not dissipate when the flaccid weapon has been withdrawn from the point of entry. They do not subside when the swellings gone down. Statistics indicate that 60% of rape victims suffer from post traumatic stress "disorder" which, in fact, is not any kind of "disorder," but rather the natural human response to the most atrocious and wide-spread psychic disorder: rapist masculinity.

The fact that the good guy, when presented with the problematic of rape, is generally oblivious to the fact that any such social problem exists is proof-positive that he hasn't confronted the reality of the mental disorder to which he has been exposed every day of his life. He doesn't even realize the extent to which he has been programmed to tolerate and tacitly condone rapist thinking, rapist action and rapist justice. As the truth about sexual molestation of children comes out, it's interesting to see how the opposite sexes process it: the boys become rapists and the girls turn feminist or rapees.

Rape is real. It has survived the battle of the sexes. Neither the Women's Movement nor the men's movement has succeeded in abating it. But the reason it has prevailed is not that the women's movement has failed. All the waves of feminist activity in the world cannot wash clean the wound of rape, because rape is a men's issue. The best any women's movement can do is help heal the wounds after the fact. Women cannot eliminate rape.

So you see, if the good guy were as good as he pretends to be, 100% of the female population on Earth would not have to spend their lives trying to avoid rape. Not every woman is raped, but every woman knows the fear of rape. If the good guy were as good as he says, rape would not exist. If he were as good as he thinks he is, he would concern himself with rounding up and convicting sexual perpetrators. But, of course, any movement whose focus is the liberation of man can hardly work toward incarcerating them, now can it?

Because 97% of sexual perpetrators are men (85% male "friends" or family members), women cannot rejoice as readily at the emergence of the New Age man. She cannot grieve with him over the demise of the dominant male. She does not hate him, nor can she — after all that's been said and done — love him completely. She does not wish him any harm. Her fury is not rooted in a livid desire to cut off his cock

She believes what he says when he claims he "just didn't know" (how bad it was, how much it was, how sad it was). What she wants is for him to shut up now and LISTEN — to swallow his own redundant truth and make room for her own. Let the truth of the rotten apple she got sink in. If he would, she might be able to forgive. what she cannot do is forget.

When called upon to answer for the mistakes of his-story, the good guy assures us that it was all "just a joke." He doesn't understand why no one else gets it. "What's the problem?" His ignorance is bliss. He's been to the sweat lodge, after all, and he's beating the drum now (instead of his chest) and he's playing with himself now (instead of his 7 year old daughter). What more could woman want?

Perhaps, if the deplumed and molting pc-cock could stop strutting his newly found moral rectitude long enough to see that liberation involves more than freeing one's self from the constraints of patriarchal masculinity in Bachannalian weekends set in some secluded wood, it might start to dawn on him. Some strain of psychic jetlag seems to prevent him from seeing the blatant injustice of a situation in which, while he is out exercising his liberated libido with the rest of the good guys, women on the home front continue to ferret out the rapists, counsel the victims/perpetrators, enlighten the public and lobby congressMen for legal reforms which might tip the scales in favor of those whose lives have been and continue to be destroyed by the ravages of rapism, racism and domestic violence.

Dr. Charlie Hancock teaches in the anthropology department at my Alma Mater. Charlie spent his weekend preparing for a course on "Ancient Matriarchal Treasures of Malta." I spent the weekend trying to find quality counseling for a twelve-year old girl who'd just been raped. And yet, Charlie still has to pose the ten thousand dollar question: what are you so angry about? If he could just turn in two rapists for every class synopsis, he might not have to ask.

What the good guy has got to grasp is that it is not like the good old days when heroes were reborn and baptized by slipping into the bathtub for a quick scrub, coming out squeaky clean and smelling like a rose without having to worry about the bathtub ring. Mom's not going to come and take care of the soap scum this time, though, because the estimated 1.3 to 2 million women who were raped in 1990 are tired of comet stains on their shirtsleeves. They and their sisters, mothers and daughters are tired of picking up the broken toys and mending the broken hearts. For too long they have been stepping softly at the fragile fringe of the dominant male's emotional framework in the futile attempt at changing the bad boy's psychic diapers. Maid service has been canceled at heartbreak hotel. Women are tired of women's lives lying in shatters at the feet of patriarchal justice while men sail off into the horizon of enlightenment with a flippant "don't sweat it, babe, new and improved Mr. Bubble has come."

If the men's movement hopes to be remembered as more than just another in a series of bowel movements that felt good for the ones sitting on the pot but just stunk up the place for the rest of us, the good guy is going to have to put his scrubbing bubbles to the onerous task of scraping away the scum generated by three thousand years of male supremacism. Rape and violence are social ills stemming from the disorders present in male socio-sexual identity. As such, they are men's problems and should be the most pressing issues facing any social movement whose expressed goal is the liberation of "man."

The dominant male has lost the battle of the sexes, but his infernal male pride prevents him from hoisting the white flag of surrender to some less savage past. He may have lost the battle, but he hasn't yet given up the fight. He's still caught — flailing helplessly — in the throes of denial.

Granted, machoism has been ousted from the litany of the politically correct: the good guy in the white spats, microcosmic model of God and Uncle Sam, is feeling the heat. But, without so much as submitting a plea of insanity in defense of the male privilege he has savored in silence for so many centuries, he expects to be handled with kid gloves.

Ironically, the dominant male doesn't seem man enough to take the beating he feels like he's getting from all sides. Despite three thousand years of honing the razor sharp edge of his stoic iron-man pose, the new warrior is shaken by the slightest blow to his overinflated ego.

He is flabbergasted. Dumbfounded. He cries in his milk, the sorry songs of youth trailing off to the tune of "nobody likes me, everybody hates me, I think I'll go eat worms."

The weepy sentiment amongst the dishwashing daddies and the sweltering seekers of salvation is almost too much to bear. For feminists who, for 70 years and more, have been pointing out the interdependence of "normal" male socio-sexual behavior and the passionate crimes of murder, rape, race war, the steady stream of lamentation can be likened to a piss in the face of the babysitter trying the change the bad boy's diapers.

The wave of nausea rocking the boat in the patriarchal sea of blues has been dubbed "white male paranoia." *Newsweek* (March 29, 1993) tells us that it can be traced to a deep-seated fear of extinction and is characterized by "atavistic racial and sexual dread." A prominent sociologist is quoted as saying "What we called traditional workplace behavior may be called sexual harassment. What we called dating behavior...may be called rape." Doesn't it sound like he's almost getting it? Doesn't it seem as though he's just about figured out that what they called "dating" was not *fun* for the the "girls" involved? That the office "girls" were not impressed by sexual advances? Perhaps the sociologist is getting it, but if what he says of the rest of them is true, they aren't. He states of men's reactions to this revelation: "Most men are not happy about this." "Oh, come on. I was just having fun."

CONTINUED →

It would seem that what men fear most the realization that they should indeed be ecstatic over these newly unlocked "secrets." I mean, after all, the good guy is NOT the enemy, right? So shouldn't he be overjoyed at having stumbled upon the truth of what women want? And what they don't want on a date, at the office, on the the-rapists couch? Isn't this the missing link in the broken chain of friendship between the sexes? Man is too petrified to pose the question of his own dissatisfaction with this revelation. He knows he's been bad. The thought of asking himself WHY is unthinkable. He is afraid of who he is as well as of who he is not. He can't ask himself who is he because the answer is necessarily tied to who he has been. What if he were to turn over his father's gravestone and come up with nothing? Or worse than nothing.

His is a wretched plight: robbed of his power and prestige by a frothing pack of women who run with the wolves, he stands cowering before the question of what might lie beyond the bounds of patriarchal masculinity. An abject and absent spirit, back bent with the weight of the deflated windbag that once held the self-adoring ego he though was his crowing glory, he is baffled. He is terrified by his own shadow, tormented by the uncertainty of who he is. Left to his own devices, he draws a blank. Staring into the black hole of Next-to-Nothingness his father's father's so fervently bore into the fabric of world reality, he cowers at the thought of what might be if not this. He is smitten with angst — it rises — tumescent — in his face. He calls it indignation and spreads his anxiety-ridden word through the mass media: Tom Cole, marketing executive, laments in *Newsweek* "the white male is the most persecuted person in the United States."

Newsweek was right about one thing: what's plaguing the good guy today is not your common "white liberal guilt," but it isn't what I'd call paranoia either. I would personally say it's PMS — Post-Masculinity Syndrome. It's what happens to him when he discovers it was all in his head: violent aggression wasn't stored in the testosterone levels of the guys next door, but rather was lurking right there where he least expected it — in the very roots he now digs up in his self-glorifying excavation rituals. Rapism does not exist in a vacuum.

The findemfellemfuckem paradigm has gone limp. Modern man is at a loss. He fidgets and fusses in anxious denial, "who? Me? PMS? RAPE? Come on, give me a break. I think you're the one who is crazy, not me."

But his-story has demonstrated that this is not the case. The patriarchal male knows it. And he knows what he isn't getting: he isn't getting raped, he isn't getting beaten, he isn't getting stepped on, he isn't getting all that much poorer, and he isn't getting convicted. He doesn't WANT to get what he isn't getting. He'd rather give up half of what he's gotten rather than run the risk of getting a mere iota of what he didn't and he's glad he didn't get what the rest of us got. Secretly, he's satisfied with his lot.

Unfortunately, though, he's still getting most of the money, most of the power, and most tragic of all, far too much attention. Radical feminists, in the 1980s, were shouting "Take your eyes off the guys." In the long run, it would seem, this is the only thing that might help. But, seeing what they come up with when left unattended, it would seem wise to make sure they get some of what we've gotten before we let them figure out anything on their own. I regret having to waste words and resources on what for most of us is a dead, dead dog. I guess it's my shot at letting the good guy in on the joke without having to beat it into him.

Is this man butch or just horny?

"In nature the males of the species have plumage, like antlers, that they wear proudly and unselfconsciously. I think men are very confused about what is masculine now, and they shouldn't be." —Menswear designer John Bartlett on why the models in his fashion show walked the runway with antlers tied to their heads

Danny, do you wish you could be a go-go dancer too?

D If I could, I probably would.

C I've seen Danny go-go dance on occasion. I think he would make a fine go-go dancer.

M Dan has learned some hot moves from these babes here. Dan is one mean counter dancer. I'll tell you.

D I go-go danced on the bar at the Frolic Room...

C ...and on the floor.

D I danced on the bar by special request of John Spencer.

M In his foil kitty outfit.

D In my rhinestone kitty collar, with the tail.

What is it about fishnets and eyeliner that just turns a man into an animal? Even the most demure man can be transformed.

D It's a really sexy feeling, I think. saucy.

Bob's in the other room giggling...

D Well, he likes wearing his fishnets too

Why don't more boys do it then?

D They're afraid to. It does bring feelings out that boys aren't normally supposed to feel.

Is it because people think they should behave a certain way in those clothes or ..

D I think you just can't help it. It feels that way with me. It really does.

Did you wear drag before the Doll Rods?

D There was this one time when me and Margaret went to this Detroit street fair and we were having fun, drinking beers. Margaret goes "I'm tired of this. I want to have a girlfriend for the night. Will you be my girlfriend?" I said, "All right let's do it" so we went back home and she threw out a few clothes for me. A little skin tight latex miniskirt. I think I must have had fishnets on, a wig and I think a little makeup. Then we went back to the street fair. It was jam-packed and people were freaking out. Guys were pinching my ass in a mean way.

M I wanted an all-girl band really bad, so Dan said, "No problem."

D I really wanted to be in an all-girl band.

What boy wouldn't!

M So Dan is, has and eats his cake.

Where do you get ideas for your costumes?

M I say, "Pick your favorite snack food from when you were a kid" and then we make costumes from that.

Can you squirt people with the costume you were wearing last night?

M Yeah, last night was the first night I actually played in that. I wore it to a show in Detroit, where we were supposed to play. We got there late and people were giving me a hard time. I was getting really irritated, so I was squirting people with my boobs. When I ran out of water, I would shoot beer in their face. I usually put the squirters in my crotch so they look like little testicles.

What's the best costume you ever had?

M I love my toilet plunger bikini with pink latex glove thong, but every body else loves the kitty costumes.

D I like the kitty costumes because I love Josie and the Pussycats.

M I had a Hot Wheels and pink bubble wrap costume that I enjoyed and those White Castle tiaras.

Are there any costumes our readers could help you with?

M Not really, but we *would* like to know if the audience would like Dan to shave more.

Who Am I? by Tina

I am not sure what it is like for boys growing up in this society, but I think I grew up like a fairly typical girl. Playing teacher, waitress or secretary filled up most of my free time while I was in elementary school. I think it was during this period, with the influence of school and increased television viewing, that I started forming my idea of what little girls--and big girls--were supposed to be like. It was then that I began to apply these ideas to myself: learning what games I should and should not play, what words I should and should not say, what clothes I should and should not wear, and most imprtantly, which parts of my body I should hide and which parts I should flaunt.

By the time I was 10 and starting junior high, I was spending less and less time acting out adult career roles and more and more time in front of the mirror. All of my attention went to finding flaws with my body and working to cover them over. As time went on, it became easier to find the flaws and harder to hide them. I didn't see my friends very much outside of school, because they were all at home doing the same things that I was. When we did get together, all we did was put make-up on each other and try on each other's clothes. I remember during this time developing a negative attitude toward women who didn't pay close attention to their appearance. For instance, my mother did not wear make-up or spend much time and energy choosing which clothes to wear. I interpreted this as a sign of her age or of low self confidence.

When I was in the eighth grade, at 11:30 every Saturday morning I would watch American Bandstand. One Saturday in particular I remember there was a woman on the show whose song I had heard on the radio, but whom I had never seen. My curiosity was piqued when Dick Clark announced this was her television debut. She appeared on stage with her bleached hair and black dress like no one I had seen before. It wasn't just Madonna's appearance that captivated me, it was a sense of self confidence that poured out of her.

Immediately following the episode, I darted up the stairs to my room. Tearing through my closet and dravers, I was determined to find some clothes to cut, dye or alter in some other way to recreate what I had just seen on TV in my mirror. I emerged from that experience feeling like a more alive person.

With five inches of bracelets up my arm, a scarf tied around my head and a pair of ripped black tights on I arrived at my high school. After a few months of perfecting my image, I felt like I was ready for anything. Disapproving looks from my female peers and teachers were something I'd soon grow used to. Being asked out by upperclass boys, however, was something I never expected.

"You seem so much older than you are."

"You don't look like the other girls in this school."

By 1986 when Madonna's third album came out, every young girl in America had been influenced by her style. Even department stores had sections of mini skirts and lace stockings. I was 16 then and had brought that style to an art form: developed it and made it my own. I thrived on being known as an individual with a unique style.

Immediately after graduation, I went to the University of Wisconsin in Milwaukee. Finally I would meet some people who shared my tendencies toward alternatives from the mainstream. In the "big city" of Milwaukee, I met plenty of girls and boys who dressed just like me. Once I got to know them though, I realized that they were wearing the uniform, but didn't have the ideas or the spirit to back it up. Had I lost my sense of individuality and become one of the crowd?

During my third year at UWM I took my first women's studies course. Every Monday and Wednesday at 5:00 my Women and Film class met. I was enveloped in the theories of Laura Mulvey and Tania Modleski, enlightened under the instruction of Lynne Joyrich and Tara McPherson, and entertained by the films of Alfred Hitchcock and Dorthy Arzner. The underlying theme in all of the classes I took was that women in the media are portrayed as objects rather than people. Was that how I had been treating myself all these years; as something to be looked at by others as well as myself? Although I had separated myself from the way I was taught to dress and act, I was still first and foremost concerned with my appearance.

I knew I had to change my attitude toward myself. I would reject all the messages the mainstream media were telling me. I stopped wearing make-up. I stopped shaving my legs, plucking my eyebrows, and curling and combing my hair. Soon my hair was full of knots and dreads. Steel-toed work boots and gas station attendant's jackets were the staples in my wardrobe. All of the hair on my body had grown back in and I felt like a more naturally complete person. I got satisfaction in being alternative to the alternative.

I work in a natural food store in downtown Boston and everyday I come in contact with women who work in the offices in the area. They come in, with hairspray and painted faces, drenched in perfume. It seems to me that they are trying to hide themselves or mask their low levels of self confidence. I can't help seeing these women in a negative light because they are reinforcing those dangerous stereotypes of women as objects.

It has been almost 10 years now since I first saw Madonna on American Bandstand and I am still approaching the issue of women's appearances with a narrow mind. I probably have not progressed as far as I would like to think. In reality, I have only created a "new and improved" set of standards for all women to live up to. Just as our society has always done, I have ignored the woman's ability to decide what is best for herself.

As long as television, advertisements, magazines and mirrors exist, I will always be conscious of my appearance and the appearances of other women. Yet, if I can stay attuned to the fact that there are no innately correct guidelines for women to live by, then I will be able to feel more content with myself and more tolerant of the women around me.

It would seem that what men fear most the realization that they should indeed be ecstatic over these newly unlocked "secrets." I mean, after all, the good guy is NOT the enemy, right? So shouldn't he be overjoyed at having stumbled upon the truth of what women want? And what they don't want on a date, at the office, on the the-rapists couch? Isn't this the missing link in the broken chain of friendship between the sexes? Man is too petrified to pose the question of his own dissatisfaction with this revelation. He knows he's been bad. The thought of asking himself WHY is unthinkable. He is afraid of who he is as well as of who he is not. He can't ask himself who is he because the answer is necessarily tied to who he has been. What if he were to turn over his father's gravestone and come up with nothing? Or worse than nothing.

His is a wretched plight: robbed of his power and prestige by a frothing pack of women who run with the wolves, he stands cowering before the question of what might lie beyond the bounds of patriarchal masculinity. An abject and absent spirit, back bent with the weight of the deflated windbag that once held the self-adoring ego he though was his crowing glory, he is baffled. He is terrified by his own shadow, tormented by the uncertainty of who he is. Left to his own devices, he draws a blank. Staring into the black hole of Next-to-Nothingness his father's father's so fervently bore into the fabric of world reality, he cowers at the thought of what might be if not this. He is smitten with angst — it rises — tumescent — in his face. He calls it indignation and spreads his anxiety-ridden word through the mass media: Tom Cole, marketing executive, laments in *Newsweek* "the white male is the most persecuted person in the United States."

Newsweek was right about one thing: what's plaguing the good guy today is not your common "white liberal guilt," but it isn't what I'd call paranoia either. I would personally say it's PMS — Post-Masculinity Syndrome. It's what happens to him when he discovers it was all in his head: violent aggression wasn't stored in the testosterone levels of the guys next door, but rather was lurking right there where he least expected it — in the very roots he now digs up in his self-glorifying excavation rituals. Rapism does not exist in a vacuum.

The findemfellemfuckem paradigm has gone limp. Modern man is at a loss. He fidgets and fusses in anxious denial, "who? Me? PMS? RAPE? Come on, give me a break. I think you're the one who is crazy, not me."

But his-story has demonstrated that this is not the case. The patriarchal male knows it. And he knows what he isn't getting: he isn't getting raped, he isn't getting beaten, he isn't getting stepped on, he isn't getting all that much poorer, and he isn't getting convicted. He doesn't WANT to get what he isn't getting. He'd rather give up half of what he's gotten rather than run the risk of getting a mere iota of what he didn't and he's glad he didn't get what the rest of us got. Secretly, he's satisfied with his lot.

Unfortunately, though, he's still getting most of the money, most of the power, and most tragic of all, far too much attention. Radical feminists, in the 1980s, were shouting "Take your eyes off the guys." In the long run, it would seem, this is the only thing that might help. But, seeing what they come up with when left unattended, it would seem wise to make sure they get some of what we've gotten before we let them figure out anything on their own. I regret having to waste words and resources on what for most of us is a dead, dead dog. I guess it's my shot at letting the good guy in on the joke without having to beat it into him.

Is this man butch or just horny?

"In nature the males of the species have plumage, like antlers, that they wear proudly and unselfconsciously. I think men are very confused about what is masculine now, and they shouldn't be." —*Menswear designer John Bartlett on why the models in his fashion show walked the runway with antlers tied to their heads*

Danny, do you wish you could be a go-go dancer too?

D If I could, I probably would.

C I've seen Danny go-go dance on occasion. I think he would make a fine go-go dancer.

M Dan has learned some hot moves from these babes here. Dan is one mean counter dancer. I'll tell you.

D I go-go danced on the bar at the Frolic Room...

C ...and on the floor.

D I danced on the bar by special request of John Spencer.

M In his foil kitty outfit.

D In my rhinestone kitty collar, with the tail.

What is it about fishnets and eyeliner that just turns a man into an animal? Even the most demure man can be transformed.

D It's a really sexy feeling, I think. saucy.

Bob's in the other room giggling...

D Well, he likes wearing his fishnets too

Why don't more boys do it then?

D They're afraid to. It does bring feelings out that boys aren't normally supposed to feel.

Is it because people think they should behave a certain way in those clothes or ..

D I think you just can't help it. It feels that way with me. It really does.

Did you wear drag before the Doll Rods?

D There was this one time when me and Margaret went to this Detroit street fair and we were having fun, drinking beers. Margaret goes "I'm tired of this. I want to have a girlfriend for the night. Will you be my girlfriend?" I said, "All right let's do it" so we went back home and she threw out a few clothes for me. A little skin tight latex miniskirt. I think I must have had fishnets on, a wig and I think a little makeup. Then we went back to the street fair. It was jam-packed and people were freaking out. Guys were pinching my ass in a mean way.

M I wanted an all-girl band really bad, so Dan said, "No problem."

D I really wanted to be in an all-girl band.

What boy wouldn't!

M So Dan is, has and eats his cake.

Where do you get ideas for your costumes?

M I say, "Pick your favorite snack food from when you were a kid" and then we make costumes from that.

Can you squirt people with the costume you were wearing last night?

M Yeah, last night was the first night I actually played in that. I wore it to a show in Detroit, where we were supposed to play. We got there late and people were giving me a hard time. I was getting really irritated, so I was squirting people with my boobs. When I ran out of water, I would shoot beer in their face. I usually put the squirters in my crotch so they look like little testicles.

What's the best costume you ever had?

M I love my toilet plunger bikini with pink latex glove thong, but every body else loves the kitty costumes.

D I like the kitty costumes because I love Josie and the Pussycats.

M I had a Hot Wheels and pink bubble wrap costume that I enjoyed and those White Castle tiaras.

Are there any costumes our readers could help you with?

M Not really, but we *would* like to know if the audience would like Dan to shave more.

THIS INTERVIEW IS COPY RIGHTED.
IT MAY NOT BE REPRODUCED WITH OUT PERMISSION.

Excerpts from an interview with 70 year old performance artist Rachel Rosenthal

Reprinted with the permission of P-Form Magazine.

The pressure is tremendous, especially on women right now because women are trying to "prove" that they are equal to men. That in itself is a highly unnatural and ridiculous premise, because nobody's equal to anything. We are what we are and we should be respected and receive equal treatment for what we are, not by proving that we are equal to something else. For men it is also tremendous pressure because, in this society, men aren't allowed to feel and haven't been for millennia. The whole idea of male training has been to cut out feelings and to allow men to be violent, ruthless, strong, and powerful and all of that without being hampered by such things as empathy and compassion. So males today, who are pressured by women to be emphatic and compassionate, are also pressured by society to not be, therefore, the confusion is huge. For women it is a little bit the same because women want to be in positions that men have, so they are trying to learn how you get there. I think it's a real problem.

BN: I also wanted to talk to you about being a woman. It seems to me like it's a very tricky business to be a woman and be an artist. Do you have any words of wisdom, Rachel, for women who are artists and who are struggling with this? Our biology determines a lot in our lives.

RR: You know, I'm in a privileged position because I'm old and because of that I can be celibate without too much effort and that's what I am and I chose to be that a long time ago. First of all, I chose to have no children and then to be celibate because I realized that as a woman you can't have it all, in spite of what they tell you! That's something which is, of course, much, much harder to work with when you're young. It is extremely important who you choose as your partner. I was married for 20 years and the first 10 years my husband was my partner in Instant Theatre. He was a performer and a very good one. We shared the experiences of running a theater together. Then when I stopped Instant Theatre, I realized that we were going in very divergent directions, but we stayed together. I didn't leave him for several reasons, one of which was my mother was still alive and I felt compelled to keep the status quo alive because of her. We were very good friends and we had a lot of four-legged children. Very hard to consider how to deal with that, so I stayed much longer than I should have actually. Eventually, I found my freedom and I realized that was how I should have lived long before. My career soared even though I was a much older artist than most of the people I hobnobbed with. As for being a woman, you know, being a performer is a little bit different than being in the visual arts. In the visual arts, women are really, really put down and just don't have their rightful place at all. Performance has been kinder to women particularly since the Feminist movement. Traditionally, women in theater have been pretty much visible and adulated and so on. Even though in the industry, of course, men make much more money than women. So it's still uneven. However, it's better than being in the art world. I sort of have crossed over between being half in the art world and half in the theater world. I'm a very strong feminist, but as for me personally, I don't think of myself in gender terms anymore. Probably because I'm not active sexually. And, as you know, I'm very interested in presenting an androgynous image, and that creates a lot of ambiguity for people which is great. I still hear "sir" a lot when I go out in the world. The other morning I had a first because I went to the park with my doggies and one of the park attendants, instead of calling me "Sir," called me "Son!" I thought, "Whoa, this is a new one." I guess he didn't see that I was old; he thought I was a boy because of the shaved head and the pierced eyebrow and ears. So, he looked at me again and, "Ooh, I'm sorry." I said, "Listen, it happens all the time, don't worry." I just don't think and haven't actually for a long time thought of myself as hampered by my gender. In other words, I don't expect that I will get less attention because I'm a woman and so I think that somehow, maybe I project that, and therefore, people have a certain attitude towards me. I think a lot of it is attitude shaping behavior.

INTERVIEW CONDUCTED BY BARBARA NERI.
SHE ALSO OWNS THE COPY RIGHT.

I was especially appreciative of Rachel's comments on celibacy and presenting an androgenous image. I identified with her completely on those subjects and wanted to present that point of view in her words, mainly because of her age. She is some one who lived in an earlier, more gender specific time than most of my readers, and I found it inspiring that you can in fact teach an old dog new tricks. The point being that though our culture is set in it's ways, that does not necessarily mean it's hopeless, and that we should all fight for equality between the sexes and an end to oppressive gender roles.

Shannon

Pform
a journal of interdisciplinary and performance art

VISIT OUR WEB SITE AT
http://fileroom.aaup.uic.edu/RSG/pformhomepage.html

THIS IS ISSUE #37 FALL 1995 of *P-Form: A Journal of Interdisciplinary and Performance Art* (ISSN 1067-2222). *P-Form* is published four times a year by Randolph Street Gallery, a not-for-profit arts organization. Material in this publication may not be reprinted without the permission of *P-Form* and the author.

SUBSCRIPTION rates are: $13 individuals, $20 institutions. Can/Mex residents $20, Can/Mex institutions $30. Overseas individuals $30(Air)/$20(Sur-face), institutions $40/$30. Single issue newsstand price is $3.95, and sample issues are available for $3.95. Back issues are available for $3.95; write the adress below for a complete listing of back issues.

SUBMISSIONS: *P-Form* gladly accepts unsolicited materials by anyone who thinks they can write a coherent sentence. We are rather picky, however, about some technical matters. Features should be limited to 3600 words, reviews 800 words (no limits on performance texts). For complete writer's guidelines, write the address below.

P-FORM
756 N. Milwaukee Avenue
Chicago, IL 60622 USA
voice 312.666.7737
fax 312.666.8986
e-mail : randolph@merle.acns.nwu.edu

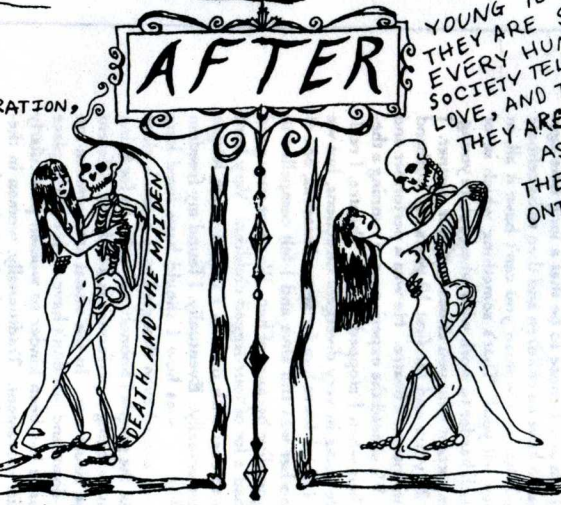
ANOREXIA NERVOSA IS FEMALE CASTRATION

By: Dame Darcy Megan S. ©1992

A MAN'S POWER LIES IN HIS MUSCLES, BUT THE POWER OF MAN IS MAINLY FOCUSED ON HIS PENIS. EVERY WEAPON IS AN IDOL CREATED IN ITS IMAGE BECAUSE HE IS DEEPLY AFRAID OF CASTRATION. A WOMAN'S POWER LIES IN HER ENTIRE BODY, BY THE WAY HER BODY IS SHAPED: HER HIPS, HER THIGHS, HER BREASTS, HER BLOOD, AND THE FAT THAT COVERS HER MUSCLES AND SMOOTHLY HOLDS EVERYTHING TOGETHER. SOCIETY'S WAY OF HOLDING AN EMACIATED FEMALE IDEAL IS EQUIVALENT TO FEMALE CASTRATION, CUTTING OFF HER BREASTS, HIPS AND THIGHS; LEAVING HER WEAK, THIN, INFERTILE, CHILDLIKE AND THUS POWERLESS. SOCIETY ALSO TELLS HER THAT MEN ARE POWERFUL & WOMEN ARE POWERLESS*. (MAN IS CREATED IN GOD'S IMAGE). TO BE POWERFULL WE MUST LOOK LIKE MEN. STRIPPED OF THEIR RIGHT TO A BODY NO ONE CAN BE POWERFUL. IN MAN'S FEAR TO BE PENISLESS AND THUS APPEAR FEMININE HE HAS PROJECTED WEAKNESS ONTO THE FEMALE BODY. HE FEELS AN URGENCY TO PROTECT HIMSELF FROM CASTRATION, FROM BECOMING FEMININE. TO PROTECT HIMSELF FROM THIS FEAR HE CASTRATES WOMEN.

IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH WOMEN OR THEIR "GOD" GIVEN RIGHT OF POWER THROUGH BIRTH. MEN ARE PROTECTING THEMSELVES FROM A FALSE IMAGE THEY HAVE PROJECTED ONTO THE FEMALE BODY. A BODY THAT HAS ITS OWN POWER, THE POWER TO STOP OR CONTINUE THE HUMAN RACE WITHOUT VIOLENCE,

* SEE WEBSTERS' DEFINITION OF MASCULINE AND FEMININE.



WHICH IS A QUIETER KIND OF POWER BUT ONE THAT IS ULTIMATELY STRONGER.

THIS POWER IS COMPLETELY SEPARATE FROM THE FALSE IMAGE PROJECTED ON IT; AN IMAGE THAT IS PROJECTED ON WOMEN BECAUSE NO MATTER HOW EXTREME THE EXTENT OF THEIR DENIAL, MEN ARE AFRAID OF THIS ESOTERIC POWER WHICH THEY CAN NOT MULTIPLY, DIVIDE, SUBTRACT, OR PSYCHICALLY HOLD AND KILL. A POWER THAT LIES IN THE UNIVERSE AND ITS UNPREDICTABLE, EVERCHANGING WAYS. NOT IN LOGICAL, CONCRETE, BOXED-IN TERMS. THIS PATRIARCHAL SOCIETY DENIES WOMEN THEIR POWER AT AN EARLY AGE, WHEN THEY ARE TOO YOUNG TO REALIZE THEIR "GOD"-GIVEN GIFT OF FERTILITY. THEY ARE STRIPPED OF IT INTERNALLY, STARTING AT EVERY HUMAN BEINGS BASIC NEED TO FEEL LOVED. SOCIETY TELLS THEM ONLY PHYSICALLY BEAUTYFULL WOMEN DESERVE LOVE, AND THAT THEY WILL NEVER BE BEAUTYFUL UNLESS THEY ARE THIN. WOMEN ARE AS MUCH AT FAULT AS MEN FOR LETTING THIS HAPPEN, THE BLAME AND SOLUTION CAN NOT BE SHIFTED ONTO ONE SEX.

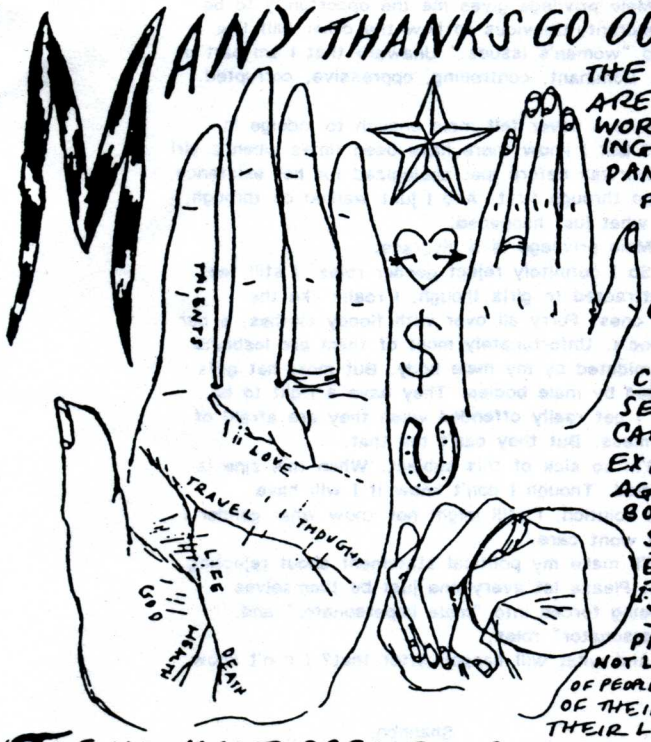
I KNOW THIS BUT I DON'T ACT ON IT.

I WRITE IT NOT BECAUSE I LIVE BY IT BUT BECAUSE I WOULD LIKE TO BE ABLE TO SOON.

This comic in copy righted. It may not be reproduced without permission.
Dame Darcy's comic book, Meat Cake, is available through Fantagraphics Books. See their ad on page 30.

Dame Darcy is also a gifted palm reader.
See her personal ad on the following page.

MANY THANKS GO OUT TO THE NEEDY DAME SUPPORTERS



THE VALUE PACKS NEEDY DAME SUPPORTERS RECEIVE ARE INCREDIBLY TIME CONSUMING. I'M PRESENTLY WORKING ON SOME VERY COMPLICATED PROJECTS CONCERNING THE SILVER AND RADIOACTIVE SCREEN. WHEN THESE PAN OUT, MIND YOU, THE PUBLIC WILL BE WELL INFORMED. BUT FOR NOW I'M NOT GOING TO SAY ANYTHING FURTHER SO AS NOT TO JINX IT.

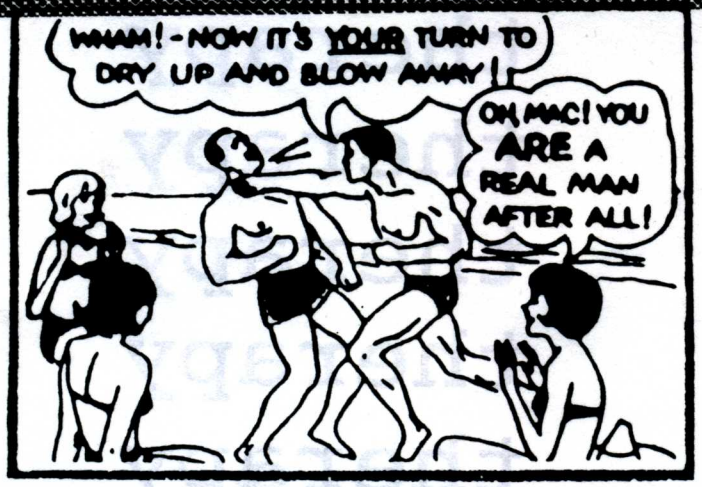
BECAUSE OF THIS, THE ONLY FEATURE BEING OFFERED FROM THE SUPPORT A NEEDY DAME VALUE PACK IS THE

PALM READING SERVICE

CURIOUS ABOUT LOVE? MONEY? TRAVEL? SEARCHING FOR ILLICIT THRILLS? PALM READING CAN BE THE ANSWER TO MANY QUESTIONS. I AM AN EXPERIENCED PALMIST. I LEARNED TO READ PALMS AT THE AGE OF ELEVEN WHEN I RECEIVED AN ANTIQUE PALMISTRY BOOK FROM 1892. SINCE THEN I'VE READ HUNDREDS OF SATISFIED AND CONVINCED PEOPLES PALM'S AND THROUGH EXPERIENCE BECAME ACUTELY ACCURATE.

SEND A CLEAR XEROX OF THE PALM OF THE HAND YOU WRITE WITH 2: FIST PINKY SIDE DOWN 1: BACK W/ FINGERS PRESSED CLOSELY TOGETHER BUT NOT LAYING ON TOP OF EACH OTHER. ROLL UP THOSE LONG SLEEVES. A COUPE OF PEOPLE SENT ME XEROXES WHERE THE SLEEVE WAS COVERING THE BOTTOM OF THEIR LIFE LINE SO I COULDN'T ACCURATELY PREDICT THE LENGTH OF THEIR LIFE. I GOT ALOT OF RESPONSE TO THIS LAST TIME.

IF YOU HAVE SPECIFIC QUESTIONS ENCLOSE A LETTER IT ALSO HELPS IF I KNOW YOUR CURRENT AGE. THIS IS SERIOUS THUGH, IF YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THE BAD ASPECTS MAKE SURE AND MENTION THAT IN YOUR LETTER. OFTEN I SEE ACCIDENTS, ALCOHOLISM, ABORTION AND MANY OTHER PLAGUES UPON HUMANITY. THIS CAN BE AVOIDED WITH FAIR WARNING. ALSO SEND PREFERABLY CHECK OR MONEY ORDER FOR TEN DOLLARS TO DAME DARCY MEGATY STANGER PO BOX 730 NY NY 10009 USA



Leapin' Lizards!

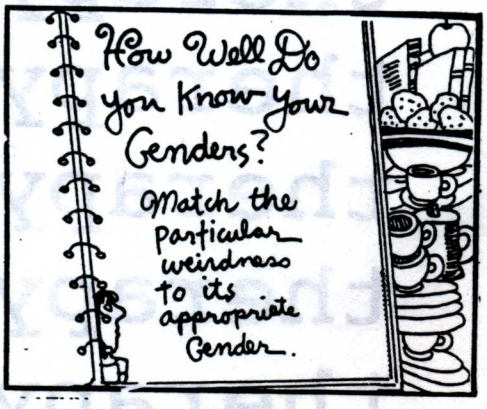
Get a Grip!

In Monterey County the trees rain lizards, as a trio of botanists inadvertently discovered. While they were studying the nutrient cycle of an oak woodland, they placed buckets around trees to collect falling leaves and twigs. Besides the litter fall, they got "lizardfall."

In two years 198 lizards turned up in buckets covering an area of 422 square feet. That works out to 30,000 lizards a year on an acre. Many lizards take the plunge repeatedly; by marking individuals, the researchers found that the average western fence lizard falls six times a year.

"In spring, most that fall are males," says William H. Schlesinger of Duke University. "They do push-ups on tree limbs, a courtship display females find attractive. Perhaps some overdo it and fall."

SYLVIA



Who is more likely to...
1. Propose marriage to a convicted serial killer.
2. Be among those voting to fund more stealth bombers after the Pentagon said they didn't need any.
9-29

I personally am very irritated with women who act cute and dumb, and men who act tough and studly. I think these people are out right pathetic. But I also recognize that they don't know any better. They were brainwashed with this crap from day one. The only reason I my self am not like them is because of my bizarre childhood.

My father was physically violent and my mother was a sexual deviant, so I detached from my body and had trouble developing a gender identity. I had trouble developing any identity at all actually. But this culture puts so much pressure on gender separation that it became my major identity crisis.

Believe it or not, I was actually LUCKY to get molested when I was 5. A teen age girl made love to me very gently and tenderly. It was the only affection I recall receiving as a child.

At the age of 5 a boy is not capable of getting an erection, but that didn't keep her from pushing my penis inside her. This incident gave me a PHYSICAL gender identity, and a definite sexual orientation. I have a male body and I'm only sexually attracted to women. But a year earlier I had already died from abuse as a male personality. I had developed a female persona as a survival technique. I was not consciously aware of doing this, it just happened.

In first and second grade I was daily thrown into the girls bathroom by gangs of boys. I never understood why they were doing this. I didn't know I was a girl, but they did. I've been one ever since.

Unfortunately our culture is set up to give people with male bodies "male privilege." All you get from male privilege is the right to be oblivious of how difficult it is for women. Most men honestly have no idea that women are afraid to walk down the public street. He honestly thinks women have paranoid delusions. I thought women did.

I have never been an intimidating man. I was always a confused girl. I felt no identity with men at all. But I just couldn't figure out why women were so threatened by me. I identified with them. But because I have a 6 foot male body, they perceive me as one of "them." Whatever that means.

Ya, I know what it means. Some one says, "Look Shannon. You have a male body, you're sexually attracted to women, you're not femmy, you're not queer, you're a boy. YOU'RE A BOY, SHERLOCK!"

I try really hard to be a boy. But girls tell me they consider me to be their best girl friend.
The few times I have tried to have male friends, they always get disgusted with me and yell, "you're such a girl!"

On the rare occasions when I have tried to have a lover, they always got really uncomfortable because they could tell they weren't with a boy. My body is perfectly normal, but they could tell THIS IS NOT A MALE PERSON.

I have no idea what I do that makes women think of me as their best girl friend. I have no idea what I do that makes boys say I'm such a girl. I have no idea what I do that makes my lovers freak out.

I usually don't think about it enough to try to be a transexual. I have no desire to have my body surgically altered to resemble the gender I identify with. I don't think about being that gender. I don't think about being ANY gender. I don't want to be a gender.

I wish there was no gender. I wish all people were neuter. I wish female personalities and male personalities could work together and love each other with out the big culturally oppressive machine forcing us all to betray our inner strengths.

In daily life I look like a generic guy. I wear comfortably lose blue jeans, a comfy red sweat shirt, sneakers, my hair in a Tanya Harding do, and my John Lennon spectacles.

And guess what? If I had a female body I would look like a generic girl in my comfortable lose blue jeans, a comfy red sweat shirt, sneakers, my hair in a Tanya Harding do, and my John Lennon spectacles.

If I had a female body I don't think I would be much different as a person. The major difference would be that I would understand sexual harassment, cultural opression, the fear of rape, etc.

Male privilege gives me the opportunity to be arrogantly ignorant. Oblivious to how the other half live. Indifferent to "women's issues." Unaware that I am part of the problem. Dominant, controlling, oppressive, corrupted. i.e. JERK.

I have never felt male enough to indulge in those things. But I know there have been times when a girl got to the doorway before me, apologized for her existence, and let me go through first. And I just walked on through, oblivious to what just happened.

Male privilege is a disgrace.

So I definitely reject gender roles. I still feel romanticly attracted to girls though. I really like the androgenous ones. Furry all over with floppy clothes, a bur head, and Doc's. Unfortunately most of them are lesbians who are intimidated by my male body. But most het girls are intimidated by male bodies. They have a right to be.

I get really offended when they are afraid of me. I'm harmless. But they can't tell that.

I'm so sick of this subject. When this zine is over I'll be glad. Though I don't know if I will have discovered a solution. I still might not know what gender I am. Maybe I wont care.

I'll make my political statement about rejecting gender roles. Please let every one just be themselves instead of being forced into "male impersonator" and "female impersonator" roles.

And what will happen after that? I don't know.

Shannon.

therapy
therapy
therapy
therapy
therapy
therapy
therapy
therapy
therapy
therapy
therapy

→PART FOUR

ANGER AND HOSTILITY

This is not a nightmare. You are awake.

Dead men don't rape.

bitch skateboards

now available from madman distribution

send dollar for stickers and info • p.o. box 90245-1434 • el segundo, ca 90245

call or fax 310-414-9477

Dead girls don't say 'no'.

When I was about 10 my mom started forcing me to go hunting with her brothers. They would grab their rifles and go tromping through the woods looking for some thing to kill.

It was so obvious how their personalities would change. They became these superficial swaggering macho jerks. I watched them devolve into thugs. It disgusted me to such extent that I would just turn and walk away. This made my mom furious. She was ashamed of me. But I recognized they were not hunting meat to feed their families. They were just playing "Be-a-Man." They were so brainwashed. It's called "Male Bonding." But I call it "Little boys masturbating in front of each other."

In Idaho it's legal to drive your snow mobile on the public street. But you don't need a license to do so. So it is technically legal to drive drunk.

All the "Real Men" converge at the bar. Get blitzed. Jump on their snow mobiles and head for the woods.

They drive around in packs, chasing down coyotes and killing them on the run with axes.

Then they all head back to town. They park their blood splattered snow mobiles in front of the bar, propping their bloody axes up prominently for others to admire.

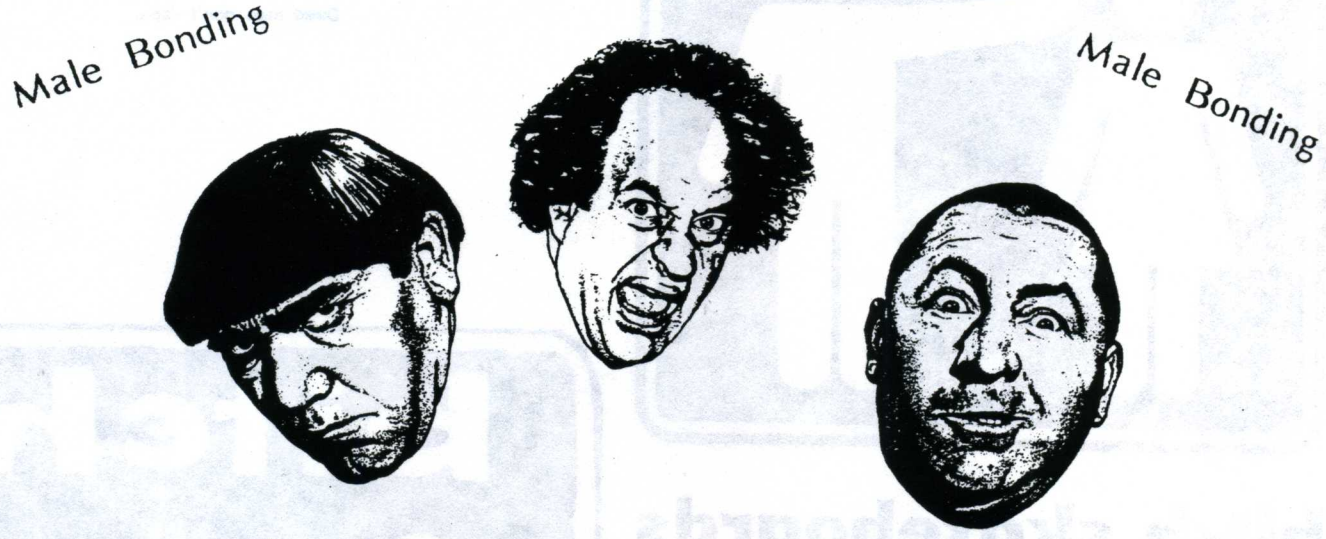
In Idaho, legal age for drinking is 18. All the 18 year old boys try to gain the approval of the "Men" by joining in the drunken slaughter.

The purpose of this behavior is to prove their gender identity.

In Idaho, the legal age for marriage is 15. Apparently the state believes that when girls are "old enough to bleed, they're old enough to breed."

On Super Bowl Sunday, when your team loses, you beat your wife to make you feel like more of a "Man."
My mom tried really hard to make me into one of them.

Shannon.



The Merchants of Reality.

********* i am a manhater. oops did i say something wrong? i go up to random men on the street (oh i mean white men) and beat them senseless just for cheap kicks. yeah that's another thing, i maturbate while standing over their unconscious bodies. i feel like i'm losing some of my fans here. oh dear. it's not like i live in a society where fucked up ideas about gender and PATRIARCHY have made it hard for me to feel connected with men in any way. and if i WAS a MANHATER (gasp!) would that mean my ideas wouldn't be worth listening to even though there is no institutional way for me to express my hatred for men the way women hating is shoved down my throat every fucking day? please.

This summer I went to the girl convention in Omaha. I had a really really good time and want to thank Ann and Andrea and all the other Riot Grrrls of Omaha who worked super duper hard to put on the convention.

The first night there was a big show with all girl and mostly girl bands. Things were going really good and every one was having fun. Then something not very nice happened. This band with a bunch of boys and one girl (who they just got) moved all their equipment into the room. When Ann went to see what they thought they were doing, they said they were such-and-such of band and that they had come to play. Ann remembered talking to them on the phone before and telling them they could not play. When she reminded them, they got really mad and said they wouldn't leave. Ann told them again that they had to leave and they started screaming about how they had drove 45 minutes and unloaded all their stuff. Ann reminded them that she had told them on the phone they couldn't play. So then they all blocked the doorway and refused to leave. The entire time they kept making fun of the other bands and being really mean. Then during Nomy (Im So Fucking Beautiful) Lamm's spoken work piece, (which was soooo rad) one of these guys screams "Unity Unity Unity!" I guess he was implying that we were not united because it was girls only. Not only is this super rude, but just plain dumb. Anyway, while they were there they passed out this flier that said something like "You can't have a woman's history because if you cut off our genitals we are all the same." And it had a picture of a man and a woman with their genitals cut off and blood spurting.

So it turned out they knew they would not be allowed to play and came anyway to purposely fuck things up. Can you believe they were so intimidated by a girls only convention that they would go through so much trouble? In the end it only made us girls pull together even more.

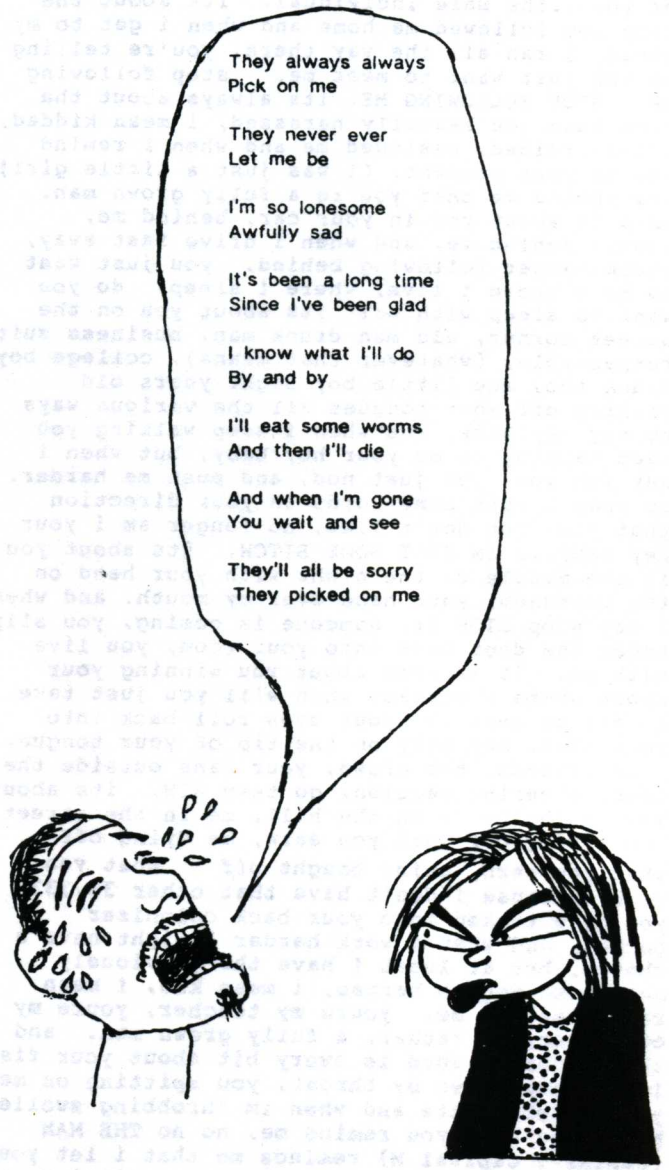
Next time we should all gang up on them and chant:

Here's the facts
You're dumb as fuck
Girls are great
And boys all suck

Men have told me I want to casrate them. This is something they never understand: the idea of a female dominated society is as repugnant to me as a male dominated society. What I want to cut off is the power men exercise over women. If a man associates that power with his genitals, that's his problem.

Anne Koedt, in response to charges that feminists were "castrating man haters."

What amazes me in all the rah-rah "he's a nice guy" routine we're being bombarded with, is the fact that this guy was a wife beater. Like many big jocks, he's a control freak, and when faced with a situation where he was losing that power, he destroyed the object of his desire rather than let it go. In more ways than one, O.J. is indeed an All-American.



DAVE BARRY'S GUIDE TO GUYS
In this helpful guide, Dave explains why the American guy is not to be confused with a husband, father, hunk, or intellectual. Useful for any woman who wants to understand men better or any man who wants to survive as an endangered species. (Random House) 189pp. HC
B119193 Pub. $21.00 / **SALE $16.80**

BOYS EXPLODE ON THE STREET

i'm standing in front of you
...angry...angry...listen to the words. no matter how loud, how soft, i scream, will you only see me as the raging feminist manhater? that girl is a dyke. she must be a manhater. that girl is independent. she must be a manhater. that girl calls herself a feminist.

thaT gIrL oVER tHerE!

she must be a manhater. that girl is a manhater. that girl over there.
what you don't realize is that the MANHATER etched into my stomach isn't about you or you or you...the male individual. its about the time you followed me home and when i get to my house, i ran all the way there, you're telling me you just want to meet me. stop following me. STOP FOLLOWING ME. its always about the time when you sexually harassed, i mean kidded, i mean raided, besieged me and when i remind you im your student, (i was just a little girl) you remind me that you're a fully grown man. this is about you in your car, behind me, always behind me, and when i drive fast away, youre faster following behind. you just want to know where i live, where i sleep. do you want to sleep with me? its about you on the street corner, old man drunk man, business suit respectable, (whatever that means), college boy drunk too, and little boy eight years old rolling off your tongues all the various ways to say hey baby, and when i keep walking you keep talking to me your hey baby, but when i say fuk you, you just nod, and push me harder. so when i spit some words in your direction that you just don't like, no longer am i your hey baby... IM JUST SOME BITCH. its about you in the middle of the night with your hand on the doorknob, your hand over my mouth, and when i say stop STOP it, someone is coming, you slip under the door back into your room, you live with me. it is even about you winning your sport where i scream; when will you just take no for an answer? your eyes roll back into your head, hey baby on the tip of your tongue, your friends, the crowd, your fans outside the door, cheering section, go team WIN. its about you in the house on the hill, me in the street, you living off what you earn, me dying off what you earn, being bought off what you earn, because i don't have that other 33.333% you have tucked into your back colonizer pocket, and when i work harder i might have a chance, but at least i have the previously mentioned you to harass, i mean kid, i mean raid, besiege me. youre my teacher, youre my co-worker, my father, a fully grown man. and this manhater word is every bit about your fist in my face, down my throat, you spitting on me, your hatelovehate and when im throbbing swollen black and blue you remind me, no no THE MAN (capial T capital M) reminds me that i let you fuck me...sometimes. its about you filling my head with the perfect images of your perfect image. gotta be so tall so thin so white so submissive. gotta be a good girl. its about you owning my words, my actions, my every second of the day. i even need your permission to breathe. its about the time when it was so hot outside, and some kids just rode their bikes by, so i got up to go see outside, cuz my housemate has this dog that barks at every fucking thing that goes past. he even barks at us when we come out of the house. damn, if that dog were only a person, a fucking little girl, id teach it to keep its mouth shut.

TRAIN THE LITTLE GIRLS TO KEEP QUIET so the boys can explode on the street. but those boys were on their bikes and gone are the days of climbing trees and lemonaid stands and so they rambled out their "FUCK THIS...FUCK THAT...BITCH...CUNT...AND GOD DAMNITS" rolling those words out of their little boy mouths rolling them into the street, rolling over my body...cant you see the tire tracks? so who the fuck was that man on that bike with them? maybe some kids dad. maybe and older brother (he was well into his 30s) maybe the sexually abusive friend of the family or the fist pounding uncle. he laughed. he roared at their words, phrases, their knowledgeable use of our language and the proper way to assault one verbally. memememememe so what can i do? rage into the street holding my tears in my hands, the manhater word thing scrawled on my belly, saying 'don't you have any respect. didn't your mother teach you any better?

how could i, how could she, their mothers. my mamma never taught me any better. daddy wouldnt let her. and what are little boys supposed to think anyhow? its about my brother, the one that talks about beating me to death in my sleep. my brother tells me i deserve to be molested. my brother tells my mamma she's fat and ugly (but shes not i tell you) my brother talks about hatin fags and and bithches HIS WORDS NOT MINE HIS WORDS HIS WORDS I SWEAR... and you see, my brother is only 10. didn't his mother teach him any better? didn't she know...couldn't she have kept that daddy of his from filling his head with so much hate. hes only a little boy and already hes explodidng on the street like the rest of them...and IM GONNA KEEP QUIET...IVE BEEN TRAINED TO BE A GOOD LITTLE GIRL. its about all this and so much more, this manhater word, that you don't understand. this word you always use, i mean misuse. its about all of this happening every minute of every day to every woman and when i tell you that all these things are really woman hate and that you are a womanhater, you laugh; THERES NO SUCH THING. and you say what all this was really about is manhate, but how could it be, its womanhate weve established,and so the above mentioned you is really me and so im not a manhater. I AM THE WOMANHATE!! so who is this really about? the male victimazed by my anger? MY ANGER BECAUSE MY SISTERS AND I ARE BEING RAPED. i am angry because my sisters and i are continually being raped every day. we keep twisting the abuse.
so im a manhater you say but its not about you or you or you, its that capital T, that capital M, every minute of everyday, being beathen and robbed and raped and degraded and joked at and poked and proded, and hey babied, laughed at, ignored punched, stepped on, slaughtered, used bought and sold. its what i have to be to survive in womanhate world (among other things). but theres no such thing? and im still the manhater. angry angry listen to the words.

got It?

My 6 year old sister got sent to "The Wall" as punishment by her teacher today, for saying the V-word.
"The V-word?" I asked.
No way. It can't be what I think it is.
"Vagina?" I asked.
My sister said, "That's a bad, bad word."

Today around 3, I was heading home from Staples, that wonderful place where I copy zines. I, as usual, was taking this shortcut going from a rather deserted corner of the shopping center to the fields of a skool. A girl was kidnapped there about 8 years ago, so I'm wary whenever I'm alone. Once I was on the skool grounds, I headed into this sunken courtyard-thing & as I descended, I heard, "Hey!" Funny, 'cause a minute before there was no one around--I purposely checked. From the courtyard I couldn't look onto the field to see who called & if they were hailing me. This made me nervous, especially as they continued, "Heyyy! HEY!" I walked faster, but it seemed eons passed, me glancing in every direction, muscles tensed, before I emerged into the "safety" of the front of the skool. Though I wasn't actually confronted, I was frightened & also pissed off. All kinds of horrors had been running through my mind moments before; I was scared over something as small as someone yelling, "Hey!" that I couldn't see. This is just another example of how being a girl can make me feel powerless sometimes. I hate it.

Only You

Dedicated to those certain few pieces of slime that have taught me that not every person is special and beautiful and not every person deserves to be blessed with life. You do not even deserve to be called human cause you aren't. You are nothing but a waste of skin. You disgust me.

Only you can turn a beautiful day into a
sick, twisted hell.
Only you can make me be vomit just by
seeing you out of the corner of my eye.
Only you can make women wish they had no body at all.
so you couldn't talk about it in some sick, perverted way.
Only you can spit out pus soaked sexual remarks
about cleaning test tubes or using the pencil sharpener.
Only you speak of rape as a woman's fault,
as something she wants and deserves.
Only you can make others look away as soon as they see you.
But it is not in fear...it will never be in fear...only in disgust.
Only you can provoke hatred in me so strong I swear
I want to kill you.
DO YOU THINK I WOULD?
Only you will pay for this. And you will pay forever.
Only you will suffer...and you will suffer greatly.

You are the only people I do not respect. I look down on you. You are ugly, repulsive, severely disturbed individuals and I DO NOT feel sorry for you. I hate you more than my words could ever express. I hope you rot in a loveless stinking pit surrounded by every disgusting comment you've ever made about anyone.

Go to hell.

P.S. It was me. Next time it will be all of us. And we will make you pay.

ROOM WITH A VIEW

written on October 31, 1992, in remembrance of a cold night not so long ago

Night of the terror
Of gross idiotic young men in a gleaming ghostly white limo outside my window–
photographing the local prostitutes, a hootin' and a hollerin' and grabbing for
these objects (otherwise known as women) to possess for moments.
Vaginas. Breasts. Fucks.
A scream wakes me from my restless slumber and I leap up to this scene.
A woman is being attacked?!?
I rip aside the sheet in front of my window, and stand there naked. My body shakes.
Screams want to be released from the lump in my throat, fists clench;
Sweat chills my body .
"Piss off you jerks!" I almost yell.
Where is that rock I have?

But I don't.

Instead, I crash back down on my bed, next to my dear friend,
and cry so hard I cannot breathe, my throat tightens, suffocating me.
My body floods with too many things at once.
I well up with fear and hate and hurt and pain. Tears stream down,
my pillow, my hair drenched in my sorrow and rage.
I shake and rock.
"What is wrong?" he asks me terrified. I can only sob harder.
He embraces me, clutching me,
trying to hold me-piece me back together before I disappear.
My body no longer feels.

I felt so loud and crazy. Could anyone hear me? Can you hear me?

my name is johanna. but it could be BIANCA or HEATHER or TANYA or anything. i could be you. you could be me. or perhaps you already are. i am what happens to you if yr dad tells you too many times that all you are is trouble. i'm the girl in the back of the classroom scribbling furiously in a notebook while all the boys make fun of her. i'm the feeling you get once you've slept with someone just because he wanted to but you were too lonely, scared, or even apathetic to let him know. yeah i'm the scratchy chick who grows her leg hair & shuns lipstick yet still cringes in a bunch of model-type boy-magnets. i scream on paper but cry out loud. hate terror rage despair it's all me & it's all you, & some of you are not letting yourselves live it & we're all dying together.

→PART FIVE

POSSIBLE SOLUTIONS

an interactive feast of girl love and practical skills for destruction.

The pelvic organs in the male are removed first by dissecting the penis from its surrounding skin and then cutting it across behind the glans penis. (1 — bladder; 2 — penis; 3 — scrotum.)

I have this cousin, and he's so punk. He's in 7th grade and he's the only boy cousin amongst my trillion girl cousins. He never pulled that, "Ew, girls are gross." thing. He just joined in our dress up games and had fun. Last time I saw him he spent his time playing with our little girl cousins.

He was sitting on the couch, and my mom asked him what he was doing.

"Chrocheting." he said.

I looked up, and sure enough, he was. He had this little blue blanket he was working on. I was so impressed. I never met a boy before who would crochet unashamedly in his spare time. And now I find I'm related to one. Wow.

Sex, the Single Lizard, and the Missing Parent

A BIZARRE all-female species of shiny lizard found in the West Indies and South America reproduces without male contact, laying unfertilized eggs that develop into identical females generation after generation.

BOB, I WANT TO APOLOGIZE FOR BRUSHING AGAINST YOU WITH MY STICK ON THAT LAST PLAY.
MY WORD, PHIL, WHAT HAVE I DONE?! I'VE KNOCKED YOU DOWN! ARE YOU OK?! I FEEL JUST AWFUL!
FORGET ABOUT IT, SKIP! I TOOK IT AS A GESTURE OF GOOD WILL!
REALLY, TED, I'M FINE! I KNOW IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! IT'S ALL PART OF THE GAME!

ALL JOIN HANDS

POSSIBLE SOLUTION

USE GENDER ROLES AS AN EXPRESSION OF MUTUAL RESPECT

Street harassment and the 7 Year Bitch show.

While driving one day, I pulled up to a stop sign. A girl was waiting to cross the street. She motioned for me to go ahead. I got a grin on my face and said; No, you go ahead, I want to watch.

She got this big smile on her face and went strutting across the street tossing her hair and switching her ass. It was great. When she got to the other side she turned and gave me a big smile. We both laughed. It was fun.

She took my comment as innocent flirtation (which it was) and she flirted right back. It was totally harmless and made us both feel good.

This took place around 1980.

I went to the 7 Year Bitch show. They kicked ass. So much so that some sexually insecure jerk with a inferiority complex found it necessary to shout out "Show us your tits!"

I gritted my teeth thinking; Oh no, now we're going to have another shouting match.

But the band members looked more hurt than angry. They looked like they wanted to run off the stage and cry.

I looked around the audience and they were all just standing there, staring blankly like they didn't know what to think. I didn't know what to think either.

The next time 7 Year Bitch came to town they kicked ass even better. It was a very enthusiastic crowd. In the middle of it all some guy shouted out, "I love you Biiiitch!"

The band members looked annoyed and shrugged it off. They played another song.

The guy shouted out again, "I love you Biiiitch!" This time there was tension in the air. The crowd fell silent and I wondered if there was going to be a fight.

The guy recognized he was being mis interpreted and said it again, this time with and exaggerated cartoonish voice, "I love you Biiiitch!"

The band members realized this was innocent flirtation and started grinning. The bassist said, "I love you bastard!"

The whole audience burst out laughing. It was a release of nervous tension kind of laugh.

The band played on. The crowd became extra friskey. It was a blast.

This took place 1995.

We've all become so sensitized to harassment that we don't know how to recognize innocent flirtation any more.

Today I would not imagine speaking to a woman from my car.

Last time I asked a woman for directions she got this really antagonistic sarcastic sneer on her face and said, "Oh, that's a good one." Like she thought it was a pickup line, or some thing. Give me a break! I was just asking directions from some random pedestrian!

It is really good that the subject of harassment is finally being addressed. And it's really pathetic that the macho men are becoming more vicious as a way of over compensating. But what ever happened to romance? Are boys supposed to demurely sit around waiting for the girls to make the first move? Don't get me wrong, I definitely respect aggressive girls. But I'm afraid to give some one flowers because she might take it as condescending sexism.

In the 80's I thoroughly enjoyed kissing girls hands. And so did they. Now days I might lose my teeth.

So though I am opposed to gender role playing I still miss the romantic appreciation of what differences there are.

I regret that for women to acquire their equal status in society we all have to forgo romance.

There are the female impersonators and the male impersonators fucking like rabbits and pairing off like a ritual. Then there are the people who are fighting the patriarchy and trying to change culture, and they have to be completely neuter so no one gets the wrong impression.

I don't want to fuck a Barbie. But it would be nice to have a girlfriend.

Ballroom dancing has allot of rules.

Women must be female impersonators and men must be male impersonators and they play their blatantly sexist gender roles. But it works because of the respect they have for each others position. They each have equal power and mutual respect for that power. It's very sexist, but it works.

Gender role playing wouldn't be wrong if it was done out of mutual respect.

Shannon.

Dances with Shadow:
Love, Jealousy, Power and Passion;
Human Relationships in Art

Although I could have picked almost any writer of fiction, I have chosen to discuss Alfred Hitchcock, the great master at showing this relationship "shadow work." He used scripts and plays and novels by many writers and from these subconsciously shadow-haunted works he drew forth cinematic expression of even more shadow. He repeatedly worked with the theme of man needing the warrior/rescuer role and woman as the rescued (both physically and emotionally). I believe Hitchcock was commenting deliberately and ruefully. I believe he possesses sufficient knowledge of himself and his own conflicts with his shadow to see this drama within and project it upon the screen. I suspect that Hitchcock, like God, presents his "Biblical themes" without attendant speeches --without the Greek Chorus -- because Hitchcock, like all writers, like the Great Creator Himself, speaks in riddles. The answer is a reward to the persistent and the wise. To find it you must enter the riddle with courage. Dive to the depth.

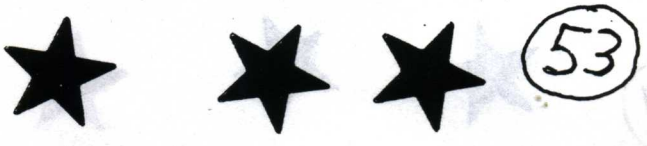
But let's not entirely condemn the men of Hitchcock for their warrior/rescuer roles. It is our worst faults that are also our greatest gifts. And how do the rescued/damsel-in-distress fantasies of women amplify and invite the rescuer/warrior response in men? In what unconscious ways do Hitchcock's women *endanger themselves* to allow the response in the man they have chosen to play opposite them?

But let's take this deeper. In what ways are the men of Hitchcock's films making desperate attempts to validate their Anima? Here plays out an unconscious recognition of their own need to be rescued from the soullessness of their existence (the soul, historically connected to the feminine). They are desperate to have neediness itself honored but unable to honor it directly, themselves, because of the iron-fisted demands made of men by the social structure of the time. They are left only with the option of acting out the hero-validator of neediness and rescue. In this way they at least honor the value of dependency and need. If they can be moved to the rescue, if in the course of the rescue they at last feel the value of neediness and see that someone is capable of response -- they have imperfectly accepted the value of Anima.

And the women of Hitchcock: equally, imperfectly honoring their own Animus. Their warrior/rescuer, activated by the obvious neediness of their men, not allowed direct response, seeps as soul does, through the cracksand the channels creating at last the situation that allows the "rescue" of the man from his Anima-denying (sould-denying) state. It is no accident that Hitchcock's women all display an Animus courage in the face of danger. It is they that lead the story forward as physical expressions of the archetypal anima, connectors to soul, they embrace as they can, their Animus shadow while their counterpart, Animus personified as man, searches through them for the opportunity to honor the Anima Shadow. Yes, it is a complex dance. But as Thomas Moore says, soul loves complexity.

So what is the solution to this dilemma of male/female relationship? Many feminist writers advocate a claiming of the male/female counterpart within at the expense of any dependency what-so-ever. "Dependency," in fact, has become the anathema of the age, as if the natural interconnectedness of humans were something to hack away like a weed or prune off like a sucker, leaving a landscape barren of all but some idealized, sterile growth. In their zeal to reclaim the wholeness of soul that has been lost in the arms-length, stylized dance of the sexes, modern feminist now favor this sexual alteration in humans -- a sex change operation designed to result in a hermaphrodite existence of the soul somehow deemed closer to the "divine." But human beings, unlike plants, are not naturally hermaphrodite and do not thrive in such sterility. Soul does not grow in a petri dish.

CONTINUED →



possible solution

recognize you are part of the problem

I know this is going to come as a shock to many of you; it was a shock to me as well: Because of the dramatic drop in support over the past nine months, *The Feminist Broadcast Quarterly* is suspending publication as of this issue.

Although a small, dedicated group of women, spearheaded by Celeste Garcia, have decided to continue the work of forming a collective, establishing non-profit status and raising funds in order to resume publishing, I will be moving on to less financially ruinous and spiritually demoralizing activities in the struggle for women's rights.

I want to thank those of you who helped keep the magazine alive for the past two years, those of you who recognized and strongly supported the purposes of the magazine: to provide an open, unedited, diverse forum for all women, particularly those usually "marginalized," dismissed and silenced by other publications; and to provide a forum wherein women could recognize their commonalities, build bridges and work on solutions together. Unfortunately, your numbers are, as I've recently discovered, quite small.

Two and a quarter years ago, when I first envisioned this magazine, I knew what I wanted in a publication, but I thought I'd better be sure that others wanted the same. After several months of talking with hundreds of women from various communities, the unanimous response was, "Yes! We badly need a forum where *our* voices can at last be heard!"

And so, I launched a project that was unique in three ways: First, this was more than a magazine, it was a tool to empower and organize women. Second, my philosophy—and that of the magazine—is to respect women's words. I would no more edit an article to suit my particular style or opinion than I would alter a painting or a photo. And thirdly, this was a magazine for *all* women, not just white women, not just middle-class women, and not just educated, "literary" women. Although I was aware of the fact that no such publication existed in my polarized, segregated state of Oregon, I soon discovered that no such thing existed in the Pacific Northwest. I've since been told a number of times that no such publication exists *anywhere* in the United States.

I don't know about the rest of the country, but I do know that out here, women, once again, no longer have a diverse, non-elitist, multi-racial, unedited, open forum in which to have their voices heard.

But the saddest, most frustrating—and for me, most enraging—part of it is that what killed FBQ was, in fact, its diversity.

I never heard the comments directly, but I saw the decline in sales and subscriptions. In conversations and correspondence with me, women supported diversity, supported the magazine, but I always wondered about the many women-owned, "politically-correct" businesses who refused to support FBQ with advertising dollars. And it struck me as odd that, no matter what we did, there were barely 300 women—nationwide—who bothered to spend $2.00 every three months to support such an important forum for women.

But the comments started coming in, always second-hand, always the same: First it was "white women can't relate to the magazine because it's a magazine for women of color." Then it was "women of color can't relate to the magazine because it's a magazine for white women." After that it was "straight women can't relate to it because it's a magazine for lesbians," while lesbians said they "can't relate to it because it's a magazine for straight women." And finally I was told that someone's female relatives couldn't relate to it because it was a "Mexican magazine."

In other words, most people really don't want diversity, they want tokenism. And rather than bringing women together, FBQ seemed to bring out the worst of women's prejudices, fears and the old internalized sexism, self-hating habit of viewing other women as threats rather than allies.

As a woman, I became a target of that sexism, as well. First it came in the form of resentment: "How the hell did *she* get to be editor, anyway?" Well, it was real easy: I sank my savings, my blood, sweat and tears, and my life into producing a sizeable, quality magazine four times a year, but now that I'm broke, I guess the job is open to anyone who wants it. Then, there was the demand from one woman who didn't like something I said in an editorial that I relinquish my "position of power" and place myself under the command of a review board. Yeah, right. As if no one woman should be allowed to wield that much power and, anyway, we all know women just aren't capable of making decisions on their own.

That attitude, combined with our culture of glitz, glamour and denial, produced another category of complaints: dissatisfaction with "my selection" of content. Not enough pictures, too few poems, too much heavy stuff, lighten up!, stop complaining!, why don't you write about such and such or this one? and why can't you tone it down about the women's stuff?

No matter how many times I explained that it was an open forum and that the content was decided by what I got in the mail, they still didn't get it. But worst of all was the deeply ingrained internalized sexism: No matter how many times I asked women who complained to please write what they wanted to see in the magazine, they refused; it was easier—and less threatening—to tear women down than to reach out in friendship.

And as for "toning it down about the women's stuff," I would *never* ask a woman to write something, but please leave out anything about women's issues anymore than I would ask a woman of any color to write something, but please leave out any mention of racial issues.

(Probably the most ridiculous and naive assumption was that I agreed with and/or liked everything I published. Get real! But an open forum is an open forum, not a soapbox for one person's writing or views.)

Then there were all the excuses: Women don't have the time, writing is too threatening, women are too busy dealing with survival issues, family, poverty, writing is a luxury. If women are so busy dealing with survival, then why is it that in *every* movement, *every* non-profit organization, *every* political group throughout history worldwide, women are the backbone? Because we've been taught to take care of everyone else first; then, if we have some spare time and no one is looking, we'll maybe put a few minutes into those "women's issues." But not too much time because otherwise the men in our lives might get upset. (And god forbid we should *talk* about "women's issues" or use the word "feminist" in public. I can tell you, I've had my fill of "progressive" coalition meetings where everything *but* women's issues are discussed and of "closet feminists" who won't bring up women's issues in "mixed" company.) And if writing is such a frivolous luxury, how come so much energy is put into making us believe we can never write as well as white men? How come a high-school-dropout, tenement-raised female like me had to battle against elitism, classism and sexism in order to reclaim this powerful tool called writing?

And even if all of those excuses were true, how does that translate into tearing down the magazine, tearing down other women?

This tearing down thing is important because it goes to the core of our inability to unite, our inability to support a project like FBQ. Why is everyone so fascinated with the lives of a couple of figure skaters? Why did an argument between women about "pro-life feminism" generate so much publicity for a local women's paper? Why are Naomi Wolf and Katie Roiphe the latest best-sellers, media darlings and "house feminists"? Because nothing draws a crowd like women fighting. (Except maybe women in jeopardy.) And nothing makes the power structure happier than women who've been taught to tear each other down. So I made the mistake of trying to bring women together, not pit them against each other in the magazine. (Geez, you know, now that I think of it, I also didn't put half-naked women on the cover! Can you find it in your hearts to forgive me?)

And finally, there's the issue of race. It seems that FBQ was doomed from the start because no self-respecting women who isn't white would ever call herself a feminist because feminism is a concept invented by white, middle class women. Yeah, right. And Asians don't mourn death like other people, Black women are strong enough to take any kind of abuse, poor people don't have nervous breakdowns, and female genital mutilation is a cultural oddity that outsiders just don't understand. Sounds to me like this myth about feminism being a "white thing" is just another slick invention to keep us believing we have nothing in common—"why, those people don't even think or feel like us!"—so don't even think about joining forces.

Well, let me tell you what we have in common: When we walk down the street, we're "bitches," "whores," "dykes," "cunts," "beavers," targets. We get raped, beaten, prostituted, tortured, shot, mutilated, and murdered in epidemic numbers. We get passed over for jobs and promotions, abandoned for getting pregnant, and deprived of educational opportunities, loans and health care because of our gender. We're second-class citizens. We grow up wishing we were men. We grow up treating other females like rivals and bimbos, and males with respect and adoration. We carry those attitudes through to the end of our lives, and we wonder why women are the most divided, unorganized and oppressed group in the history of the world. We're taught to be unassuming, gentle and passive. (We've even taught not to fight back when a man tries to rape us!) But most of all, we're taught that our identity and self-worth rests with whether and what kind of man will love and take care of us. We're taught to place ourselves *beneath*—not on equal standing to—people who have been taught that *their* self-worth depends on how much distance upward they can put between themselves and women.

So if you think you're going to get respect and approval from men, then you'd better listen to what is being said about you by the men who are powerful and popular role models for other men:

Rush Limbaugh calls any woman who believes in equal rights for herself a "feminazi." Pat Robertson tells his followers that our agenda calls for women to leave their husbands and kill their children. Louis Farrakhan tells a mass rally of Black men that Black women "have taken all the jobs" from Black men. (Yes, he really did say that, and then went on to ridicule the supposed current state of affairs wherein Black men are forced to beg for money from Black women who sneer at them with contempt.) In fact, that seems to be the latest rage among men of all races these days: that Black women are taking all the jobs. Funny how they also claim that all Black women are jobless welfare queens.

So if you think that your man is out there supporting your right to dignity, equality and freedom from oppression while you're out there supporting the same for him, think again. If you think he's going to respect you for your mind while the rest of the world tells him it's hip to dis bitches, nail some nookie, gang-bang the gash, beat up whores, and slap the old lady around if she get's out of line, think again. If you think he's going to unlearn a lifetime of learning how to look down on women just because you ask him nice, bat your lashes or get down on your knees, think again.

But most importantly, if you think the concepts of self-pride, self-help and self-love don't also apply to you as a *woman*, think again.

Neither women nor men will ever achieve dignity, freedom or equality—gender, racial or otherwise—until we confront and erase that most basic and insidious of all inequities: the second-class status of more than half the human race.

Both women and men need to know that the struggle for human rights and justice *includes* women, and if you can't support a woman's right to be a full human being, then you have no business in the struggle at all. So either leave the struggle or start caring about yourself and other women.

To those of you who stayed in the struggle, walked your talk, *truly* cared about all women, and continued to support FBQ: I thank you for your integrity, your vision and your unqualified respect for women which kept FBQ alive. And despite the inhuman stress, the physical and mental exhaustion, the financial ruin, and the occasional deep despair of the last two years, knowing you were there—that you put your hands and your hearts into the struggle—has made it all worth while. With you, there is hope for the future.

I want to write about the male equivalent of the FBQ demise.

FBQ went under due to that "typical female competitivness." There is constant war on Earth because of that "typical male competitivness."

Healthy competition is a good thing. For example: The government of Japan once suggested that Subaru, Mazda, Toyota, and Nissan all merge into one massive company. The theory being, "Japan could take over the world auto market if we all worked together." But for some reason the conglomeration never took place, thus creating fierce competition between those companies, which led to Japanese cars becoming among the very best on Earth.

Meanwhile in the '70's the "Big Three" American car companies had NO competition, so all of them became lax. They started cheaping out and building utter garbage like The Pinto, The Vega, and The Gremlin." Americans got disgusted and started buying Japanese. Since then Chrysler went under and had to be bailed out by the government.

So you can see how fierce competition makes a better product. But some times that competition devolves into mud slinging, and tearing down others becomes more important than learning from them. This is especially true with women who have been taught to base their self image on the approval of men, thus making them perceive other women as "witches out to get me."

This also takes place with men on a much larger scale and with allot more potential for physical damage. All those little boys being taught to play ball. All that macho competitiveness based on physical thuggishness with no brains involved and especially no feelings. They are told by their coach, "Show me a good loser and I'll show you a loser." Meaning, it doesn't matter if your teamwork was excellent, or you played like professionals, or you did your very best, all that matters is that you beat the other guy, and if you don't then you're a loser. And you should avenge your humiliation.

So the competing takes on a sadistic edge. "I went to a fight the other night and a hockey game broke out."

The military is based on the same thing. Beating the other guy is all that matters. It doesn't matter if you're right, it doesn't matters that you win. All that matters is that the other guy loses, big time.

100,000 dead Iraqi's and we felt so fucking proud. We pulverized one ant with a sledge hammer and honestly felt good about it.

The facts are Iraq imports 70% of it's food. We could have set up a blockade and starved them out. Not one person would have been killed. We would have "won the game" without hurting any one. But it is so culturally ingrained that "winning the game" is not the point, "beating the other guy" is. Taking pride in our sadistic sense of vengeance and making sure the other guy "suffers real good" makes men feel so powerful. And power is the best feeling a man has ever been allowed to feel.

The first day of little league he's told to "take it like a man" and pretend it doesn't hurt. Then he's taught that winning isn't even the point. Watching the other guy suffer is. And doesn't that feel powerful?

Six year olds in little league are being taught rape culture.

Jello Biafra has several spoken word alboms out. One one he suggested that acting be a required subject in public school. Each student being taught how to get inside the head of the character they are portraying. Acting would build allot better character that football practice. Don't you think?

FBQ is the very best feminist magazine I have ever read. It went under due to "sick" competition.

Women compete out of jealousy. Men compete out of vengeance. Both are doing so to overcompensate for their insecurity. Insecurity they were taught to feel.

Why can't we form into support groups where the strengths of each are taught to all? Why can't we take pride in being generous and helpful?

Kids get a sense of accomplishment out of writing "fuck you" on the bathroom wall. Why don't they get any satisfaction from anonymously cleaning up that bathroom? Because we've all be taught to compete. Compete in very negative and damaging ways.

Possible solution: Recognize you are part of the problem.

Shannon.

THE AMOUNT OF MONEY SPENT ON COSMETICS EACH YEAR COULD BUY:

3 times the amount of daycare offered by the US government.

2,000 women's health clinics.

75,000 women's film, music, literature, or art festivals.

50 women's universities.

1,000,000 highly paid domestic or child care workers.

33,000 battered women's shelters.

2 000,000,000,000 tubes of contraceptive cream.

200,000 vans for late night safe transport.

400,000 4 year university scholarships for women.

The weight loss industry is huge, estimated between 33 billion and 50 billion dollars a year, all to make women feel ugly and buy their products. Think about what positive things women could be doing with the time and money spent on trying to change their body shapes.

my government teacher keeps preaching to us about the conference in cairo and how overpoplated the earth is. one factor is due to the large amount of pregnancies and the small amount of birth control being used. he told us the "experts" said us women need to be more assertive regarding sex and most especially rape. now, if these experts are so right, maybe they should emphasize educating both sexes on birth control. maybe they should emphasize the education of tearing down the exploited images of the passive female and the assertive male. maybe these "experts" should stop consenting to the billboards of girls masturbating for a men's jeans' ad? maybe.....

VICTIM FEMINISM

Victim Feminism is when a woman seeks identity through an exaggerated assertion of her own innocence and powerlessness, while casting all men as domineering and oppressive. This attitude is what women need least right now if they want to pick up their potential clout and use it.

Victim feminism portrays women as silenced and helpless, rather than potent agents for change; as marginal to the political process, rather than central. Because of feminism's relative success, this negative image of women is obsolete. And if feminism fails to see this change, it will miss the new era's opportunities.

For me, the disadvantages of Victim Feminism were appallingly evident in the workings of a rape crisis center where I once volunteered.

When I went to work at the center, I was struck at how my spirits collapsed when I first walked in the door. At first I thought the deadening atmosphere was due to the hundreds of act of violation that had been recounted within these walls. But soon I came to understand it was not the traumas themselves, but the way in which we fought them.

The physical surroundings were like a stage set, designed to evoke grief. You walked up a flight of damp concrete steps, sticky with trash. Once inside, your first sight was of dirty old couches with their stuffing spilling out, rickety folding chairs flung on their sides, and grimy bare light bulbs caststing stark shadows. One wall was completely bare. No colorful posters, or even cheap paintings. Just pock marks from thumb tacks. The other wall displayed a relentless battery of bulletins from the war.

In the "crying room," where women first told their stories to counselors, light could not enter through thick and dusty black drapes. There was nothing on the table but a box of Kleenex. All the rooms had been painted in disturbing forest greens and jarring tomato reds because some one's cousin owned a paint store where we could get the left over weird colors cheap. The pantry contained nothing more than instant coffee, powdered creamer and chipped, discolored cups.

Lack of funds? No, there was enough money for a lamp shade, some posters, a blanket to throw over the couch, and a carton of milk. The morbid shabbiness was an aesthetic. The center was staffed by a collective for whom the induced misery was part of whole, under scoring how pathetically we had suffered and how pitiful we were in the face of the almighty oppression, and how saintly and pure we were to work in such miserable conditions.

But the faces of the survivors as the walked in! If any one deserves a warm and pleasant atmosphere, it's the woman brave enough to ask for help in healing her scars. But the cruddiness of the center helped to reinforce the moral of rape: You were made to feel like dirt by the crime; now recover in a place where we treat ourselves like dirt. All us women must suffer in misery and despair.

Even worse than the decor was the political culture of the place. Meetings were conducted via "the collective process." This is the time honored feminist ideal of group organization, inappropriately adopted as a reaction to men's meetings, which were ego driven and highly hierarchical, with men shouting down less aggressive men and all women. In "the collective process" all present must speak her mind on all issues, and consensus must be reached by the entire group before a decision can be made.

Since every ones views received equal status, there was no crisp way to set priorities. Speakers would preface their comments with several minutes of "softening," - "I really don't want any one to feel under appreciated, and I feel funny about mentioning this at all, but..." - before saying something as basic as: "The rally was disorganized." So simple meetings took 3 or 4 HOURS. This quickly weeded out the new comers who had LIVES. Those who remained were ideologically self selected.

Inevitably, women who were "good at leadership" assumed more responsibility. One woman took notes, moderated, and often dealt with the media. No one else wanted this responsibility, and though there was little grumbling to her face, she was viciously attacked behind her back; not for her job performance, but for daring to place herself above others. The resentment reached a peak whenever her name appeared in the press as spokes person for the group.

Since consensus required hearing from EVERYBODY, our levels of irritation with one another grew exponetially as we all became the inflictors of each others increasingly acute boredom. When consensus was finally reached (usually because we could not bear one more second of arguing "nicely," "the feminist way"), the majority felt tyrannized by the minority, the minority felt disregarded by the majority, and the "happy face of complete agreement" in public was betrayed by a vicious frenzy of back stabbing as soon as any 2 members had enough privacy to tear the opposition to shreds. Girls will be girls.

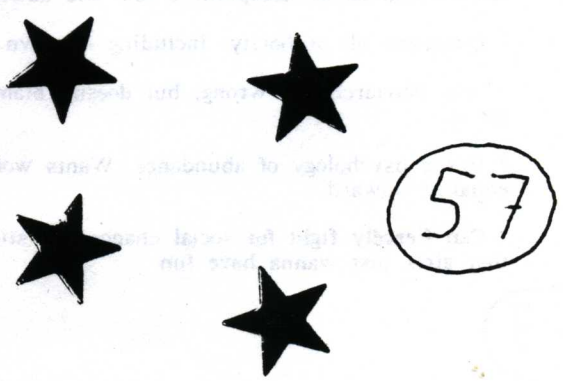
I began to dread those weekly meetings. I often treated myself to a long drink of self righteousness to compensate.

At the center we would often sit around and talk about physical torture, legal injustice, how under staffed we were, how emotionally drained we felt, etc. We even turned down funding for a full time employee because we felt it would taint the special all volunteer (read: martyr) quality of our office. In the 2 years I was there, we never once rehashed a win or congratulated each other on helping a woman reclaim her life.

In time these behavior patters wore us all down. It was not the survivors who drained us; their resilience was energizing. Rather, it was the staff members, with their culture of hopelessness. Because our feminist ways of conducting business forbid us from competing, having elections, or even expressing opposing points of view; our group turned those repressed impulses inward and developed a hierarchy of miserable saintliness. Members began competing for the most exhausting tasks, the most stressful time slots on the hotline, etc. And so we burned out. Calls went unanswered; survivors had to wait for weeks to get counseling. In the end there was nothing but an answering machine that said: "We regret the center is closed till further notice."

On the following page is a comparison between this kind of Victim Feminism and Power Feminism.

Naomi Wolfe.



VICTIM FEMINISM

° Identifies women with powerlessness, and negates the powers women do have.

° Is anti sexual.

° Denigrates leadership, and values anonymity.

° Idealizes women's child bearing/rearing capabilities as "proof" of superiority to men.

° Relies on subtle persuasion rather than negotiating with clout.

° Believes women to be instinctively non-competitive, co-operative and peace loving.

° Is self-sacrificing, and thus fosters resentment of other's accomplishments.

° Sees money as the root of all evil. Is self righteously poor.

° Casts femininity as innately good, and masculinity as innately bad.

° Has a psychology of scarcity: There is only so much to go around, so one woman's gain is another ones loss. If there is inequity, it wants women to equalize downward.

° Demands all women share it's opinions.

° Is puritanical. Believes sensuality can not coincide with seriousness. Thinks having fun is a threat to the revolution.

POWER FEMINISM

° Hates sexism without hating men.

° Seeks power, and uses it responsibly.

° Encourages women to claim their individual voice, rather than merge into the collective identity.

° Likes to fuck. Understands that good pleasures make good politics.

° Knows poverty is not glamorous. Money means power, use it to your advantage.

° Allows women to express their natural inclinations toward aggression, competitiveness, and autonomy.

° Questions all authority, including it's own.

° Sees Patriarchy as wrong, but doesn't blame men for it.

° Has a psychology of abundance. Wants women to equalize upward.

° Can fiercely fight for social change but still accept that girls just wanna have fun.

I have been inappropriatly accused of being a "victim feminist." Of pretending to identify with women so as to feel warranted in my self righteous self pity, and more importantly, justified in my vengeance.

The "victim feminist" is the gay man who is afraid the public might perceive him as "unworthy of victim status." So he becomes a drag queen, so as to say, "Look, I'm not only a queer victim, I'm also a female victim." Thus relieving him of his white male guilt, and justifying his self pity, self righteousness, and whiny antagonistic attitude.

It's like classism. Some punks think because they are poor, that some how makes them morally superior to the middle class. "We are 'victims,' and that gives us the right to hate you."

Vegan supremacists are the same thing.

It's like racism. It doesn't matter if this particular black man is a conscienceless criminal, you are being racist if you criticize him, because black men are a highly oppressed minority, "worthy of victim status." WHINE, WHINE.

It's the exact same argument white supremacists use. They claim the "poor oppressed white people" are being "out bred" by the "mud races," thus justifying their hatred and hostility.

Tori Amos once said that the ability to procreate made women superior to men.

BULLSHIT! She's assigning herself "baby-making-machine" status so she can feel justified in her self righteousness.

Having a baby does not, in it's self, some how "prove" superiority. If it did, that would place all infertile women (or those who chose not to have children) in the "inferior" sub group of "male."

Tori Amos could have a dozen babies, and that wouldn't make her superior to anything.

Kryst! That's the whole point of this zine. Stop basing your self image on the irrelevant coincidence of gender. It's a freak accident that you have a X chromosome rather than a Y.

These idiot men saying "Oh, because I have a penis that proves I'm superior to women." And snotty women saying right back, "I can make babies and that makes me superior to men."

Why must they base their self image on whether or not they are superior or inferior to some one eles?

A girl zine friend of mine once wrote, "Don't Buy It Grrrls. Why do band members' victimisation as women need to be the main thing they sing about? Why not scream about things women CAN do, without casting yourself in relation to your oppressor?"

Girl bands who sing about how monstrous men are, are just as sick in the head as the people who were running that horrible rape crisis center. Basing their identity on whether or not they felt oppressed or not.

I personally feel victimized for having been raped and beaten. I happen to have a male body, and the person who did me the most damage was my mother. So you can forget the gender roles here. I am more concerned with the culture that taught "rape equals power."

I am not pretending to be a feminist so I can feel justified in my pity or hatred. I AM a feminist because I want to put an end to rape culture.

Shannon.

Go to your video store and rent The World According To Garp. In it there is this group called The Ellen Jamesians. They are the ultimate example of Victim Feminists.

The singer of Angelic Upstarts stands in front of the microphone screaming: "Nazis, fascists of the whole world - we fuck you!" Not something like: "fight", "hit" or "kill", just FUCK. And the whole audience screams with him. I don't know how many other women think this is disgusting (or maybe also men?!) Anyway, I haven't heard anything about it. We have to get it clear what it means: Using the verb 'fucking' as an expression when you really mean destroy, annihilate.

It continued: the anti-fascist mass-crowd only reacted to the music, gratefully swallowing the simplistic political messages. The word "fucking" is swallowed as well. That's just the way they express themselves, isn't it? And then the singer of the Upstarts talked about Maggie Thatcher and said: "Well, it's clear what we've got to do with her...", meanwhile grasping his balls. In other words: fight the state by raping her, shoot her down with your dick.

I was furious when I heard the public still exulting. At that moment at least all women should realise that man on stage isn't an anti-fascist, but a dirty macho-pig, thinking he may say such things because anything against that woman is allowed.

Disgusting comradeship with rapists worldwide, by all men who think their struggle can be carried out by sexual oppression, violence and humiliation.

I went to the Belly show. This male DJ got up on stage and told the audience the show was sponsored in part by Portland's new alternative radio station KNRK. He invited us to listen to his show at this-and-such of time slot, but finished it off by saying, "...or are you a bunch of pussies?"

He was trying to acquire new listeners by telling us we were inferior for NOT listening to his show. This in it's self was a really belligerent thing to do. But his use of the word "pussy" as an insult was a blatant case of shooting himself in the foot. He probably thought he was being funny. But he failed to realize that the Belly crowd is about 60% female, and all the boys have a crush on Tanya. I don't think there was one single person in that crowd who was not offended by this misogynistic jerk. "We are the proud sponsor of the most popular girl band in the country, you stupid bunch of pussies."

Shannon.

POSSIBLE SULOTION - RECOGNIZE YOU ARE PART OF THE PROBLEM -

During one of the opening bands, The Phlemmings, some schmuck named Suicide was yelling at the singer to "Shut up, bitch" in-between the gobs of spit he launched her way as she talked about the evils of Operation Rescue. The singer of Bikini Kill approached him, and said something along the lines of "Knock it off, asshole." Suicide took offense at being called an asshole and called her a cunt. This is where I came in.

This woman (I didn't know her from Eve) walked downstairs to the store and looking at me asked, "Who's running this show? There's some guy upstairs spitting on women and he called me a cunt." As the shows are policed by the crowd, I walked up and said, "Show me who it is." She replied, "Look, we don't need any of your macho bullshit," which caught me totally off-guard as I'm barely 5'6" and weigh 130 pounds. If she was expecting me to run up there and knock heads, she had the wrong person.

I just wanted to say, if you don't want my help because I'm male, then don't ask me. It's a simple concept. Heaven forbid my penis get in the way. As I am part of the conspiracy all males are part of (the one to keep women oppressed, although with 50% WASP blood I can also speak on behalf of whatever parts of the conspiracy to oppress minorities my dad lets slip, but I'll have to defer to anyone who's Jewish on the Jewish plan to enslave the white race, and to anybody who has been in the military on the conspiracy to cover up UFO's. Whoops, almost forgot the gay conspiracy to infect the nation's blood supply). I speak for all other males when I say, yeah, we'll let you have your fifteen minutes—then it's back to the kitchen, honey. Sheesh. Look before you strike.

Sleater-Kinney consists of former members of Heavens to Betsy and Excuse 17. I love them.

I went to the Sleater-Kinney show. Grrrl powered guitar rock. The "guitar rock" part of it inspired the moshers to bust loose. Sleater-Kinney, being a Riot Grrrl band, abruptly stopped playing in the middle of a song and told the moshers that their behavior was inappropriate. They were met with the typical "Fuck you, bitch."

The whole situation devolved into a belligerents contest. The band decided to punish all 200 boys present, for the behavior of 4 moshers, by inviting the girls up on stage to dance with them.

I perceived this as punishment due to the fact that the band members became antagonistic toward whom ever was not on stage.

I was offended by them glowering spitefuly at male members of Chicks Up Front Posse. But I recognized that a few boys just didn't get it yet, and maybe this drastic of measure was necessary to get the point across.

A few femmy queer boys were allowed on stage. One of the slower Neanderthols thought that meant he could get on stage too. He went up and danced. It was obvious he was being careful not to touch any one, as the girls might misinterpret it as sexual suggestion.

I was analyzing his existence on stage. I recognized the stage had been designated a women's only space, and I thought he was pressing his luck. I knew I did not belong there, but I realized he really was just dancing.

The girls on stage became annoyed by his existence and swiped his dork baseball cap and played keep-away with it. He finally got it back and continued dancing. The girl's faces became hard and their eyes became spiteful and they swiped his hat again. This time they stopped dancing and got belligerent. I thought; Oh give him a break, he's just dancing.

Then he got rough and grabbed his hat back, giving them these "enough already" hand gestures. Allot of the girls on that side of the stage stopped dancing and started bristling for a fight. Rather than getting the hint and leaving the stage, he stood his ground, and tryed to control their behavior. That's when I realized he did in fact think it was his "male privilege" to invade their space.

On the left side on the stage 4 queer boys were dancing with the girls and it was one big happy party. On the right side of the stage there were allot of gritted teeth and clenched fists.

That's when I realized this particular women's only space was not about gender. It was about sex.

Four male bodies were welcome on the left side of the stage because they were queer and not a sexual threat.

One male body was just too much to bear on the right side of the stage because he was het and perceived as sexually threatening.

I am so very tired of this subject.

How much longer is this crap going to go on until we come to an understanding.

The girls thought (incorrectly) that the boy was a sexual predator.

The boy thought (incorrectly) that the girls were all picking on him.

Though the boy was the idiot who started the whole mess; both sides allowed it to devolved into a power struggle over a misunderstanding.

I don't know what the answer is.

Shannon.

I have criticized Riot Grrrls for being separatists. Me perceiving them as the hear-no-evil, see-no-evil, speak-no-evil monkeys. In that they are creating a safe space to hide in, rather than confronting the old bad space.

To my embarrassment I have come to realize that I have done the same thing myself.

I hate going to shows. Massive clouds of cigarette smoke, moshing Neanderthols kicking me in the head, small girls constantly knocked to the floor, tall people blocking the view. I hate it all.

I made an attempt to organize a Chicks Up Front Posse. I wanted to change the uncomfortable old space, but it didn't work.

I think it's a "Portland thing," in that the public are so proud of being liberal and accepting that they think it's wrong to call people on their crap. They're so busy being self righteous pacifists that they don't lift a finger to fight some thing they know is evil. I don't know these people are like this, but that's the impression I get.

I got really frustrated and decided the answer would be to open my own club. A club where moshing and smoking are prohibited, and the crowd should arrange themselves according to hight so every one can see. And be sure every one understood WHY these were the rules. It's just a matter of making sure no one feels violated.

Any girl band would be thrilled to play in this atmosphere.

I'm not trying to control people. Moshers are perfectly welcome to GO SOME WHERE ELSE and knock the shit out of each other.

I wanted to create a space where I could feel safe and others like me would be comfortable. It was separatism.

It's the exact same thing the Riot Grrrls were doing. And I thought I was being pretty cool, and I thought they were being unfair. Because I was inviting ANY ONE who identified with my frustration to come to my club. The Riot Grrrls were narrowing down their definition so only the specific people they chose would be allowed in.

I have a personal prejudice against any male with a bowl cut or a dork base ball cap. But if that person agreed to follow the rules of my club, and understood WHY those were the rules, I think it would be unfair for me to exclude him.

Meanwhile, I understand what the Riot Grrrls represent and feel excited about supporting them, but they say, "Sorry, we don't like your hair style (or what you have in your pants) so you can fuck off and die!" I thought that was a rude, obnoxious thing to say.

Well, I never said I was very fast. But I finally figured out the difference. The difference is I have a white male body. I can choose to enter that negative space. I can also choose to leave it. If I don't like feeling oppressed, I walk.

It's not that simple for women. If I don't like getting kicked in the head by moshers, I can just step out side and instantly I feel safe.

But the woman can not leave that building. She is afraid to go out on the street at night alone. The hostile "space" follows her wherever she goes.

She gets kicked in the head at the show. She gets sexually harassed on the street. She is told to be seen not heard at home. She is condescended to at school. She is patronized at work.

The only time she can truly feel safe is when she is in a space where NO male bodies are allowed.

That feels unfair to me personally. But it's absolutely necessary for that woman.

I am sad that I'm seen as the enemy. I really want to show my support, and she wont let me. It's like giving some one a gift and them getting pissed off and throwing it in your face. I am some what offended. But I guess I don't really have the right to be.

Maybe it is inappropriate of me to even offer the gift.

Shannon.

Certainly the relationship between Riot Grrrl and it's "male sympathizers" could be better, much more progressive. The last thing it needs is a bunch of "well meaning" male colonizers trying to make it better or trying to refocus its issues and agendas on "larger more important" things. We both (men and women) have so much left to do with ourselves.

I don't think it's wrong for you to ask about what we discussed at my women's group. We have a policy of confidentiality, but that means we don't repeat what individuals have said, not that we can't talk about what we have discussed.

We have discussed sexual assaults, domestic violence, sexism in school and at work, our crushes, our friendships, our relationships, our scene. We've made a zine, and fliers about domestic violence. We have gone bowling, played tag, done chalk graffiti, and given each other presents as "secret pals." We've gone out together as a huge group of girls to feel our solidarity. None of this is some elite secret. I tell boys about our group when they bother to ask, and just because you can't come to our group doesn't mean you can't talk to us about it, or organize an event where you can hang out with us.

I don't think it's right for women to refuse to talk about "issues" with men, but I don't think it is something a woman should be required to do either. There's a big difference between having a women's only group, and refusing to talk to men about sexism. In the best case scenario, women should do both. And the women's only group is crucial in gaining support and building the confidence needed to talk to men about "issues." For example: There is a band here who have several songs that are derogatory toward women. I was offended by these songs and disappointed because I really like allot of the bands other songs. I didn't receive much support from the men I live with, so I brought up the situation with my women's group. We talked about it. Allot of my girl friends didn't like those songs either, and most of us thought that the punk scene outside our group hadn't given much thought to the offending material and didn't really care either.

Things were kind of tense for a couple of weeks, but the situation was some what dealt with when 4 of us girls initiated a discussion with the singer of the band. The shit got out in the open and people talked about it. I think the whole deal increased deliberation and improved communication in our scene. I don't think I would have been able to help confront the singer guy if I hadn't had the support of my women's group. I'm really glad I did. Right now I'm looking to establish a friendship with the singer and invoke some prolific discussions.

I hope this story gives you an idea of how women's groups can be important in opening up communication with men.

I UNDERSTAND YR QUESTIONING THE FEMINIST SEPARATISM FROM BOYS... BUT BASICALLY, THE ONLY REAL SEPARATION FROM BOYS I HAVE IS THIS: WHEN WE HAVE OUR MEETINGS, ONCE A WEEK FOR 1½ HOURS, BOYS CAN'T COME BECAUSE IT IS A SAFE PLACE FOR WOMYN TO SPEAK OUT. BASICALLY, I FEEL THAT IT IS THE ONLY TIME WE ARE NOT INFILTRATED BY SOME SOCIAL SENSE OF SUBMISSION, WHEN WE ARE ALL TOGETHER. ALSO, THINK OF IT THIS WAY- I WAS RAPED AS WELL (SO SAD THAT IT HAPPENS TO SO MANY OF US) AND I COULD NEVER EVER SIT IN FRONT OF BOYS AT THE MEETING AND TALK OPENLY ABOUT IT- SO IT'S ALSO BOYLESS FOR THE GIRLS WHO NEED A SAFE SPOT TO FEEL BETTER. BOYS HELP OUTSIDE THIS AREA, LIKE RAHEEM, JARVIS, ADAM, PHIL ETC ETC. THEY BELIEVE IN WHAT WE DO AND BELIEVE THAT SEPARATION IS PART OF THE EMPOWERING PROCESS. ANYWAY- RAHEEM IS A BLACK PANTHER AND KNOWS WHAT IT IS LIKE TO HAVE HIS MEETINGS INFILTRATED BY WHITE MEN, IT'S FRUSTRATING AND UNDERMINING, UNDERSTAND?

I CAN'T SPEAK FOR ALL RIOT GRRRLS BECAUSE EVERY GROUP IS DIFFERENT IN ITS STRUCTURE, AND EVERY SINGLE GRRRL IS DIFFERENT IN HER BELIEFS. HERE, WE DO NOT FOLLOW THE PUNK AS FUCK GUIDELINES BECAUSE IT EXCLUDES THE FEMINIST MARGIN LIKE NON-WHITE WOMYN AND PEOPLE THAT DON'T WANT PURPLE HAIR LIKE SOME OF US DO. WE WERE FORMED SOMETIME LAST YEAR, SO WE ARE NOT EXPERIENCING ANY SPLITTING OFF, ALTHOUGH I HAVE TO ADMIT THAT I AM FRUSTRATED WITH MANY OF THE WHITE UPPER CLASS GIRLS IN THE GROUP ASSUMING EVERYONE IS JUST LIKE THEM, THEY OFTEN AVOID OR FORGET ISSUES INVOLVING WOMYN OF COLOR AND THE RACISM BEHIND THE RAPE CULTURE.... I'M RANTING, SORRY. I DO HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT IT:

IT MAKES ME WANT TO CRY THAT GIRLS START FIGHTING AMONGST THEMSELVES ABOUT STUPID ISSUES WHEN THEY SHOULD BE STICKING TOGETHER. I BELIEVE CRITICISM IS NECESSARY INSIDE ANY PROGRESSIVE MOVEMENT, BUT IT NEEDS TO BE DIRECT. FUCK THE BACKSTABBING AND CAT-FIGHTING-- THAT'S THE KIND OF SHIT THIS SOCIETY TRIES TO MAKE US GIRLS DO TO FIT THE NORM OF OUR FEMININITY. FUCK THAT. I CAN'T STAND THE THOUGHT OF A GIRL BEING DENIED FEMALE SUPPORT BECAUSE SHE DOESN'T HAVE ENOUGH "PUNK POINTS" OR ISN'T FITTING THE NEW WAVE SCENE JUST RIGHT. GIRLS ARE GIRLS AND WE ALL NEED A LITTLE HELP. I JUST WANT TO SCREAM AND THROW THINGS SOMETIMES WHEN I LOOK AROUND THE MEETINGS AND SEE GIRLS GETTING JEALOUS OR ANGRY BECAUSE ONE GIRL IS MORE POWERFUL OR PRETTIER. FUCK IT. I HAVE EVEN CONSIDERED LEAVING RIOT GRRRL ALTOGETHER TO AVOID IT DESTROYING ME... BUT I REALIZED- I WANT TO HELP AND WORK WITH THE GIRLS THAT REALLY WANT TO GET SOMETHING DONE, AND I WILL STICK AROUND FOR THEM- THE OTHERS WILL HAVE TO DECIDE WHETHER OR NOT THEY WANT TO PLAY SOCIETY'S GAME. I AM SURE TIME WILL DIVULGE SOME PEOPLE WHO ARE SHITTY, I'M SURE OF IT, BUT I KNOW MYSELF SO WELL AND I KNOW HOW PAINFULLY BLUNT I CAN BE... SO I SEE MYSELF JUST CONFRONTING THE SITUATION AND EITHER RESOLVING OR DESTROYING THE CONFLICTS ALTOGETHER. IN A BIG GROUP, PEOPLE ARE BOUND TO FIGHT, THERE ARE SOME GIRLS I JUST CANNOT TOLERATE BECAUSE OF SOME CHARACTER TRAIT-- BUT I TRY, AND I AM NOT GOING TO DESTROY THEIR CAUSE BECAUSE IT IS NOT EXACTLY MINE.

riot grrrl chapters are everywhere

MINNESOTA
c/o Elizabeth Allin
1600 Grand Ave.
St. Paul, MN 55105

MICHIGAN
c/o Jessica Miller
217 East Quad Himsdal
U. of Michigan
Ann Arbor MI 48109

c/o Laura
6847 Hubbard Circle
Clarkston MI 48348

ILLINOIS
117 W. Harrison Bldg.
6th Floor Box H-396
Chicago IL 60605

OHIO
POB 21181
Cleveland OH 44121

VIRGINIA
1800 Floyd Ave.
Richmond VA 23220

WASHINGTON DC
POB 11002
Washington DC 20008-0202

NEW YORK
Stuyvesant Station
POB 1320
New York NY 10009
hotline phone # (212)875-7039

PENNSYLVANIA
c/o Lori
265 East Main Street
Wilkes Barre PA 18705

c/o Lee Ann
62 Kirby Avenue
Mountaintop PA 18707

c/o Lori
Chatham college
Woodlawn Rd.
POB 206
Pitsburgh PA 15232

KANSAS
POB 335
Olathe KS 66051-0335

CALIFORNIA
POB 66501
Los Angelas CA 90066

1893 Loyola Dr.
San Jose, CA 95122

KENTUCKY
2140 Ft. Harrods Dr. #3
Lexington, KY 40513

CANADA
POB 1457
Station "A"
Vancouver B.C.
V6C 2P7 (Canada)

send me your listing and I shall print it.

This means YOU, Neo Boi

Men and women have such different ways of communicating. I don't think it's a gender thing though, I think it's on account of patriarchal brainwashing.

Men think because it's the truth that means it's okay to say it, and he whacks her up side the head with it. Thus hurting her feelings.

Women just subtly hint at what they mean and expect the man to read between the lines. He takes it at face value and never really understands.

When she does become angry enough to finally articulate her feelings, she's screaming about the toilet seat or some other irrelevant crap. She never says what it is she's really mad at. He stares at her blankly, recognizes this doesn't make any sense, and dismisses her with an "it must be your time of the month."

Same thing with sex. She lays there like Raggedy Anne and expects him to read her mind, or else she out right lies and fakes an orgasm. Then of course she thinks she has the right to resent HIM for it.

Why doesn't she just tell him the truth for once? And why doesn't he shut up and really listen for once? Because they have received drastically different brainwashing.

Boy culture consists of war and punching people right in the face. Girls culture consists of cattiness and gossiping behind other's backs. Men are overt. Women are covert. Even when they're trying to be lovers. I hate this.

This is a problem I have with women's only space. All these women get together and talk in girl language and never learn how to communicate with men.

Women learning to trust and support each other without being catty and competitive is a legitimate reason for having women's only space, and I support it 100%. Believe me, I SUPPORT WOMEN'S ONLY SPACE. But it in it's self is not going to change the patriarchy because women have not yet learned how to communicate with men.

I am not pointing fingers at women. MEN are just as much to blame for this mess, maybe even MORE so than women. But I find it frustrating when people separate off into little support groups while the rest of the world goes to hell.

I think men and women need each other allot more than most of us like to admit. But only if men and women sit down TOGETHER and learn each other's languages will we be able to truly understand. I am NOT suggesting it is women's responsibility to create this space. I'm just saying that the space needs to be created. Period.

Please do continue to have women's only space. But ALLOT more could be accomplished if we were to form co-ed groups for the sole purpose of learning each other's languages and discussing gender issues.

I used to be a Scientologist. Scientology consists of sessions of conscious hypnotism where the patient is taken through traumatic events and taught how to think and remember EVERYTHING until the event doesn't bother them any more. Reliving subconscious events, as if you were hypnotised, but being fully conscious while doing it. Every person has thousands of forgotten traumas that are killing them. Once you recall and relive every one of them and blow off the charge and emotional trauma then you literally become a whole new person.

Scientologists often conduct these sessions befor a large group of people to demonstrate their effectiveness. I myself have been through several sessions and have witnessed 3 live demonstrations. One of which was with this girl who had been throat raped by 4 guys when she was unconscious.

Sitting there in this group of 40 people, I listened to this girl relive the experience over and over until she had recalled every infinite detail and blown off all the emotional charge. By the end of the session she felt so relieved. She was a whole new person. That trauma had been killing her for so long but it was too painful to remember so she had blanked it out. But it stayed in her subconscious where it stabbed her in the heart every time she swallowed.

Any way, this is not an article about Scientology. It's an article about how profoundly the experience effected me personally.

Smelling her tears and hearing her cry and seeing her sweat made those rape statistics finally MEAN some thing to me. Why the hell hadn't some one presented the subject to me like this before? I felt so stupid. I was just like 90% of the male populace. Really, I just didn't know.

I have never thought of harassing any one. I have never seen any one being harassed. I am not capable of rape. I had no idea women were afraid to just walk down the public sidewalk. I had that male privilege of being oblivious. And for the first time in my life some woman gave it to me straight.

So I fully recognize the need for a woman's only space where the individual girl can go to talk about her own rape experience and know she will have an understanding and sympathetic support group. It must be incredibly empowering to know they are there for you. But the empowerment of that one individual does nothing for the fact that 90% of the public are still oblivious.

Rapists are not the problem. Public ignorance is.

Because most men are not rapists, they don't even think about the subject. Thus making them part of the problem.

If every guy were to do as I did and sit in silence and hear some girl scream and cry for 2 hours about her own rape, BELIEVE ME, it would change his life. Or at least his perspective.

Please. Let us get together in co-ed groups and talk about these things really openly.

Shannon.

I will however note that, in my experience, women seem more likely to be upset at being taken at their word than men. I have encountered numerous men who have claimed in exasperated tones that women expected them to read minds, while I have heard many women complain that their significant others couldn't tell that they didn't mean exactly what they said.

**** In Jews and Blacks: Let the Healing Begin, Cornel West and Michael Lerner do what has become so difficult for many people to do: they talk to each other. They began talking in 1989, and taped their private conversations. Edited down to 293 pages, this conversation became a useful book that tackles the most volatile issues separating African-Americans and Jews: Zionism, Black Nationalism, economic conflicts, Jewish racism and black anti-Semitism. "We could see there was a real need for candid conversation," says West. "We wanted to take the discussion beyond simply name-calling and finger-pointing. We had to get to know one another and what had shaped us. But we've become very, very good friends."

"Healing does not require agreement on all issues," says Lerner. "Cornel and I did not work out our disagreements on some important issues, but we came to feel a deeper appreciation, respect, even love for each other, that transcends the differences. I hope we can be a model for others."

REAL MEN Work To End Men's Violence Against Women

REAL MEN is an anti-sexist men's organization, founded in Boston in 1988. We are a group of educators and activists. Our goal is to encourage a critical mass of men to speak out against sexism and all forms of men's violence against women. We are a pro-Feminist, anti-Racict, Lezbian/Bi/Gay-affirmative grass roots group which seeks an end to all our society's inequities- -particularly Sexism. To this end, we provide speakers, sponsor forums, hold fundraisers for womens shelters, produce and distribute literature, organize public auctions, and perhaps most importantly, work in coalition with the women's organizations that are in the forefront of this struggle.

WHY DO WE CALL OURSELVES REAL MEN?

Because a critical step in eradicating sexism and violence of all types is helping to redefine what it means to be a "real man." We believe that, contrary to the popular stereotype about "real men" being macho tough guys, it is important for men to rethink and work to change traditional masculinity, which is often more difficult to do and takes more courage.

WHY SHOULD MEN BE CONCERNED WITH "WOMEN'S ISSUES"?

Calling sexual harassment, rape, battering, and all forms of sexism "women's issues" is part of the problem. It takes the focus off the perpetrators and allows men to evade responsability for the outrageous levels of violence women are forced to live with.

ISNT IT IN MEN'S INTEREST TO PERPETUATE SEXISM?

It is true that dominant groups rarely cede power without a struggle. However, it is inacurate and simplistic to see men as a monolithic sex class that benifits unquestionably from traditional gender arrangements. Men are devided by class, race, ethnicity and sexual orientation. Many men are victims of violence, both as children and adults. All of us experience emptiness, pain and loss due to the constraints of traditional masculinity. But even more importantly, growing numbers of men are realizing that because sexism hurts the women we love- -it hurts us too.

This leaflet is sponsored by REAL MEN. For more information, write to:

REAL MEN
POBx. 1769
Brookline MA 02146 USA

Or call the REAL MEN events hotline at:
617-499-6980

ANSWER ONE OF YOUR OWN QUESTIONS.
Okay. Can boys be feminists? Funny you should ask... yes! Some of my favorite boys are feminists. Feminism is strong enough for a man, but made for a woman! You can be a part of the solution but remember that it's our movement and you will not be leading. The best thing you could do would be to churn out other boy feminists.

King, Warrior, Magician, Weenie: Contemporary Men's Humor (The Crossing Press). Editor Pete Sinclair's collected essays and cartoons on the topic of "Modern Guyhood" from the likes of Garrison Keillor, Dave Barry and John Callahan. Guys making fun of guys — great concept! Let's hope it's a trend . . .

Setting up and keeping going an Anarcha-feminist (or any other) group

Why set up an anarcha-fem group?

- Promotes community
- Gets you support for what are often considered strange beliefs
- Good way to get actions going
- A place to talk through ideas you have
- An easier way to get things done than on your own

Different ways to set up groups

- Advertise in zines.
- Advertise in your local paper
- Distribute leaflets to cafes and clubs
- Talk on community radio
- Use student networks - paper and radio

How to maintain a group and keep it going

The main thing is having stuff to do and getting everyone involved in it. Have a focus, even if it is short term, like organising one stall at one event. Doing one action may show a group where it wants to put its energy for future actions. For instance in the case of one stall, maybe having stalls at another location, or having regular stalls. The action may trigger off an action which is completely different for instance,a stall - to a rally or fundraiser. Whatever circumstances, actions promote a sense of achievement for groups whether they are new or establised.

There are many different types of action, 1) activism: rallys, marches, vigils and other forms of direct action- some which could involve 'handy hints with bricks', 2) street theatre, 3) getting information out eg stalls, leaflets, articles, letters to the editor and posters 4) social evenings, 5) fundraisers, eg sausage sizzles or garage sales, 6) networking with other womens groups

Important things about meetings and group process

- Firstly it is important to have a **regular meeting time and meeting place.** Phone trees are a good way of reminding women about meetings especially if they don't happen weekly. Ensure that new members are put on the phone tree.
- Ask people what they would like to **get out of the group,** what they would like to do.
- Make sure that everyone has had an **oppertunity to speak** without farcing anyone to speak. Ensure that everyone has actually agreed to decisions.
- Keep a **minute book.** They are invaluable because individuals can refer back to them to see what they agreed to do in the meeting. It's important to keep track of intentions and aims from meeting to meeting.
- Be prepared for influx of **new people.** Maybe have a prepared introduction kit. Take time to tell newcomers what you have been doing in the last few weeks. Perhaps orgainse a social evening for newcomers so they get to know everyone and feel more confident in participating in meetings.

For those of you who would like to get together with other women, and don't want to go to an evening class and would like something more relaxing than a political meeting, the perfect answer is a women's reading group. I have been a member of such a group for eight months (seven sessions) and I feel I want to spread the word.

The group was formed by two women, one of whom had been a member of a group in Sheffield previously. Maggie, one of the founder members, says they set up the group because they felt they needed stimulation. She feels very isolated in her community and needed to meet other women who had similar ideas. They contacted friends and asked them along to an informal meeting. The idea is that at the end of each month's session, someone chooses the next book for us all to read. At the next meeting we discuss the book, then choose another.

The meeting is not an excuse for intellectuals to outdo each other, but is a very good relaxed way of starting discussion on women-centred topics. We begin by discussing the book, the characters, the author, then inevitably branch out to other, related subjects. Someone usually brings the conversation back to the book, then there's further discussion on broader issues, including a lot of personal experiences. So far we have only read women writers, although some women have expressed an interest in reading men as well. I personally feel that our culture is so male dominated that it is wonderful to have one evening a month that is women-defined. Elspeth suggests that "The fact that there are no men here makes a big difference. I think even women who think they don't do it, do defer to men." [More like men take over the whole bloody discussion and nothing will stop their stupid egotestical crapping on - *Pre-Menstrual Typist.*]

The meetings take place in members' houses, there is no formal order, someone volunteers and we all agree. It was decided from the beginning that the woman hosting the meeting would not provide a meal, the emphasis is on a relaxing evening, we didn't want pressure put on anyone. This lack of pressure has enabled us to quickly feel relaxed with each other, we know that the session is not judgemental, you can express yourself without feeling someone will tell you that you've got it wrong. This doesn't mean that we are all meek ladies reading sweet little books, as the sessions have progressed we have learned to argue with each other quite passionately and if someone thinks a book is "middle class twaddle!" she tells us. Frequently!

Fran enjoys the group because it exposes her to authors she may not have otherwise read. She feels that the group makes her make time for reading, for herself. This was a feeling several other women expressed. That it was something for themselves. She adds to this that the group is good because it gives her a change "to socialise, drink wine".

Several members of the group also write, and next meeting those of us who want to will bring along copies of our work to distribute, for discussion at the next session. Fran feels the sessions have already helped her with her own writing and Jeanette says it's helped her get through a block and think about writing again.

Reading each other's work seems to have been a natural progression, we have discussed other women writers and now we are showing the way we express ourselves as women who are writers.

The sessions go beyond talking about a book - although the discussions about the books are always interesting (even if the book wasn't!). We all feel that the sessions are positive, Jeanette expressing surprise at how personal the experience feels, and how good she feels about herself through it. What better recommendation can there be?

CONSENSUS AND CHRYSANTHENEUMS

Consensus? It's harder than it sounds. It's important, though, because decision-making is power. You can't separate means and ends - the process can be as important as the decision itself. It's like gardening.

There are heaps of difficulties. People can be left out due to race, culture, age, class, gender, or disability. New members often feel left out, while a couple of dudes dominate so no-one feels they've got the authority to speak. Sometimes structures which supposedly let everyone have their say (circles, rounds etc/, can actually be threatening, women feeling 'put on the spot'. In the end , people feel frustrated and ignored, and the decision is weaker because it doesn't include everyone's experience.

Rotating Chair Method

This is the idea that the current speaker is responsible for "chairing" the meeting while she's speaking. When she's finished, she passes the "chair" onto the next woman. Woman show they want to speak by eye contact, hand symbols etc. This goes on till no-one else wants to speak - it's a bit like marae protocol. At the end, a decision is put together that includes everyone's opinion. If a decision can't be reached, the issue is left open. However, if it's urgent, the group has to focus on quickly reaching a decision everyone can live with.

Roles

Starhawk is more into using "roles" which rotate among the members of the group. First, there's the ***Facilitator***., who keeps everything focussed and zooming along . The Vibeswatcher (great name) keeps and eye on the feeling of the meeting. The Peacekeeper helps calm people and deal with crises - both meetings and political actions. The Co-ordinator keeps track of what's doing and who's doing it!

There are also roles which people can find themselves doing without realizing - and may wish to change. The martyr gets uptight that other people don't do as much as she does. The STAR talks a lot and shows off. The Rock does all the grotty tasks and get burnt out. The FILLER just sits there without saying much.

These methods can take a lot of time and are usually more effective when the group is fairly small and is really committed to the same goals. Each group will need to devise its own processes - and share them with other people. The anarcha-feminst future we create (whatever that might be!), depends on how we make decisions today. Happy gardening!

Two cool books: (i) Starhawk - Dreaming the Dark (ii) Charlene Eldredge Wheeler - Peace and Power, a handbook of feminist process.

HOW TO RUN A SUPPORT GROUP

A support group should never be exclusive. The last thing on the agenda of each meeting should always be, "Do you know of anyone you would like to invite to our next meeting?"

When the group get to be 8 members strong, divide into 2 groups of 4. Ask your most aware member to be assistant leader, and have her take 4 members off into another room and run it as a separate group so each member can have longer turns. Later, have a private talk with the assistant leader about the potential for that group becoming independent. When she feels ready for it, let them go, encouraging them to recruit new members.

Support groups should divide and divide. They should be like busy amoebas that devide themselves every month or so. This keeps the groups small enough that each individual member feels important and included, and prevents the group from becoming so large that it develops a gang mentality or becomes a cult. It also passes on the leadership role to new members as soon as they feel ready.

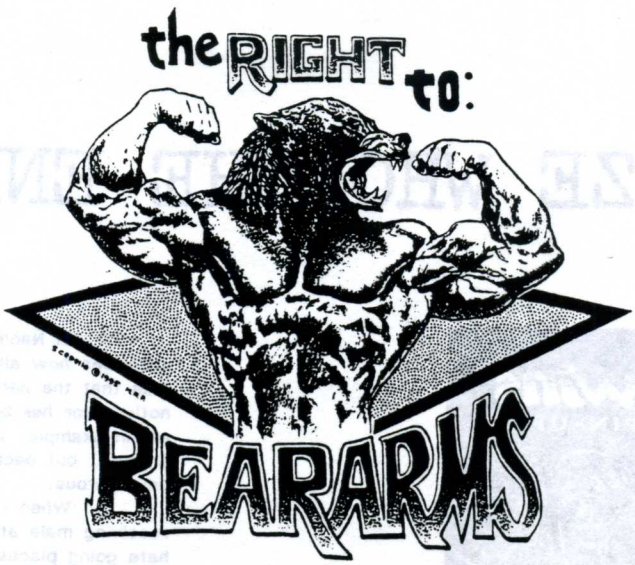
A typical problem with girl based organizations is that they are so (legitimately) disgusted with the male power-trip way of "leading" that they piously refuse to take leadership roles, insisting that all members be equal. This is idiotic. Each group has to have a leader. One person must be accountable for maintaining the course and reminding members of what the agenda is. When the groups gets to be 8 members strong, the leader appoints (or invites) the most aware member as a new leader. This chain of command/delegation of power way of doing things prevents jealous catfighting.

One of the most important things to remember is that objects are handled, people are led. The reason the "boss" becomes a frustrated jerk is because she is trying to handle these people (AAaargh!). Objects are handled, people are led.

The leaders of each new group should meet occasionally to discuss mutual problems and solutions.

One of the problems I have seen with girl conventions is there are usually only 2 or 3 people who are in charge, and they get overwhelmed and burned out due to their aversion to "giving orders." Another reason for this lack of multiple leaders is because each city usually has only ONE group. If each city were to have the suggested arrangement of no more than 8 members per group, there would be plenty of individual leaders to take charge of whatever details needed to be addressed in the set up and function of a convention.

Shannon Colebank
FLASHPOINT zine
POBx 5591



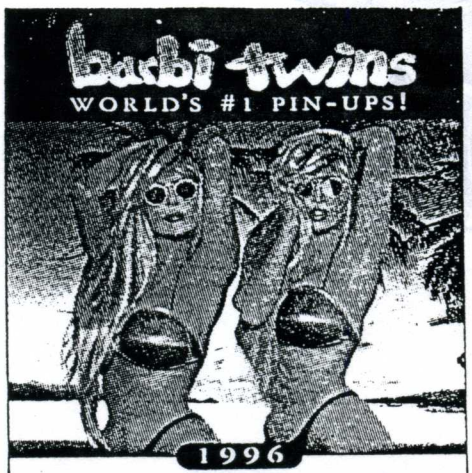
POSSIBLE SOLUTION:

RECOGNIZE WHO THE ENEMY IS

boys in dresses at the Bikini Kill show are not the enemy

POSSIBLE SOLUTION:

RECOGNIZE WHO THE ENEMY IS



SIGNED COLLECTOR'S CALENDAR/POSTER (24" x 36") A $14 value. Only $6.99 ea. plus $3 S&H. Not available in stores. Visa or MC Orders, Toll-Free 1-800-760-3510, 24 Hours. Send check or money order to Pentimento Entertainment, P.O. Box 19089, Portland, OR 97219-0089. Allow 4-5 weeks for delivery.

In Naomi Wolf's book, The Beauty Myth, she describes how allot of literature written by men sets up the idea that the heroine's adventures occur because she is noticed for her beauty. She cites Tess of the d'Urbervilles as an example. Tess is just like the other farm girl drudges, but because Tess is beautiful, her life becomes adventurous.

When I was in Jr High, and convinced that receiving male attention was the ultimate goal, I grew to hate going places with my blonde, blue eyed, busty friend. Guys at the mall, on the street, anywhere, would approach and flirt with her, and I would be left to the side with my bright plastic smile to hide how I really felt. She always got phone numbers and dates, while I cursed my not-up-to-par-with-Barbie looks.

She would try and assure me that what was inside was more important, but I would cry: "What's inside doesn't make guys come and talk to you. You're pretty and I'm not, and that's all there is to it."

Although we were both some what disliked in school, even the guys who hated us would still joke, and flirt, and tell her how pretty she was. All they ever told me was my ears were sticking out of my hair again, and how stupid I looked.

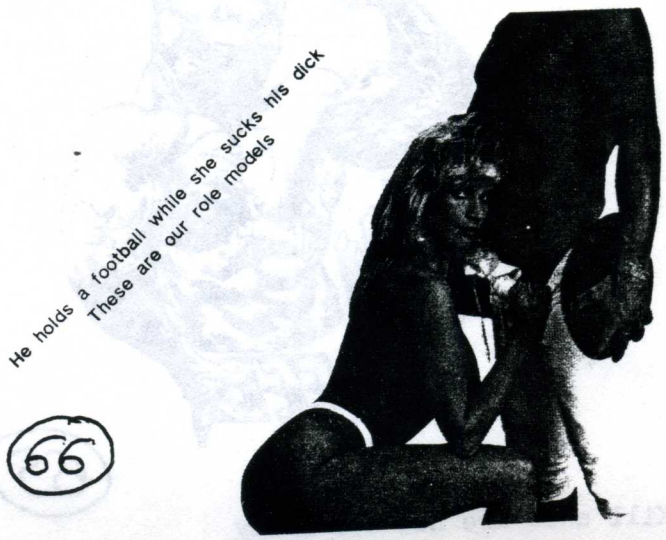
This society thinks pretty equals: Smart/important/special. On bad days it is easy to blame my misfortune on my lack of culturally dictated looks. i.e. ugliness. I wonder who else does.

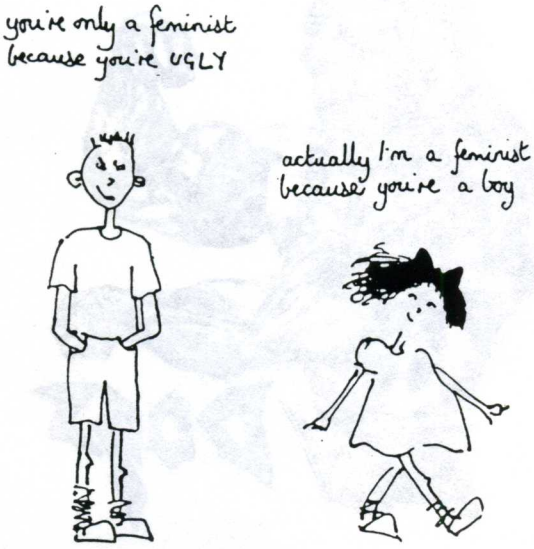
Sometimes it seems like the "ugly" girls are the only ones who notice what is going on, or care. After all, why would Barbie want to rock the boat, or crash the system that makes her the star?

So the ugly girls are the only ones who fight the system, thus the "All feminists are ugly dykes who can't get a real man" myth.

I do pray, and most earnestly and constantly, for some terrific shock to startle the women of the nation into a self respect which will compel them to see the absolute degradation of their present position; which will compel them to break their yoke of bondage and give them faith in themselves; which will make them proclaim their allegiance to women first....The fact is, women are in chains, and their servitude is all the more debasing because they do not realize it. Oh to compel them to see and feel and to give them the courage and conscious to speak and act for their own freedom, though they face the scorn and contempt of all the world for doing it!

-Susan B. Anthony, 1872





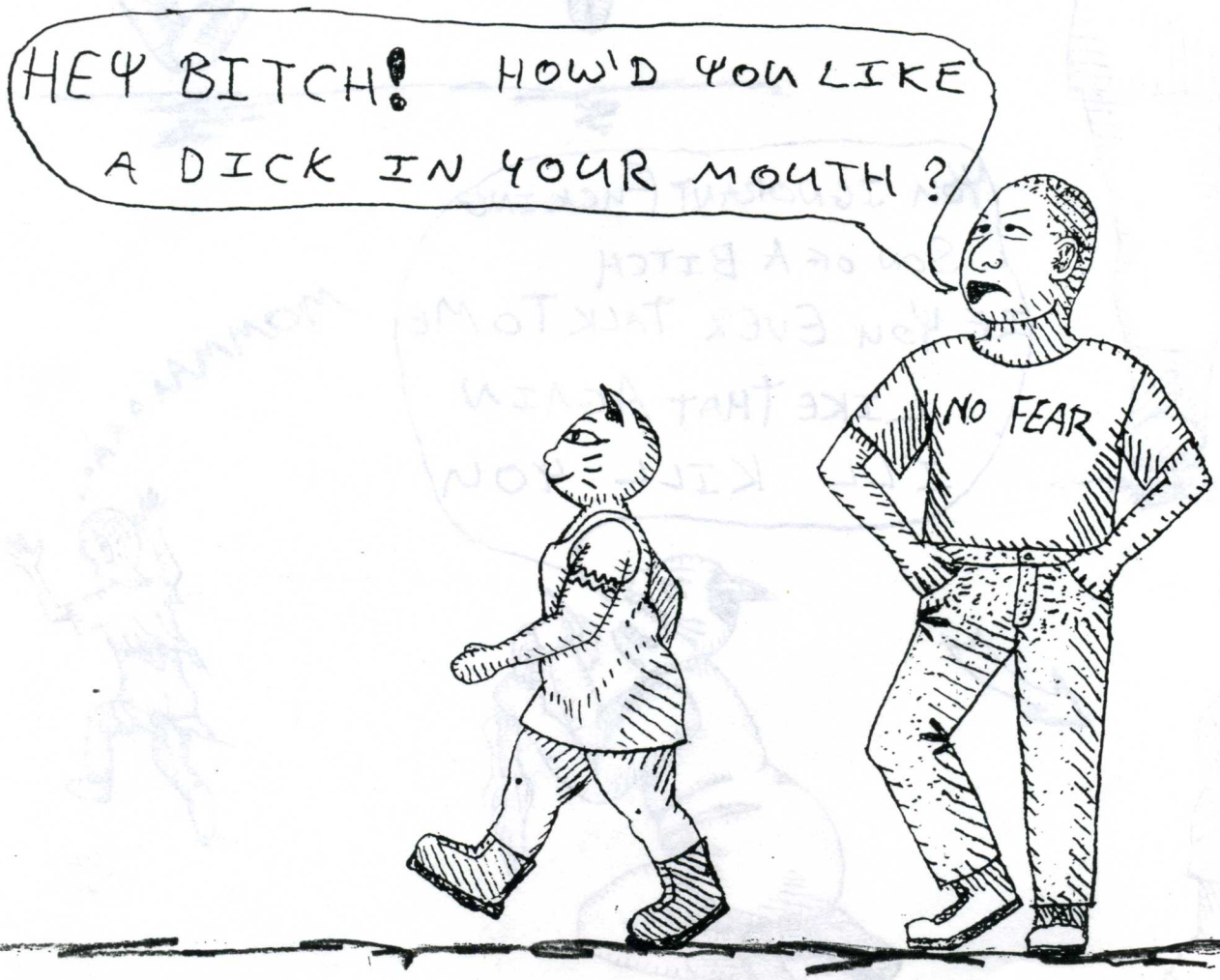
DECIBELLE

THE GOODBY KITTY

Presents **THE IDLE THREAT**

By Shannon Colebank

copy right '95



I'D LOVE IT
RRAAARGH
FEA
YOU IGNORANT FUCKING SON OF A BITCH IF YOU EVER TALK TO ME LIKE THAT AGAIN ILL KILL YOU
MOMMAAAAAA
©'95 SHANNON COLEBANK

possible solution *fight back*

IF SOMEONE APPROACHES you in a threatening way, what should you do? Shout loud, repetitive commands, such as "Move back" or "Stop where you are," says Richard Isaacs, coauthor of *The Seven Steps to Personal Safety.* Most criminals try to avoid risk and may give up on attacking someone whose loud voice is attracting attention.

A stressed or anxious attacker won't hear exactly *what* you say; he'll hear *how* you say it. A command will get his attention and tell him you're in control. Don't plead with him ("Don't hurt me") or ask his intentions ("What do you want?"). Command him loudly to do what *you* want.

Tales of Transmutation

by Linette Machell

Last Sunday I went hiking on a trail in the Columbia Gorge by myself. I was quite alone on the Upper Falls trail. Then I heard loud male voices.

There were four young adult males behind me on the trail. They were yelling and making their presence known. They saw me. I distinctly heard, "I'm coming to getcha."

Two of these men were wearing black leather jackets and had shaved heads. I wondered if they were gang members or skin heads. I felt my fear rising. There was the vibration of hunters and prey. They were gaining on me, even though I'd quickened my pace.

I decided to make a stand. I stood at the top, at the overlook. I held the guard rail and sang a prayer. I looked each one of the young men square in the face as they came up the trail.

The men stopped also. Two of them sat on a bench behind and to the side of me. One of them repeated the, "I'm coming to getcha" rap. The other two went under the guard rail off the trail on the other side of me. Sexual energy was flying around. I felt angry. I didn't feel angry like I wanted to punish the men. It was a different anger...I felt powerful, a fiery kind of power. Somehow they seemed ridiculous with their tough posturing.

The wind came up and blew away the last shreds of fear/victim/prey energy. I felt strong and glad. I gave voice to this feeling. The sound came from deep within me; it was wild, free, magnificent and went on and on. A true act of power.

One of the men seemed to indicate admiration and respect. I turned and continued up the trail. I knew that I was safe.

Crossing the Fence, by Jennifer Meyer....."One day in spring, I had just crossed the fence when I heard a rustling in the bushes to my left. I looked up to see a man, naked from the waste down. He was watching me, but I pretended not to see him. I kept walking and didn't dare look back. "Hey, wait," he said. I considered running but decided it was best not initiate a race. "Hey, girl," he continued, "come here. Come suck me. Come such my cock." I pretended to be deaf and hastened my pace to a stiff-legged trot. I scanned the field for help. On the far side of the pasture, I saw a boy hastily climbing the fence. I wondered whether he was rushing because he was late for school or because, he, too, had seen this man. As I debated whether or not to call out, the boy disappeared down the road. I heard the man's feet crushing the weeds behind me and I glanced back to see him getting closer. Penis in hand, he shouted a string of lewd suggestions. My face grew hot and my heart was pounding, but I judged the remaining distance of the pasture and knew I wouldn't make it if he chased me. His voice grew closer, and fear clutched at my chest. Suddenly I spun on my heels and faced the man. He stumbled awkwardly to a stop and looked at my dumbly. He was short and overweight. His blond hair was slicked down over part of his forehead. He wore a blue mechanic's shirt with a patch that said "shell, Hi-Bob." Standing frozen in the middle of a step, his weight on the forward foot, he looked ridiculous. My fear began to evaporate and I might have laughed if I hadn't been trying so hard to be vicious. "Get out of here," I growled, clenching my fists to hide the trembling. He hesitated, then, inching forward, said, "Here, touch it. Look." I did the only thing I could think of: I shouted, without pause and as loud as I could, every obscenity I had ever heard. I watched his face file through a dozen expressions, unable to find the right one, as I flung the words at him like bullets. "Leave me alone!" I stood panting, fists still clenched. He had let go his grasp on himself and his penis now hung hideously limp against the white of his thighs. I glanced at it with disgust, then bored my eyes fiercely into his. I turned and walked away, listening carefully for the sound of his feet behind me. When I was sure he wasn't following me, my chest relaxed and I could breathe. all that was left of the fear was the sweat under my bangs. I walked out fast, my arms swinging, and I grinned to myself. Climbing the gate, I stopped and looked back across the field. The man scurried along the row of trees near the fence, hopping painfully through the bed of cockleburs. "Ha!" I bellowed, the cry rising from my belly like a cannonball and echoing over the pond. The man quickly dodged behind a tree. I straddled the gate, gloating, elated. I felt unconquerable. I lifted my face to the sky and I laughed triumphantly. My laughing echoed in the hills and I felt stronger than I ever knew I was. I jumped down to the dirt road and sprinted the rest of the way to school.' *two years after this incident, Jennifer was threatened again. A man pushed her up against a tree and told her he intended to rape her. "I bored my gaze beyond his pupils and, for what seemed like minutes, I didn't breathe., 'No, you're not,' I finally said in a sturdy whisper." The man withdrew without harming her.*

Its the perfect practical joke. Switch Barbie's and G.I. Joe's innards, and what have you got? A more sensitive, understanding hunk of man? An enchanting seductress with a purple heart and iron will?

No.

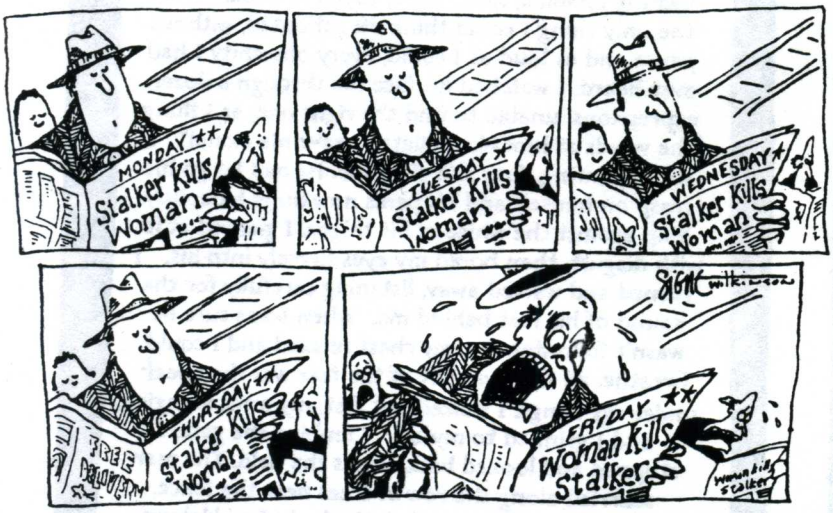
The result is perverse caricatures of sexual stereotypes. One can only laugh when pressing Barbie's back, and hearing, "Dead men tell no lies" in a deep throated gurgle. G.I. Joe squeels, "I want to go shopping!"

The scheme is a statement about the stupidity of sexual stereotypes, toys, and their effect on children.

And what about those ludicrous universal symbols: An angular figure in pants, and an equally crude one in a dress. Perhaps when we are wearing pants, we should have equal access to the men's room. Last night at the typical movie theater (i.e. there was a long line for the lady's room) three other women and I resolutely marched into the "pants" facility and took it over. The man using the urinal looked surprised, but we waited for him to leave before we tended to business.

Until we can remedy the shortage of women's facilities (do we need an act of Congress? Come to think of it, Congress didn't even have womens restrooms until 1992!) women should, in a gesture of self love, commandeer the "pants" facility whenever the "dress" one is overpopulated. And if you're a man, just get in line behind your smaller bladdered sisters (and when you're done, be sure to put the seat down).

The bladder matter should be every one's concern.



Offended by Hooters T-shirts, with the slogan, "More than a mouthfull," that features owl eyes peering out from two O's, a couple of 14 year old girls at Ames Middle School put together a creative alternative. Their shirts feature a rooster's head, and the slogan "Cocks. Nothing to crow about." Although boys have been sporting Hooters-wear for over a year with out repercussion, the young women (represented by Erin Rollenhagen) were told by school officials to leave their T's at home. Fourteen students wore them in protest, and four of them -including three boys- were promptly suspended. "Ours is a political statement," said Rollenhagen. "Theirs is just sexism." The girls fought back, even going so far as to bring in Ira Glasser, director of the NY ACLU, to a school held forum. School officials apologized.

Last year my mother asked me what I wanted for Christmas. All I could come up with were all the things I didn't want (the same old junk year after year). But I knew I could at least put up with them. What I could not put up with was washing one more dish while the men sat in the living room telling jokes, waiting for the women to bring them pumpkin pie.

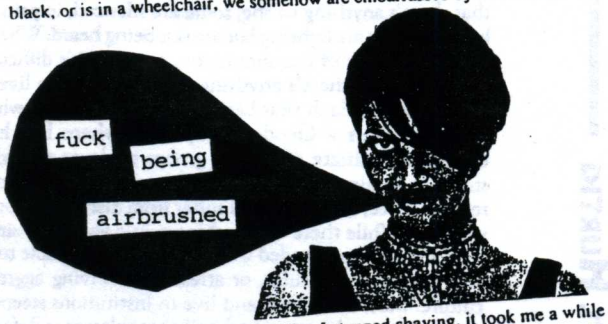
In the past, my protests about this gender inequity were answered with, "You can't teach an old dog new tricks." Well, that didn't mean I had to put up with the system. I told my mother that as soon as my brother learned how to wipe off a table, and my father learned what a sponge was, I would not be coming home for Christmas.

I spent Christmas day in one of Morocco's thousand year old markets. I watched people walk on glass. I let a snake charmer drape a cobra around my neck. I went to a fortune teller, who said good news would come from far away.

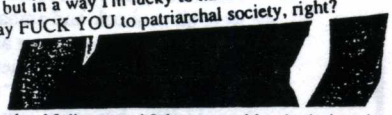
She was right. When I phoned home, everything had come unglued. My family really missed me. And to show how much, the men were doing the holiday clean up. At that very moment, my brother was scrubbing the turkey pan, my uncle was trying to solve the what-to-do-with-the-leftovers puzzle. Best of all was my father in the background yelling, "Who the hell took my sponge!"

Mustachioed Mujeres

I was sittin drinking coffee with some friends when this little seven-year-old girl came up to us and asked if she could bus our dishes. She cleared a few coffee cups and we gave her a quarter. Then she came back later, looking for a few more dishes. She wanted mine, but I wasn't done eating. She looked up at me and pronounced quite solemnly, "you're growing a moustache." Whoa! Kids are almost brutally honest about obvious things, and it can be so embarrassing for adults to deal with. The thing is, kids don't usually judge -- they just present the facts. The adults are the one who turn these simple statements of truth into something embarrassing. Just like if a kid loudly points out that someone is black, or is in a wheelchair, we somehow are embarrassed by that. Why?



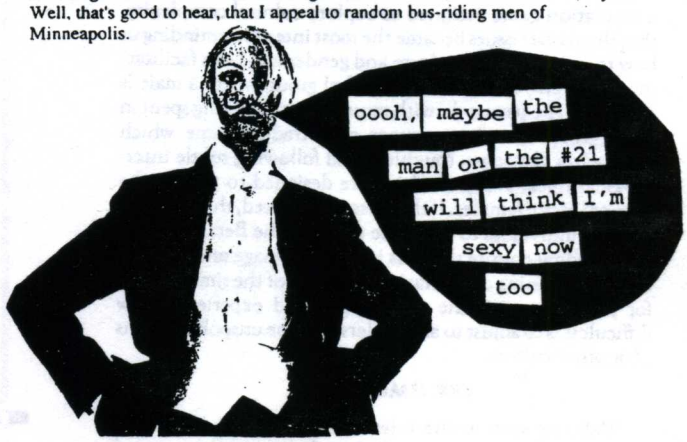
I'm a pretty hairy lady in general. After I stopped shaving, it took me a while to get used to it -- and it was hard. Shit, I wrote my college essay on whether I should stop shaving my legs. It was something I used to spend a lot of time thinking about. It's so silly: I'm so lucky about my body in general -- I'm healthy and relatively strong -- it seems so ridiculous that I ever even thought about a little body hair, which really if compared in terms of sheer mass to the rest of my body is practically nonexistent. Sometimes men on the street give me shit for not shaving, but in a way I'm lucky to have such pronounced body hair. All the better to say FUCK YOU to patriarchal society, right?



A couple years into high school I discovered Jolen cream bleach, designed specifically for bleaching women's facial hair. I used it until I got to college. It's fuckin weird, let me tell you, to sit around with this crusty white cream shit burning into your upper lip, just for the satisfaction of having little white moustache hairs for a week or so until they grow out. What's even weirder is that I gave a jar of Jolen to my best friend for her birthday one year. We turned the word "Jolen" into a verb, and would notice each other's freshly bleached stashes at school: "you must have Jolened last night." It was kind of funny at the time. It's still funny, actually. But a little weird, too.

For a long time now I've really dug Frida Kahlo. I know for the past couple years she's been quite the hip artist to be into, but although I really like her style in general, one reason I particularly appreciate her is because in her self-portraits (which was practically all she ever painted) she gives herself a nice dark moustache. Now, I've seen photographs of her, and her stash isn't really all that thick. So why does she emphasize it in her paintings? I don't know, but I think she was cool as hell for doing it. Maybe she thought it was beautiful, or maybe she thought having one would fuck with conventional standards of femininity.

So I was on the Lake Street bus going somewhere the other night, and of course since it was Saturday night on the #21A there were a lot of freaks aboard. One guy sat down next to me and tried to make conversation, which I did not encourage. Then he told me he thought women with moustaches were sexy. Well, that's good to hear, that I appeal to random bus-riding men of Minneapolis.



I do not shave my legs. People say "they look like a man's legs". That is wrong. They do not look like a man's legs. They look like legs. They simply look like legs. Legs. Because they are legs. Legs have hair on them. My legs have hair on them. Hairs are unimportant. They do nothing. They are nothing.

Why are men 'repulsed' by hairy legs on women? Is a refusal to remove leg hair that threatening? Do not give me the "it simply doesn't look nice" bullshit. Why not? Who says hairy legs are unsightly? Who says women should have hairless, silky, smooth legs? Men. Rich. Powerful. Middle-class. Conservative. Men. I do not listen to what they say. You do not listen to what they say most of the time either. Except for when it is convenient. Except for when you have not thought about an issue.

Hairless legs. What does that convey? That a women is young. That a woman is prepubescent. A child holds no power. No knowledge. Defenceless. No threat. In the same way women should have full lips, long eyelashes & rosy cheeks - she should be an ornamental baby doll. A doll is no threat to men.

I am a threat. I am a threat because I refuse to adhere to the standards set by those men. I do not want to be attractive to those men. Therefore they are threatened by me. As they are by every other deviant.

My hair is natural. I will not remove it to turn men on. I will not remove it to please others. I will spend my time on worthwhile pursuits. Not beautifying myself with an aim to reaching that 'perfect' standard that is never attainable.

Hair removal is not a good thing. It is wrong. Plain & simple. By continuing to find smooth legs attractive you are perpetuating the myths surrounding the differences between men and women. The differences are few. The differences are real. The differences are strong. We do not need to make artificial ones. Hair removal is an artificial, imposed, difference.

The difference is encouraged, indeed it was created, by the razor & depilatory cream companies. They continue to bombard us with advertisements, playing on our feelings of insecurity & inadequacy. The aim is simple - to make more women buy their products. There is not the same pressure on men.

English government policy shows this clearly. Men's razors are not taxed. Women's razors are taxed - for they are seen as a luxury. One a necessity, the other a luxury. Funny that, because women's sanitary towels & tampons are taxed. They are obviously a luxury too. Do you realise the enormity of that fact. Men's razors are a necessity. Women's sanitary towels & tampons are a luxury.

And people claim that our society is not sexist. That men do not make the rules. Beginning to see the link between what those in power want us to do & the attitudes that are now our norms? I see the links. I reject these norms. I create my own. Do the same. Only you can decide what is unnattractive or attractive. Only you can decide whether to shave your legs or not. Only you can decide whether to hassle you girlfriend[s] about shaving their legs silky smooth to please you. Only you can change your attitude.

"The Girls Should Have Stopped Us"

By Caryl Hurtig

Feminist Broadcast Quarterly

As summer comes to an end I find myself struggling to regain my footing after extending myself in work. When I over-identify with the work world and achievement, a certain frantic energy takes over that brings up the image of wild horses running rough shod over the fields, often getting me through quickly and gloriously, but trampling tender undergrowth, and collapsing, near dead, upon arrival. Masculine energy out of control.

Part of my workload this summer had to do with teaching at the Oregon Governors' School for Citizen Leadership, a three week residential institute for adolescents. During the institute, issues of diversity, gender, environment, and leadership were explored, utilizing experiential education as a model, with the intent that for at least a year following the program, students would volunteer their time to help others and work for social change. Last spring I submitted an article on the first institute's experience with gender issues [see "A Report On the Oregon Governors' School," Summer 1993 issue of FBQ], and would now like to write about what occurred this year as a follow-up, since it raised some questions for me that I hope to explore in this forum.

There were two sessions that provided the community with a painful opportunity to look into the complex impact of gender roles in society. Ironically, it was playing Bafá Bafá, a simulation game designed to explore cultural complexity, that the gender issues became the most intense, reminding us how truly interwoven culture and gender are. I was facilitating the Alpha Culture, a patriarchal group where a male is appointed the patriarch, with most of the time being spent in small groups in an innocuous chip trading game which emphasizes closeness, touching, and following subtle interpersonal rules, many of which are designed to protect the "honor" of the females. If the rules are violated, the patriarch asks the individual to leave the culture. The Beta group is a strict trading culture that has its own language and concentrates on winning over relating. The idea of the simulation is for players to visit the other group and experience how difficult it is to adjust to and understand the unspoken norms of another culture.

THE SIMULATION

Well...as soon as the rules to the Alpha Culture were explained, the game intensified as the young men started whistling, laughing and clearly acting empowered when they realized that, in the Alpha Culture, males were in charge. The patriarch commanded the other young men to bow down to him and follow his orders. It became difficult to quiet the group so that they could hear further instructions. To begin the game with exchanges of "tourists," each culture appoints an "anthropologist" to trade with the other group to gather information and helpful hints on how to behave when traveling within the other culture. After each small group exchange, the culture is supposed to stop and learn more about the other group from the last visitors. What happened almost immediately was that the Alpha Culture became so loud and self-absorbed that they forgot about the other group, not to mention the purpose of the simulation, and didn't listen to the reporters when they returned.

While the activity the Alpha Culture engaged in was supposed to be a chip trading game involving lots of talking and hugging, it quickly slipped into physically rough encounters. When the young women had complaints about this, they had to report to the patriarch, who was supposed to be their "protector." He in turn called all of the males over, made them bow down (not in the rules), and told them to back off. As you can imagine, this was taken as a challenge and things began to escalate. I'm not sure exactly when and how this transpired, but the Alpha Culture evolved so that the innocuous chip trading activity turned into a game where the males were trading the females, and ordering them to stay next to them with commands like, "Woman, come here, now!" The laughter and noise continued to increase as the desire to own the females reached a high competitive pitch. Towards the end of the simulation I had to stop a band of male students from raiding the other culture and stealing their women. (Honestly, I am not making this up!) The males turned from protectors to possessors, and abusive possessors at that.

How were the females acting in the Alpha Culture, and what were they experiencing? Early on a group of them disappeared into the bathroom and hid to escape from the game. One dropped out and sat on the floor with her head between her legs. Some accepted the males' lead, hanging on them, laughing, and playing along with the game. A few organized a rebellion, standing on chairs and yelling that they refused to be sold, but it was so noisy, no one could hear them, and they got physically removed from the room. I am struck by how this mirrors society; some women are in denial that there's anything wrong; some are silenced, in pain, and hiding; others are fighting but are not being heard. When we are in the thick of the simulation, at times it's difficult to remember that there's anything amiss; it's easy to live in a state of denial. Each year Lewis and Clark College, where I teach, sponsors a Gender Symposium where I've had a chance to facilitate discussion groups made up of graduate students. Again and again I hear a number of adult women remark, "Gee, I don't think I suffer from discrimination as a woman." While there was nothing subtle about the simulation, the game proceeded without anyone being able to stop and challenge the rules, or arrest the evolving aggressive culture. Most of us work and live in institutions steeped in competition and aggression that is not as blatant as Bafá Bafá, but nonetheless, pervasive. It's so familiar, we don't recognize it. Many women and men numb themselves through use of drugs and alcohol. Some who are benefiting from the existing structure don't identify with the pain and enjoy the system as it is.

The simulation came to an end at 10:00 p.m., and I think we were all in shock and embarrassed from the experience. OGS is a lab school where we are hoping to provide students and staff with real opportunities to learn about ourselves and society. This simulation was a "teachable moment" where no one could deny that some very painful dynamics that reflect gender issues evolved, and we had an opportunity to examine them. Staying up until midnight, the group talked through guilt, defensiveness, blaming and tears.

For me, the question this experience generates is, "What happens to us personally and collectively when masculine energy goes out of control?" We've all seen it, and lived it, in ourselves, in our work places, on the news, and sometimes, in our homes. How does a culture, that's not even supposed to compete, turn into a slave-trading, oppressive, aggressive society? While the simulation was extreme, it certainly was familiar. In the graduate courses I've taught over the years, no matter how few males are in class, they seem to have the most voice by speaking most often, volunteering for leadership roles in small groups, and communicating with me after class. What is all of this teaching our daughters about how the world works, power, and what is "normal"?

During the debriefing some of the males were completely embarrassed and overwhelmed by their own behavior, and kept publicly apologizing for their participation. Some honestly reported enjoying the feeling of power they had playing the game and being a male in the Alpha Culture; they experienced what male privilege is and feels like. One young man, who had roamed around the room asking the females to kiss his feet, stated, "I lost respect for myself. I've been through diversity training and I thought I'd act differently. I told on the revolution. The girls were planning a rebellion and I told the Big Guy." When one young woman complained about how she got no help from the patriarch when she complained about inappropriate touching, we discussed how that happens to women in corporate positions; they often have to report sexual harassment to male bosses, who are equally unhelpful, if not downright hostile. Liz Rice, a student in the program, noted in the debriefing how easily people fell into blaming and accusing others rather than dealing with their feelings. Her main learning was experiencing how females are treated as objects. "We are objects to them. They didn't look at us as people." It is worth noting that Liz is starting a women's organization at Grant High School as a result of her experiences at the Governors' School.

When we first sat down to debrief Bafá Bafá, I asked that we only hear from the females in the group, to learn what they had felt and thought about the experiences. Some of the males were enraged by this choice, even though I'd promised them an equal opportunity once the young women were

done. They wanted to jump in, explain their behavior, and, understandably, defend themselves. I can't help but think of the research on single sex schools and how many successful women have been products of all-women schools, where they learned to develop a voice before being silenced by males, or by their internal sense of intimidation when around males. In retrospect, I think much of this is about voice. One of the most fascinating comments coming from one of the young men was, "The girls should have stopped us."

"The girls should have stopped us." I find this comment fascinating and insidious. On the surface it could be taken as another example of men wanting to be taken care of by women, which seems strange, because, after all, who was getting hurt in the simulation? In discussing this remark with a woman friend her reply was, "I think men count on women to stop them." What would "stopping them" look like? That's very different than being like them. To me, it's a cry for help. Yet, when the male dynamic is raging, when the wild horses lose control, like what transpired in the Alpha Culture, when organized rebellion is literally not heard through the raucous confusion of the competition, what would "stopping them" look like? If we don't stop them, what will happen to our world?

STAND UP IF...

I return to the issue of voice, and want to look at another important experience that happened several days later. Last year several diversity trainers had led the group through a gender exercise that was effective, so we decided to try it again, based on our memory of the experience. The students were informed that this was a nonverbal exercise, and that they were to stand up if the statements fit their experience. We started with the young women, with questions like, "Stand up if you've ever had a male say 'you must be on the rag' when you were expressing your feelings." "Stand up if you've ever taken drugs, drank too much or eaten too much to hide your pain." "Stand up if you've ever been called a bitch, dike, slut or cunt." "Stand up if you've ever been afraid to speak because men were talking." And so on. Almost all of the young women stood up each time.

The young men were then asked a series of questions as well. "Stand up if you've ever been called a wimp, fag or queer." "Stand up if you've ever been forced to fight to defend your manhood." "Stand up if a woman has assumed, because you're male, that all you want is sex." "Stand up if you have ever been hit by an older male." "Stand up if you've ever thought of blowing yourself away." Both males and females were asked the latter question, and almost every individual in the room stood up!!! And high school is supposed to be the happiest times of our lives.

Following this exercise, sitting around on the floor of the dorm lobby, several hours of genuine sharing evolved, when individuals told of the pain of their experiences with being male or female. In several northwest Native American tribes, there is a ritual called "Speaking Bitterness" where, during a contained period of time, they talk about the pain and loss in their lives. This exercise reminds me of this, setting aside a time to address the pain of our gender roles, and deeply sharing what that means in our lives. There was much less defensiveness, and deeper, heartfelt comments and reflection on their lives. Just "speaking bitterness" is not enough; we also have to talk with each other about what it means, and deeply listen as well. Many of the students, crying, disclosed stories from their families...stories that reflected the pain of young men not being able to have an open, close relationship with their fathers, who worked all the time and didn't know how to share their lives with their children; one young woman related a story of being transported to a youth camp by a group from the national guard to work with children, yet, one night when she had to stay in her room due to illness, was raped by the guardsmen. At one point the conversation turned to the males speaking of their idealized visions of their mothers, stating they were their "heroes" and "the greatest people they knew." One astute young woman retorted, "Then what happens between birth and motherhood to your attitude towards women?" Good question.

Through this exercise, unlike the discussion after Bafá Bafá, the community moved beyond "This isn't real life" and "I wouldn't do this in a real situation" to a genuine acknowledgement and sharing of the pain, for all of us (not just the women), that strict, patriarchal gender roles are destructive to human relationships, identity, and the systems in which we live. Tracy Flagel, a student in the program, when reflecting on the institute, stated, "I realized that the guys are hurting, too." The stereotypes, name calling, hidden expectations, and violence suffered as a result of gender expectations create suffering for all, and one way to stop it is to generate opportunities for genuine, safe and respectful disclosure of our stories, our difficult questions, and the struggles and concerns of growing up female and male in America. While there are no easy formulas or answers, I think this gives a clue about dismantling the traditional ways of conducting our lives in this culture. Move out of denial that something is wrong; slow it down; share silence and pain awhile; let us reflect on how we are treating each other; create communities where there is voice for all members.

Dawn Soles, one of the OGS students noted, "Even though there are more females [38] than males [21] at the institute, it seems like the males are more dominant." It was true; the males were so forceful in their presence that it was hard to remember that there were actually almost a third more female students. I think that needs to change, too. Women need families, schools, and institutions that honor and support their speaking, just as men need to learn to listen more, and not dominate the discussion, whether it be in the classroom, around the dinner table, or in the board room. The move from just "speaking bitterness" to action demands that we stop the game, examine the rules and question who they serve, what values they reflect, why they are as they are, and how they can be changed to be more inclusive.

The dialogue about this needs to continue, and not get lost in our busy schedules and the competition of making a living; otherwise it will slip silently into the numb, silent, stagnant state of denial. This Quarterly provides women with an important forum to continue exploring answers to the questions raised by Bafá Bafá, and our everyday lives...the questions of voice and inclusion, and I invite further dialogue on this topic. We don't have to get there on wild horses; there are gentler, healthier, more respectful ways of traveling through this life, where no one need be reduced to less than what they are.

If you're interested in being involved with the Oregon Governors' School, you can call (503) 222-5559 or write to 335 N.W. 19th Avenue, Portland, OR 97209.

Caryl Hurtig is one of the founding staff members of the Oregon Governors' School. She has worked in education since 1980 and is presently a Visiting Assistant Professor in Teacher Education at Lewis & Clark College. Her article, "Report on the Oregon Governors' School: August 1992," appeared in the Summer 1993 issue of The Feminist Broadcast Quarterly.

Feminist Broadcast Quarterly **Spring 1994**

"Culture provides a sop to the egos of the incompetent, a means of rationalizing passive spectating; they can pride themselves on their ability to appreciate the 'finer' things, to see a jewel where there is only a turd. Lacking faith in their ability to change anything, resigned to the status quo, they have to see beauty in turds because, so far as they can see, turds are all they'll ever have"

This is the most truely awe inspiring zine I have ever read I very strongly recomend every one read it please

___ **Back issues of The Feminist Broadcast Quarterly @ $3.00 each:**

Volume I (92/93): ___Issue 2/Fall ___Issue 3/Winter ___Issue 4/Spring

Volume II (93/94): ___Issue 1/Summer ___Issue 2/Fall ___Issue 3/Winter ___Issue 4/Spring

Total Amount Enclosed $_____

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ **STATE**_____ **ZIP**_____

Send check & order form to: FBQ, *Mimi Yahn POBx 1794 Metairie LA 70004 USA*

By DONNA JACKSON

Walking the teeming streets of Soho in Manhattan, unsure of my footing, I shift my hands awkwardly in and out of my pockets. My shoulders guide me through the night like the bow of a battleship. I keep my hips right, letting my movement come from my shoulders, atop stiff legs. My shoulders hang, slightly rounded. My hands are semiclenched, as if ready to strike out. My newly acquired mustache — carefully applied only a few hours earlier by a makeup artist who specializes in making women appear to be men — tickles my nose. My expression, normally musing and open, is blank, closed. Masculine. I am no longer Donna. I am James.

We are walking together, I and the six other women who had gathered for an intensive five-hour workshop on how to shirk our female identities and dress, carry and conduct ourselves as men. Now we are testing out our disguises, and, amazingly, people passing by don't glance twice at us.

As we head down the Soho streets, I keep my eyes steady, looking out with a sense of self-containment from my own reserved, private space. I don't allow myself my usual placating, glad-to-be-here smile, which so often accompanies me into so many uncomfortable situations. That would be a dead giveaway.

"No smiling, no giggling," Diane Torr, director of the Drag King Workshop, had told us earlier when I'd laughed at the sight of myself in men's clothing, my long hair slicked back with gel into a thin, cigarette-like ponytail, my dark blond mustache now attached, a fake 5 o'clock shadow applied, the area under my eyes shaded in, eyebrows darkened, my breasts bound with an Ace bandage and a fake penis attached to the inside of my underwear.

"Don't men smile?" I'd asked her. "No," she'd replied. "They don't have to." And she was right. Practicing in front of the mirror, I'd found that as soon as I smiled, James, my male persona, disappeared. I'd looked like a circus woman with freakish facial hair — ridiculous, a little mad.

I remember how, when I'd first walked into the building where the workshop was being held, construction workers on the street had called out to me, "Hey, smile, babe!" as if my not doing so was a kind of cosmic insult, something I owed them but had witheringly withheld. No more.

I look at my cohorts in male garb. Paul, a k a Claire, an otherwise tall, graceful woman with gentle gestures — a performance artist experimenting with a masculine persona in order to help her develop stronger characters — has adopted the same inscrutable expression as I have. On a woman, it would normally be read as "nasty bitch." But it seems fitting now.

I have to make an effort to keep up the Mickey Spillane glaze in my eyes. It only seems to work when I keep my mind on me, where I'm going, what I need and want. The minute I think about the people around me — what their needs are or what their opinions of me might be — I lose my self-contained aura.

"Abandon any fear that you might not be approved of," Diane had coached us. "As a man, if you have any fear, you must never show it."

I must be getting the hang of it. My new male disguise makes being so self-involved feel right. Guilt-free.

I glance at Todd, a k a Abby, walking alongside me — a teacher of eighth-grade girls who is exploring gender issues with her students and wants to deepen her understanding of how the sexes are socialized. For a split second, my mind registers her as a man.

"Let your feet move out from side to side. Men take up more room than women do when they walk. Imagine a three-foot perimeter going around you, and don't let anything enter that space. That space is yours."

Abby has perfected it: the purposeful, wide stride, the art of owning her own space, owning the very concrete blocks of the street she treads. I try to adjust my own walk, looking directly ahead. A few men look back, unblinking, without interest or expression. My fake penis rubs rawly in the crotch of my underwear.

Earlier in the workshop, I'd discovered that the gauze I'd brought to construct my penis was far narrower than the gauze the other women had brought along. After we'd all stuffed our gauze with cotton, we set our penises on the table. Mine was only half as thick as the others.

"But I don't want to have the smallest one!" I'd cried, my about-to-be-maleness already on the line.

"It's fine," the others had reassured me. But I knew they were just placating me about my spindly member. Not an auspicious start for my life as a man.

"Pin your penis inside your underwear so it's against your skin. You have to feel the friction."

And I do. It feels like a sanitary napkin gone madly, wildly awry

I pass by dozens of women, looking for eye contact, any connection at all. No one acknowledges my presence. I am invisible. Clearly, I am not an attractive man. Oddly, the thought bothers me. I ignore the urge to rub my belly protectively: I've carefully disguised the fact that I'm six months pregnant with a large vest that makes me look as if I have a premature paunch.

"Fingers should be carried semiclenched, as if ready to strike back."

My fingers usually rest at my sides, fully extended, as if ready to reach out and smooth someone's cheek. Now I hold them tight and hard, as if to graze a chin. Maybe this is why men burn up more calories than women — their muscles are so tense all the time.

Some rough-looking punks head our way. Instinct shouts at me to cross the street. But the fear is no longer there. No one is staring at my skirt, no eyes course over my breasts. No one cares. I can go anywhere. Keep my course at will.

□

I'd first read about the Drag King Workshop (For Women Only) in my local newspaper. Its flier had further piqued my interest: "How do men use space? How do they pick up an object? How do they assume the importance that they feel is their birthright. . . .? All this is conveyed in gesture and physical behavior. When this guise is perfected, this alter ego can be of untold value."

I wanted to try it out for myself. As a girl I had grown up with three older brothers. Back then I watched them debate the issues of the day at dinner and wrestle one another afterward, disagree openly with our parents, race the car's engine a little too fast. I didn't feel the same entitlement they did to chart my own course freely, without fear.

My cohorts and I head to a nearby restaurant for a drink. After a while, I get up to call my husband about our dinner plans. I go up to one of the waitresses standing nearby.

"If you have to talk to someone — a waitress or a clerk or a taxi driver — speak in short statements. Make demands. Give the order. Don't act as if you're making a new acquaintance. Don't placate."

"You have change?" I stifle the urge to say, "If you have a minute, do you think I could get a quarter for the phone?" She returns a minute later with four quarters.

"Thanks," I grunt. The baby kicks. I pick up my glass of ginger ale and swig it back, swallowing from the front of my mouth. It's a satisfying feeling. Rough. Unpretentious.

"There is an economy of gesture as a man. No movement is wasted, even when picking up everyday objects. You're always doing something significant, no matter how unimportant it is.

"Men don't look to see where a glass is when they want to take a drink. They use their whole hand to grab it, as if the thing weighs a ton. And they set it down without looking to see where it goes. Why? Because a man owns the whole table. . . . And men don't sip carefully, either. They swallow the liquid when it hits the front of their mouths."

CONTINUED →

During the workshop, I'd thought that Diane's stereotyping of what it took to be a male was overly negative. She seemed to underline the ugliness of what being "manly" means: striving for power over others, maintaining distance at all costs, feeling overly entitled in life. But now I am entering that flow. Enjoying the power, the distance.

On the phone with my husband, my words are direct. "What time's dinner?" There is no preface, no "Hi, honey. How was your day?"

"Are you OK?" he asks, his tone cautious.

"Fine." Realizing the role reversal, I try not to laugh and blow my cover in front of other customers. At the sound of his stunned silence, I soften. "I can't talk right now," I say. He gives me the time we're meeting and the address for the restaurant.

I want to beat him to the restaurant, see whether he and our friends will recognize me. I say goodbye to Diane and dash out for a cab. Like all women, I'm used to cabbies giving me the once-over through the rearview mirror — but this time the driver doesn't even look back at me. I cough. Suddenly, he glances back, surprised. "What?" I say. "Nothing," he replies. But he stares again, lifting himself up a bit on his seat to get a better look. Then I realize I had coughed like a girl. "What, do you think I'm a woman or something?" I demand.

He throws his hands up in the air. "No man, hey, no buddy, not at all."

"Good," I say. "But I am."

He rubbernecks back at me. "You are?"

"Tell me honestly. You didn't suspect?"

"No, hey man, — I mean, lady — no. I mean I picked up a guy on that corner. Definitely. That's weird, man."

I'm delighted and give the driver a big, girlish smile.

But now for the most difficult customer of all. I wait outside the restaurant, pacing nonchalantly. Then I spot my husband and our friends getting out of their cab. I look over their heads, a distant glaze over my eyes, and shove my hands in my pockets like any guy. Hips stiff, feet planted firmly apart, shoulders slouched forward. And then it happens. My husband and one of my best friends and her date walk right by me. Just as my husband has his hand on the entrance door, I stride up to him.

"Hey, buddy?" He stares at me, confused. "Hey, buddy, you walked right past me."

He steps back. "Omigod," he says. "Omigod."

My friend cries out, "Donna?"

"No," I say. "James," and hold out my hand to greet them. No one touches it. I turn around and barrel down the street for a few yards, demonstrating my new walk. My husband says "Omigod" a few more times. He won't come near me. When I go up to kiss him, he steps away. "I just can't," he says.

Inside, my husband and our friends watch me as I spread out in the booth, crossing my ankle over my knee. My husband sits down next to me in the small space left over.

"When you sit on a chair, take up the whole space. Rock back on the legs. If you're sitting on a sofa, stretch your arms over the back: claim it. Don't act as if you're restricted to one tiny area. When you stand up again, do it with the sense that you have a great purpose and direction — as if there is a string connecting you directly to your destination and you simply walk along it. Even if you don't have any idea where you're going."

When our drinks arrive, the waitress stares at me again. My husband relaxes a bit and gives me a hug. "You have a big, thick hair poking out of your chin," he says, fingering it. "It's so realistic."

I swipe his hand away. "That's mine!"

□

Two days later I'm standing in the living room of our new house with a long list of items that need to be fixed by the builder. The contractor, an ex-football player, is abrasive at best. My husband, a lawyer, and my brother, an executive at a large contracting company, are going over each item with the contractor. Two experts in negotiation. But as I listen to them, I feel myself disappearing. I look across the room at the fireplace, where a section of the molding doesn't join and an unseemly gap is visible. Part of me starts to utter, "Excuse me, but do you think this should really be this way?"

Then something happens. I veer my shoulders forward. I tighten my hips. I cross the room with purpose, my body moving along a tight string connected to my destination. My acquiescent smile gone. With a half-clenched hand I gesture to the gap. I feel all three men's eyes on me. Their conversation stops. "This gap," I say, "is completely unacceptable." Then I lift the Perrier I've been drinking as if it were a barbell and swig it back without looking at the bottle. I stare at them as I set the bottle down hard on the mantle. They are quiet. Three big, quiet men.

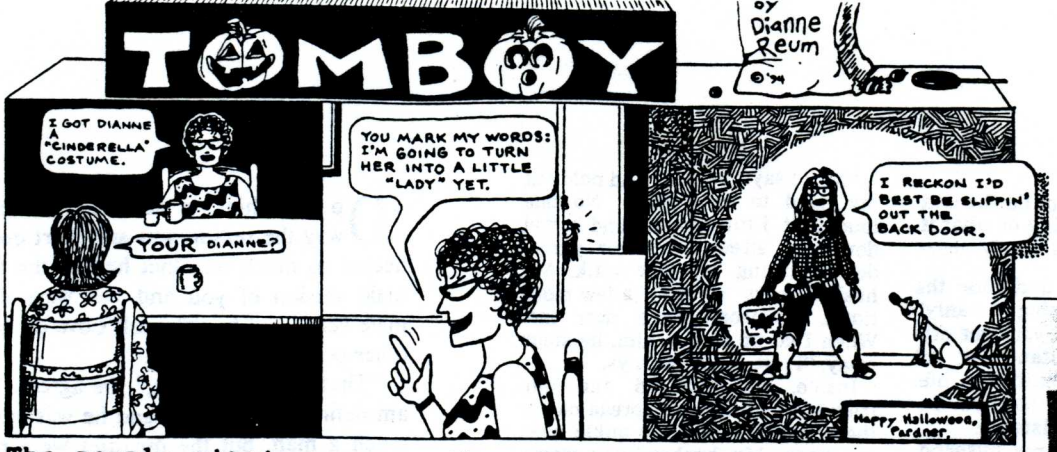
"OK," the contractor says. "I can get the handyman to fix that." He peers at me curiously.

"Good," I say, gliding up the stairs.

"Do you think in some paradoxical way the reason you and Kurt connected so much was that he was the female version of you and you were the male version of him?" I ask Love on another occasion.

"That's definitely true," she agrees. "I am definitely a woman, and he was very much a man, but the qualities were reversed at times, yes. . . . My gynecologist tells me that I have too much testosterone, and he wants to put me on the Pill, because it will even out my estrogen. It's, like, Look, I'm *all* woman, but if I were on estrogen, I don't think I'd be *me*. I'd turn into this big femmy creature."

For safety, stock cars are made without doors, so senior staff writer CATHY NEWMAN shoehorned herself through the window when she attended Richard Petty's driving school She and her husband, retired newspaperman Jim Fain, live in Washington, D. C., with their nine-year-old son, Jeb. "I'm fortunate," says Cathy. "While I'm away on assignment, three months or so a year, my husband holds down the fort. When Jeb was little, he thought all mothers traveled—and all fathers stayed home."


TOMBOY
by Dianne Reum
©'94
I GOT DIANNE A "CINDERELLA" COSTUME.
YOUR DIANNE?
YOU MARK MY WORDS: I'M GOING TO TURN HER INTO A LITTLE "LADY" YET.
I RECKON I'D BEST BE SLIPPIN' OUT THE BACK DOOR.
Happy Halloween, Faraner.

The people sitting across the aisle from me are the epitome of Americans. She wears full make-up, white sweater, tight blue jeans, white aerobic pumps, long, bleached teased hair, and really long, fluorescent orange finger nails. He wears a shirt and tie with blue jeans and cowboy boots - 'smart, yet casual'. His hair is wavy, about two inches long all over, including the back of his neck, with blonde highlights. They have a child. They are raising a child. This scares me. She is around one year old. She wears white socks with lace frills, white leather shoes with white satin bows on them, a white and pink frilly dress and a pink satin ribbon in her short, wispy, baby hair. I want to shout and scream. I want to take that baby away from them and give it to someone else to rear. I want her to develop into a real woman. Not a product of America. Of Western Culture. They will destroy her soul. They will produce another woman like her mother. The cycle will continue.

I want to stop it. There is nothing I can do. I feel so helpless. I feel like I am failing that infant. She has no idea of her fate. I have.

I want to have my own child. Then I would have control. I hope to have a child in the year 2000. Whether or not I have a 'partner' is irrelevant. I kind of think I won't. And it will not matter.

I will call her Tefi. I will raise her to be vegan. I will raise her to be strong, caring and loving, whilst educating her that few people she meets will be like her. That she will lead a different life to everyone around her. That it will perhaps be lonely at times. But there will be so many rewarding and positive aspects to it that this loneliness will seem less significant. Perhaps the loneliness is necessary.

I will raise her to believe all that I believe. To reject most of what society offers. She will be different to every other child. She will be different to the child three feet away from me.

If she is a he then I will call him Tefi. I have no preference. I will raise him the same. He will receive no rules of masculinity. He will receive no pressure concerning his emotions. He will receive no government of his role. Nor would she. My child will be raised in the most androgynous environment that I can manage.

I want to have a child. I want to create a life. Inside of me. I want to create a human being as different to the people sitting across from me as I possibly can.

I want to have a child. I sometimes think about it seriously. Images of having a child with me in my everyday life fill my head. When I was driving my car the other day I thought of having a child sitting in a car seat behind me, the both of us singing as loud as we possibly can to green day. It was a wonderful image. I think of travelling. With my child. Him or her a major part of my life. Him or her enhancing my life. It is a long time away in many respects. Seven years. But in other ways it is not far away at all. Seven years. I look forward to it.

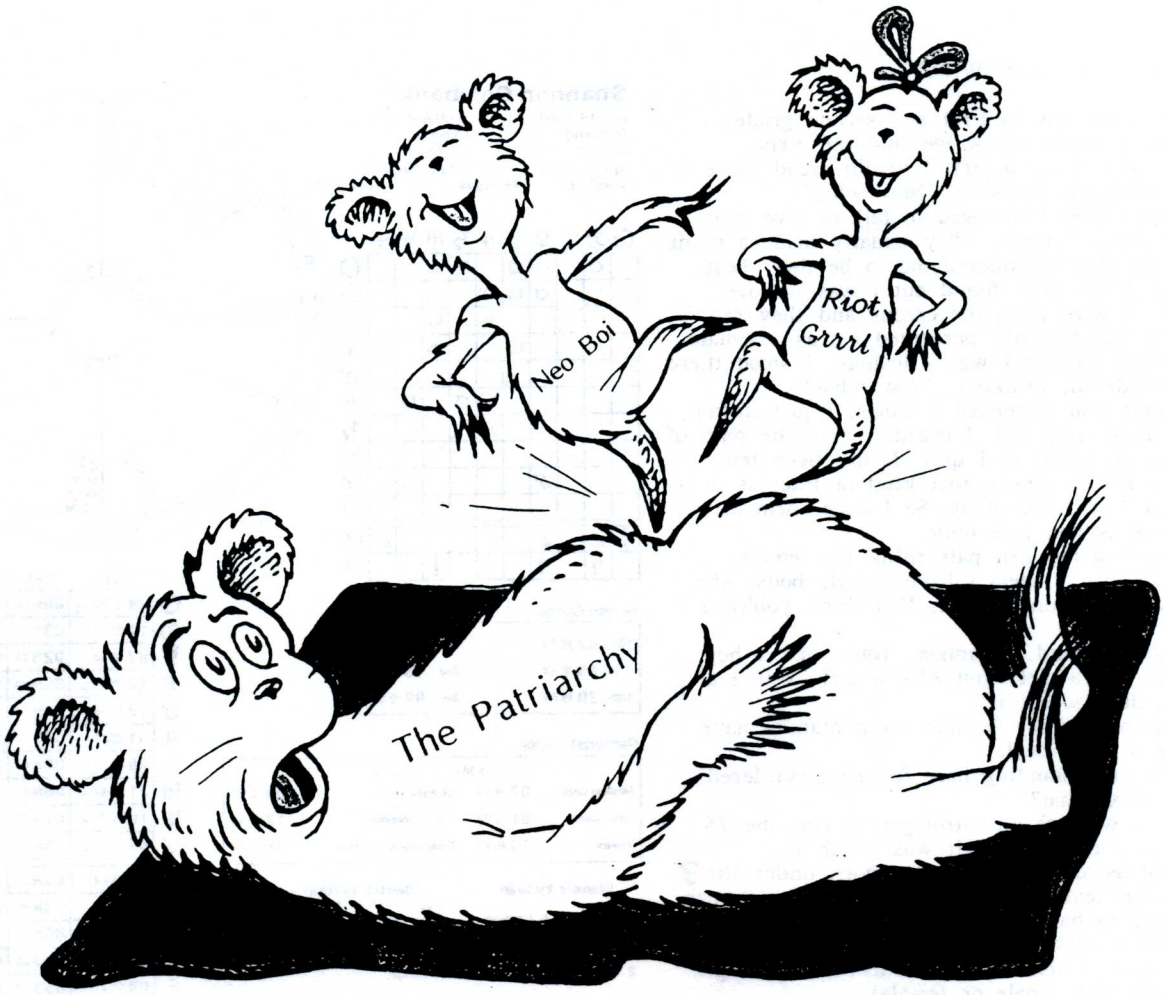
The Barbie Alternative

She has flat feet, and they're three times the size of Barbie's. Her waist is not too thin, and her hips are actually wider than her shoulders. In other words, the Happy-To-Be-Me Doll enjoys actual human proportions and not only that, African-American and Asian-American versions of her are in the design stage.

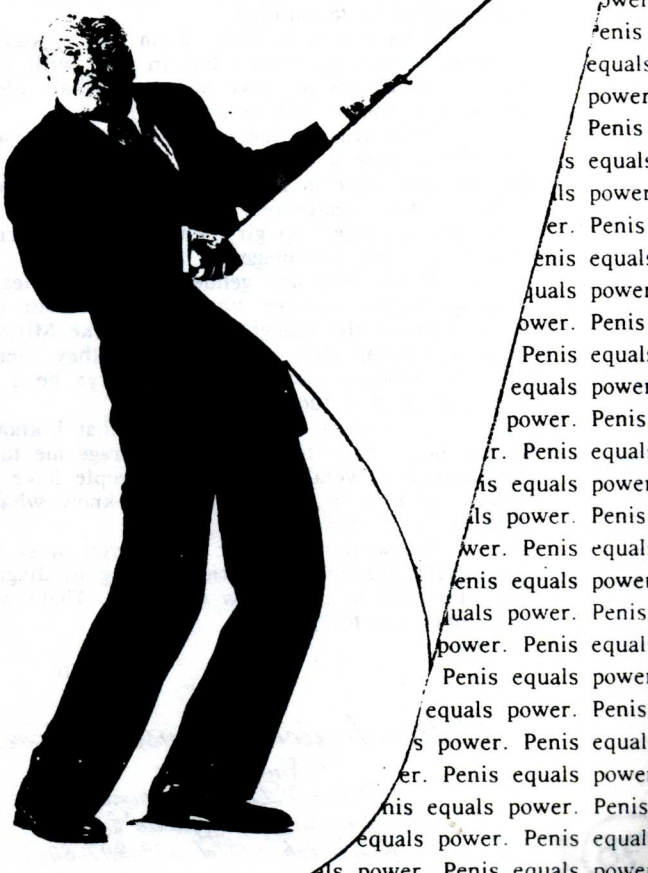
She's the invention of Cathy Meredig, engineer and entrepreneur. Cathy was out to lunch one day three years ago, when the conversation turned to women and our bodies. Among a tableful of motivated and successful women, not one could honestly say she liked the shape of her own body. The topic turned to fashion dolls, which represent an unrealistic adult woman's body to young girls. The two subjects remained linked in Cathy's mind and she began to do some research. She learned that 20% of American college-age women are anorexic or bulimic, and that young girls have formed an image of the desirable adult female body by age six. Clearly, some alternative to Barbie was needed, and Happy-To-Be-Me was conceived.

Happy-To-Be-Me can sport as complete a wardrobe as any other fashion doll, and she comes with a companion book in which the main character is a young girl in a leadership role. Happy-To-Be-Me (doll, book and one outfit) costs $24.95. Additional outfits range in price from $7.95 to $12.95 each.

Happy-To-Be-Me is available for all the boys girls on your holiday list by calling Esteem International, in Eden Prairie, MN, 800-477-9235. ★



Andrea Dworkin In *Woman Hating* she has a wonderful passage where she talks about what she imagines sexuality would look like after the feminist revolution–this kind of utopian vision; it's really, really radical. I don't know that I agree with it. She even mentions bestiality; it's not like an advocacy of bestiality; she says that we don't know what post patriarchal sex would look like because sexuality is so tied to and dictated by male/female relations that if we transformed male/female relations, and if we got rid of gender completely, we don't know what it would look like. I think that's really important to think unthinkable ideas the way she does in that book. Letting your mind go to that is really important. The definition of totalitarianism is that you censor your thoughts before you even think them. You just have to read *1984* to know that. The goal of society in *1984* was to stop people from even thinking subversive thoughts. It's important to think as many bizarre and subversive thoughts as you can. And to talk about them as real possiblities.



NOW WHAT?

When I was in first and second grade, gangs of boys would throw me into the girls bathroom and call me a girl. I would stand there feeling bewildered, thinking, "Now what?"

Since then I managed to fall in love with my best friends 7 times. They usually made a point of telling me they considered me to be their best girl friend. When they found out I was in love with them, it gave them the creeps and they ran away. They had honestly perceived me as a female identity. They thought I was a lesbian. I stood there feeling bewildered, thinking, "Now what?"

After that happened 7 times, I just didn't have any more tears left. I couldn't bare the pain of that happening again. So I quit. It has been ten years since I have shown that kind of interest in a woman. But I still like girls. So I keep them at a safe distance as pen pals only.

Most of my pen pals think I'm female. When I told one of them I have a male body, she said, "Yes dear, I understand. You think you're a boy."

Another said, "Shannon. You're not a boy who thinks he's a girl. You ARE a girl. You're a queer girl. Just accept it."

Meanwhile my lesbian acquaintances have labeled me a transexual.

I'm still standing here feeling bewildered, thinking, "Now what?"

So I went to an astrologer. It cost me 75 bux to have a chart done. It was worth it.

My astrologer said I was born under the 3 most powerful female signs. She said that as a man I am blessed to have so much feminine power. Even though I am a double Aries (the most powerful masculine sign) I also have more feminine strength than any one else. (male or female)

All my life I have blamed my gender confusion on my abusive childhood. Me detaching from, and denying, my original male self in order to survive. I think that is partly true. But now, since going to the astrologer, I have realized I was pre-disposed to femininity.

I have a male body. I am only sexually attracted to women. I only fall in love with women. But people always perceive me as a female identity. Even the women I fall in love with.

I always considered this to be a curse. I will never have a lover, I will never have a mate. But my astrologer is helping me to see it as a gift. Though I don't really feel like a gifted guy, I feel more like a fucked up girl, I'm trying to learn how to use it to my advantage.

If you feel any gender confusion, please go to an astrologer and see whats up with your star chart. I dread the thought of people like Mirya surgical altering their bodies because they identify with the opposite sex. Why can't Mirya be a gifted man instead of a fucked up girl?

I am in no way suggesting that I know Mirya. But I have had people encourage me to get the surgery. I wonder how many people have gone through with it because they didn't know what was going on with their stars.

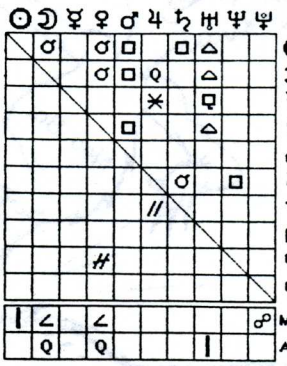
Please don't cut, or decide you must be queer. It could be a fantastic blessing in disguise. You just need to learn how to use it. That's what astrologers are for.

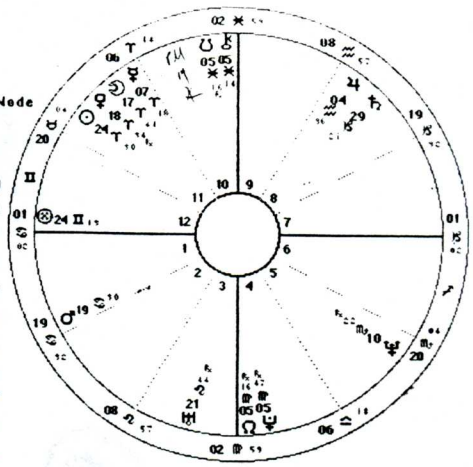
Shannon.

Astrological Consultations
Natal Charts
Solar & Lunar Returns
Progressions & Composite Charts
Jessica Judah • Tel. 503-297-8917

Shannon Colebank

Apr 14 1961	9:00 AM PST
Portland	Oregon
45N31	122W41
Apr 14 1961	17:00:00 GMT
Tropical	Placidus True Node





House Cusps

10th	02 ♐ 59	1st	01 ♎ 02
11th	06 ♑ 18	2nd	19 ♎ 32
12th	20 ♉ 04	3rd	08 ♏ 57

Personal Points

	R.A.M.C.	334 56	
Medium Coeli	02 ♐ 59	Co Ascendant	00 ♎ 08
Ascendant	01 ♎ 02	Polar Ascendant	18 ♍ 46
Vertex	19 ♍ 17	Equatorial Ascendant	06 ♊ 47

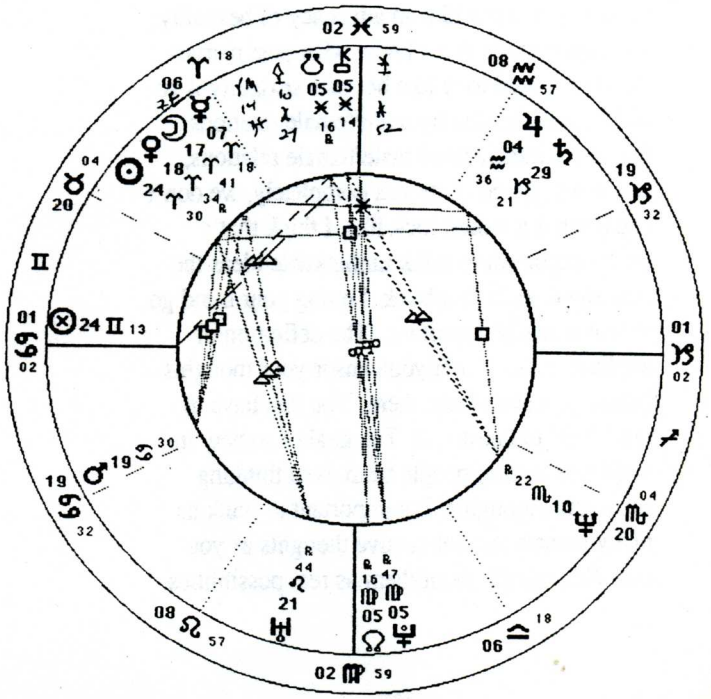
Planets by Sign		Planets by House	
5 Fire	6 Cardinal	2 Life	2 Angular
2 Earth	3 Fixed	8 Substance	7 Succedent
1 Air	1 Mutable	5 Relationships	1 Cadent
2 Water		3 Endings	

Prepared By:
Jessica Judah

	Long	Lat	Decl	R.A.
☉	24 ♈ 30	00N00	09N29	022 41
☽	17 ♈ 41	03S27	03N44	017 38
☿	07 ♈ 18	02S18	00N47	007 37
♀	18 ♈ 34 ℞	06N31	13N18	014 34
♂	19 ♎ 30	02N09	24N09	111 26
♃	04 ♒ 36	00S17	19S24	307 01
♄	29 ♓ 21	00S00	20S18	301 30
♅	21 ♑ 44 ℞	00N44	14N58	144 22
♆	10 ♍ 22 ℞	01N49	13S11	218 33
♇	05 ♌ 47 ℞	13N02	21N27	162 42
⚷	05 ♐ 14	05N33	04S24	335 01
⚸	10 ♐ 27	13N46	05N07	336 46
⚹	01 ♐ 52	06N31	04S42	331 32
☊	12 ♈ 00	07S38	02S17	014 00
☋	09 ♈ 41	05S02	00S47	010 52
☊	True 05 ♌ 16 ℞		Mean 03 ♌ 51 ℞	

Shannon Colebank

Apr 14 1961	9:00 AM PST
Portland	Oregon
45N31	122W41
Apr 14 1961	17:00:00 GMT
Tropical	Placidus True Node



I have barely scratched the surface of this subject. I want to do another whole issue from an intellectual point of view, rather than the emotional/political.

I will address "Victim Feminism" vs "Male Privilege," and sexism used as a caste system of class. Also women as property, and women as food.

Your personal point/counterpoint is enthusiasticly invited.

The following is a list of books I will be reading for inspiration. Your recommendations are heartily welcomed.

- The Woman's Encyclopedia of Myths and Secrets. by Barbara Walker
- The Anti Christ by Nietzche
- She/He by Minnie Bruce Pratt
- Boyhood. Growing Up Male by Franklin Abbott
- Woman Hating by Andrea Dworkin
- The Outsider by Colin Wilson
- Refusing To Be A Man by John Stoltenberg
- Thus Spoke Zarathustra by Nietzche
- The Second Sex by Simone de Beauvoir
- The Psychology of Gender by Janet Shibley Hyde & Marcia C. Linn

I will also read more Jung, and get into therapy myself.

I also have in the works, issues on Ethics, Stripping, Abuse, American Arrogants, Love, Anarchy, Menstruation, Politics, Queers, Portland, Racism, Rape, Sex and Masturbation, Sexual Symbolism, Sports, and Star Bellied Boys.

Contributors will receive a free half page ad (this means you).

Number one recomendation:
Come Uppance Zine. #4
c/o Chris Ohnesorge
1 Meadway
Bronxville NY 10708 USA
2 bux

It's about "white privilege," "male privilege," and "middle class privilege."

Shannon.

filler filler filler f er
filler filler filler er

filler filler filler filler f dollars filler filler
filler filler filler fille ler filler filler

filler filler fille ler filler filler filler
filler filler f filler filler filler filler

filler / er filler filler filler
fille oiller filler filler filler

your ad here for five

f r filler filler filler filler filler filler
fi ller filler filler filler filler filler filler

Which do you want?
A: Male ego
B: Female vanity

Hi Amanda

I got called out on the carpet for listing Glamour magazine as one of my "influences" in issue one. I want you to know that I do not support women's fashion magazines. However, I did steal from them in the making of the last issue, and this issue too, and I consider it common courtesy to give them a nod of acknowledgment. So... The Nancy Friday article on Sex and Love was stolen and reprinted without permission from Glamour magazine. Though I really liked that article, I violated copy right laws because Glamour is one of the big wigs, and I find their promotion of sexist gender role stereotypes offensive. Plenty of anarchists will pat me on the back for doing this. But the fact remains that it was stealing.

Is it okay to steal from the rich and powerful publishing conglomerate? What is the ethics involved? The anarchist's believe there should be no private property? How about the fact that I sent a copy of FLASHPOINT #1 to Glamour, telling them I stole their material, and they didn't seem to give a damn?

In the making of this issue, I realized how easy it is to get permission to use copy righted material. Most people are thrilled when you offer them a half page ad for free. So I do not intend to steal copy righted material in the future. And I assure you that this issue of FLASHPOINT is not copy righted, so feel free to "steal" and re-print any thing you want. (except for: Patty Leidy's Zero Hour; Jamie Hernandez' Maggie and Hopey page from Love and Rockets; Colin Upton's Pale Penis Person [he never sent me his free half page ad]; Dame Darcy's Anerexia Nervosa is Female Castration; my own personal Decibelle the Goodby Kitty ; and Barbara Neri's interview with Rachel Rosenthal. Everything else is up for grabs!

The following is a list of zines (not copy righted) I stole from in the making of FLASHPOINT #2. In the editing process I had to cut 75 pages to get it down to a size I could afford to print, and you could afford to buy, so material from some of these zines is no longer present in this issue. However, every one of these zines were an inspiration to me, and I encourage you to show them your support.

Shannon.

- Alarm Clock
  POBx 1551
  Royal Oak MI 48068-1551 USA
  2 bux
- Crap Hound
  POBx 40373
  Portland OR 97240-0373 USA
  4 bux
- National Geographic
  POBx 98012
  Washington DC 20077-9762 USA
  25 bux for 12 issue sub
- Yawp!
  Bx 752723
  Dallas TX 75275-2723 USA
  2 bux
- Alien
  17337 Tramouto #306
  Pacific Palisades CA 90272 USA
  2 bux
- Splatter Spleen
  1864 Monroe St NW
  Washington DC 20010 USA
  2 bux
- Ooompa! Ooompa!
  MYSTERY ADDRESS
- Molasses Soul Kiss
  522½ E Speedway Blvd
  Tucson AZ 85705-7425 USA
  2 bux
- Simba
  POBx 2635
  Brighton BN1 85U England
  3 bux
- Fantastic Fanzine
  1573 N Milwaukee #473
  Chicago IL 60622 USA
  2 bux
- Skunk
  POBx 20524 Tompkins Sq Station
  New York NY 10009 USA
  1 buck
- Diesel Bunny
  6 Maple St
  Gt Barrington MA 01230 USA
  2 bux
- Ancilla
  3066 Choctaw Ridge
  Woodridge VA 22192 USA
  2 bux
- Sekhmet
  POBx 14-156
  Kilbirnie Wellington New Zealand
  4 bux
- Libel
  4040 Olive Ave
  Sarasota FL 34231 USA
  2 bux
- Blue Stocking
  POBx 4525
  Portland OR 97208 USA
  3 bux
- Bad Attitude
  121 Railton Rd
  London 5E24 OLR England
  6 issue sub 18 bux US
- Rash
  RR #S-7 C-17
  Castlegar BC V1N 4H9 Canada
  2Bux
- Klan Watch Intelligence Report
  400 Washington Ave
  Montgomery AL 36104 USA
  free (donations accepted)
- Feminist Broadcast Quarterly
  POBx 1794
  Metairie LA 70004 USA
  3 bux
- P-Form
  756 N Milwaukee Ave
  Chicago IL 60622 USA
  sample issue 4 bux
- And Everything Nice
  POBx 4538
  Chico CA 95927 USA
  1 buck
- Body Memories
  2319 N 45th St #230
  Seattle Wa 98103-6953 USA
  2 bux
- Face
  3569 Mt Baker Hwy
  Bellingham Wa 98226 USA
  1 buck
- Kusp
  POBx 4619
  Gaithersburg MD 20885 USA
  1 buck
- Out Of The Vortex
  same as Kusp
  2 Bux
- Plain Jane
  777 S Mathilda Ave #208
  Sunnyvale CA 94087 USA
  2 bux
- Contrascience
  POBx 8344
  Minneapolis MN 55408-0344 USA
  2 bux
- Half Life
  135 E 12 St #274
  New York NY 10003 USA
  1 buck
- Pasty
  3711 47th Place NE
  Seattle Wa 98105 USA
  1 buck
- Idiot Nation
  6678 Washington 3W
  University City MO 63130 USA
  2 bux
- Patti Smith
  184 E 2nd St #5F
  New York NY 10009 USA
  2 bux
- Not Your Bitch
  POBx 2984
  Denver CO 80201 USA
  1 buck
- Doris
  POBx 4279
  Berkely CA 94704 USA
  2 bux
- The Domain
  1600 Penn Rd
  Hartselle AL 35640 USA
  2 bux
- Riot Grrrl Slam Book
  Bx 1320 Peter Stuyvesant Station
  New York NY 10009 USA
  2 bux
- Bulldozer
  POBx 342
  Oberlin OH 44074 USA
  2 bux
- Sad
  MYSTERY ADDRESS
- Presently Out Of Product
  3917 A Castleman Ave
  St Louis MO 63110 USA
  2 bux
- No Doi
  MYSTERY ADDRESS
- Super Witch
  8628 Roccus Lane
  San Gabriel CA 91775 USA
  1 buck
- Ms America
  2501 N Lincoln Ave #261
  Chicago IL 60614 USA
  1 buck
- Slut Utopia
  MYSTERY ADDRESS

WHAT THE REVIEWERS SAID ABOUT FLASHPOINT ISSUE 1

Bald Cactus
c/o Andy
POBx HP 171
Leeds W Yorks L56 1XX England

FLASHPOINT #1:

What we have here is 62 pages of personal experiences, news clippings, quotes and other things, all about religion. This looks at some of the extremes people go to because of religion. Also takes a look at links between fascists and the church and basically shows that religion, no matter what form it may take, is a load of brainwashing shit. Some of this is funny, some is scary, and some will make you shake your head in disbelief. If you want a copy, send $3 (postage paid world wide) to POBx 5591, Portland OR 97228 USA.

The Underground Zine Scene
c/o John Ridge
316 Main St
Sebewaing MI 48759 USA

Flashpoint zine #1.

This zine has a rather intriguing point behind it which is explained in the editorial, but basically the bottom line is: Shannon is over-dosed on religion, and the theme of this is "Enough Religion To Make Us Hate...Not Enough To Make Us Love." Many features are re-prints from other zines and papers and are all based around religious concepts in one way or another. If you can relate to Shannon then check this out, because it does make for some interesting reading. 62 pgs. $3 ppd. A4. Xeroxed. [c/o Shannon Colebank, POBx 5591, Portland OR 97228 USA]

L.A. Babe's Top 10 Fanzine Review.
c/o Trench Girl Productions
6230 Wilshire Blvd #1808
Los Angeles CA 90048 USA
Ph: (213) 871-6934
E-mail: lababe@blackrebel.com

Flashpoint (Shannon Colebank, POB 5591, Portland OR 97228).

Although I have only seen issue #1, Shannon and Sarah are brilliant! "Enough Religion To Make Us Hate, Not Enough To Make Us Love" adorns the cover of this religious information filled Xerox of 60 plus pages.

If you have more than a mild dislike of organized religion, but still have your spiritual beliefs, this is for you. If you are one of those Buchanan/Wilson types... this is for you too... with a kiss. Flashpoint contains everything from clippings to comics, reviews and zine contacts. Impressive.

Bypass
POBx 148
Hove BN3 3DQ England

Flashpoint.

#1. "Enough religion to make us hate, not enough to make us love." This anarchist leaning zine is choc-full of re-prints from many sources, zines, fliers, political mags and books, all of which expose the scary rise to power and fascistic antics of the religious right in the US. Seriously disturbing reading.

60pp. A4. $3.00 post paid (WLD). c/o Shannon Colebank, POBx 5591, Portland, OR, 97228, USA.

Flipside
POB 60790
Pasadena CA 91116 USA

FLASHPOINT c/o Shannon Colebank
#1, $3ppd wrld, S-62-R
(POB 5591 Portland OR 97228 USA)

Quite a bit of information packed in here...Lots of articles and lots of commentary having to do with religion and control (Christianity). Seems there is a lot of thought put into it, not a bunch of senseless slogans we have heard before. Then it goes on to the general subject of the conservative right... Pretty in depth reading. Some cartoons and much more. If you think the religious right is good, you might want to read this with an open mind and think about it.

R Seth Friedman
Factsheet Five
POBx 170099
San Francisco CA 94117 USA

FLASHPOINT

#1. August '95. This issue is subtitled "Enough Religion To Make Us Hate, Not Enough To Make Us Love" and gives a brutally honest appraisal of mainstream Christianity. I do not know how long it took Shannon to compile all this stuff, but it is an amazing collection of information. When you finish an issue of this, you will be armed to the teeth for your next battle with the Christians. Through re-prints and original essays we hear about Pope Joan (the woman Pope the Church has tried to forget), the horrors of the Mexican Inquisition, the Church's miserable record in denouncing war, and the neo-Nazi involvement in the anti-abortion movement. Besides all the information, there are tons of mini re-prints showing Christians at their most absurd and hateful moments. Price: $3. Shannon Colebank, POBx 5591, Portland OR 97228 USA (62pages/xerox/standard/raw/CWB)

Fanzine Roundup
Bob Nelson
75 Hale St Apt 1
Beverly MA 01915 USA

Flashpoint #1 ($3 from Shannon POBx 5591 Portland OR 97228 USA) "Enough Religion To Make Us Hate, Not Enough To Make Us Love." Excellent 62 page look at how religion, especially Christianity, can lead to racial hatred, bigotry, homophobia (or more accurately, homo hatred), and denigration of women. Lots of re-printed articles. Points out you can be spiritual without resorting to these established religions. Would Jesus Christ join a Christian church? #2 due out very soon, will cover Gender Identity.

Slug & Lettuce
c/o Christine Boarts
POBx 492
West Chester PA 19381 USA

Flashpoint #1 (aug) ($3/ c/o Shannon Colebank/POBx 5591/Portland OR 97228) This is an intense and excellent first issue. The cover states: "Enough Religion To Make Us Hate, Not Enough To Make Us Love." The theme of this is oppressive religious practices, and basically abusive families in the name of Christianity. Much of the writing is personal accounts of mental, physical, and sexual abuse amongst religious upbringing. In addition to these shocking, heartfelt stories are articles, re-prints, and various bits and pieces along the same lines - dealing with various religions, and sex and gender issues mainly from women's viewpoints. Painful stuff. Excellent job and highly recommended - especially for anyone with a strong religious upbringing (whether positive or negative).

FLASHPOINT ZINE IS AN EXQUISITE TORMENT OF UTTER PLEASURE THAT GRADUALLY INCREASES, MAGNIFIES ITSELF AND INTENSIFIES TO FINALLY CONCENTRATE INTO A MOLTEN EXPLOSION OF ECSTASY AS BLINDINGLY OVERWHELMING AS A SHOCK OF PURE WHITE LIGHT.

LETTERS IN RESPONSE TO FLASHPOINT ISSUE # ONE

a.k.a. SHANNON'S EGO MASTURBATION PAGE

FLASHPOINT #1, page 49, suggested the first major anarchist uprising took place in Europe around 1200. It has been brought to my attention that in Egypt between the old and middle kingdoms, BC, there was 140 years of anarchy driven by the people because they were upset with the Pharoah and his Priests for not feeding them properly for their work on the Pyramids and irrigation system of the Nile.

Thanks to Raheem, of the Black Panthers, for pointing this out to me. (He was a bit disgruntled that Africa had not been considered)

Shannon.

Hi.
I read #1 of yr zine. Wow. I really like it. It's so much bigger than my zine, I guess I'm sorta jealous. It's so neat, and everything you write makes me want to go out and fuck shit up even more than I already do.
Really rad anti-racist shit. you are very kewl and we (the Grrrls, Raheem and me) think yr very neato.
If you have an ad, I'd like to run it in the zines I do. I do a zine with Riot Grrrl called BITCH. and a mini zine for queer and bi girls, and another one with Jesse called DON'T THROW UP. I send them all across the country and I've been active in this forever, lots of people get my stuff, and I want them to get your stuff too b-cuz yrr smart and have some very strong shit to say.

Kiss Kiss
Amanda S

Hi there Shannon ~
Thanks for sending us a copy of flashpoint. There's a lot in it! I gotta admit while I can understand the sentiment and have a distrust and immense dislike of organized religion I haven't got any kind of personal basis for this as I had, I guess, an atheist upbringing, wasn't even christened. At one time I resented my mum for this coz I wanted something to believe in, even if it was false, I felt she'd brought me up with nothing. Now I know she brought me up with a respect for myself and the capacity to constantly question everything she'd been denied by her strict Methodist upbringing, and I respect her a lot for that
Well Take Care
Jane S

Jane S

Special thanks to Amanda Huron for inspiring this episode of Dear She does the excelent Splatter Spleen zine as mentioned on page 80.

Hey!
Flashpoint #1 is so fuckin cool. Whoever you are, you rule!
Thanks for publicizing our work & MOST Especially thanks for saying we inspired you. Kick ass.
Justice, then Peace
ARA - Columbus

Anti Racist Action
POBx 82097
Columbus OH 43202 USA

Shannon Colebank
P.O. Box 5591
Portland, OR 97228

Dear Shannon Colebank:

I 'm writing to thank you for sending me the copy of Flashpoint to use with my students. It was a very generous thing for you to do, and it made me feel good about what I've undertaken here. As you might have guessed, I am doing this without any funding from my college; a zine that comes for free is a blessing. And thanks for printing my letter, too. If it generates any more zines, I will be in your debt forever!

You have no idea what something like Flashpoint can mean at Pfeiffer. As you know, my primary goal is to inspire my students to publish their own zines. But another reason I want to bring zines into the classroom is simply to make my students aware that there is a world outside of this college that they know very little about. 80% of our students come from five counties surrounding the college. This means the students come from either rural or small town backgrounds. I want them to realize that the rest of the country is not necessarily white, heterosexual, and Christian. Flashpoint will give them something to think about.

Please don't think I'm being critical of my students, or condescending to them. (I'm not even criticizing the college, which I like.) I care about my students; I'd move a planet to help them. However, I do believe the college has an obligation to them, to educate them in many different ways. I walk a thin line here--I do not want to force an opinion on a student, or show any disrespect for a student's beliefs, but I do want them to challenge themselves, to think critically, and to encounter new ideas. I think your zine will help do this, which is why I am particularly grateful to you for sending it.

So far, none of my students has published a zine, but a few are ordering them and one guy even published an article in a zine. Interest is building gradually, and I hope someone will put out a zine before the end of the year. It takes time to accomplish anything here; there is an extraordinary amount of student apathy, but I am not going to give up. I truly believe Pfeiffer will see a zine in 1995!

I lent Flashpoint to a student who I know will appreciate it, and I will pass it around this semester. I'll also try to get students to order their own copies. And I did read it myself. Getting to read zines is one of the great benefits of my "project." Like my students, I'm encountering new ideas all the time. If nothing else comes from this, I know that at least the zines I'm reading are helping me become a better teacher.

I've probably told you a lot more about Pfeiffer than you wanted to know, but I wanted to make sure you understood how very much I appreciate Flashpoint. Please let me know when the next issue is out--a gender theme would be great for this school, and I'll even budget for it!

Sincerely,
Randy Clark

Randy Clark
Department of Language and Literature
Pfeiffer College
Misenheimer, NC 28109 USA

Send this character your zines for free
Help spread the word

P.S. I enjoyed seeing The Innocence Mission quoted in Flashpoint - I love them, and nobody here knows

Looks good so far...I'm gonna read it in depth this weekend. Interesting topic, and it looks like it got a well-deserved treatment.

Glad you enjoyed Giants and Little People #2; since you "grinned the whole way through it", I'm enclosing #1, and #3, free; if you want more it's $1 per issue for future ones. You'd be amazed at how many people are interested in giants and little people! I get all sorts of letters...and a writer from the London Daily Telegraph called to interview me on the phone (long-long-distance for 45 minutes, at HIS expense!) FOR an article about my zine to be published this month in his paper (1.5 million readers!) I'm actively searching out for books/videos/TV shows, and ads in this genre...for example, today in a used book store I found (for $1.75) a book for kids (ages 10 & up) about the adventures of a two-inch-tall kid. Hey, I just love imaginative tales like that.

By the way, I also publish NEGATIVFAN, a zine about the alternative-rock/media pranksters Negativland. You may or may not know this, but they did a song called "Christianity is Stupid" on a 1987 album, which creatively edited a preacher's words...later, one of them thought it'd be fun to spread the word that their song inspired a 16-year-old Minnesota youth to axe-murder his family. Different media outlets picked up this hoax, and it soon spiralled out of control. This is detailed on their '89 album HELTER STUPID. If you want, I can make you copies of HELTER STUPID as well as a radio show they did, "Christianity is Stupid", in which two of their members debated whether or not Christianity was stupid. Let me know if you want me to dub these for you... 4 bux to cover cost of tape and postage.

Well, I'm rambling now...maybe I should just seal this up, and go on to read Flashpoint #1. I'll mention your publication in my zine, and I'm glad you'll mention mine in yours.

Best...
BOB NELSON
NegativFan/Giants & Little People

Hi! Thanks for sending Flesh Point. Its a very scary, intriguing read - very honest, too (I can see why Sarah would have a crisis after going thru all the material it must've taken to put this issue together!) After what she had been through! I can see why you have. You feel no spiritual relationship with God anymore but maybe in time it'll come back in relation to something besides Judeo-Christian "God". To me one of the REALLY scary things about some people in the Religious Right is how proud they are of being intolerant, I say things like christianity never was a religion of tolerance (probably proud of things like the Inquisition, etc. without coming out & saying it!)

Keep up the good work - I'll mention it in Naughty bits - oh. I liked DECIBELLE, too (good name!) Thanks for a KILLER first zine!! Keep up the good work

If you can make it to Seattle, we're having a Bitchy Christmas show in December (Sundays, Mondays, First 3 weeks of December) at The Crocodile Cafe here in Seattle - we'll have the same Bitchy as in The Bitchy Bitch. Bitchy is in The Bitchy Bitch. Live shows (matter of fact, she has doing most of the work on this) & we'll have a lot of the material about Bitchy dealing with religion from issue # 2 & #4 - oh, it's fine to swipe my art - that picture of Jesus Bound & Gagged is intended to be copied & made into posters - (I made the colors mostly light on purpose) - if you want plaster your local obnoxious right-wing church with 'em!

Hang in There,
Roberta

Bob Nelson 75 Hale St Apt 1 Beverly MA 01915 USA does the most unique zine I have ever seen. It's called Giants and Little People in Fact and Fiction. It's a zine dedicated to stories about unusually large or small people, animals and things. As well as real life little people and giants. Definitely different. $1.00 US.

Dear Shannon.

I have re-read your entire publication with great admiration. What you have gone through I have also escaped. Unfortunately it took me many more years and allot more lengthy, if not intense, pain.

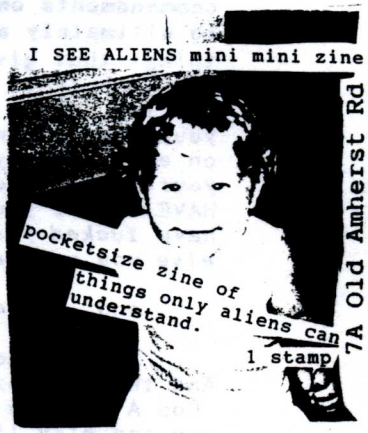
Being nearly 60 years of age, a Grandfather, and semi-retired, I can view the wasted energy I spend wrestling away from the power of the Roman Catholic Church, via a Jesuit education, with much disgust. Those power hungry parasites! It takes an incredibly long time to be rid of their influence.

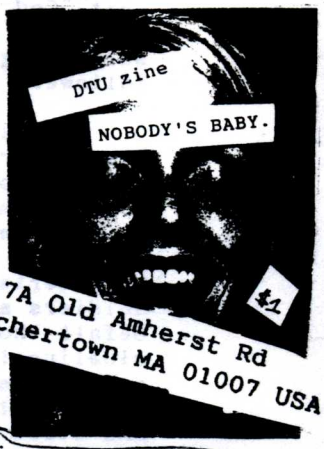
I will not recite my entire story yet. I will say the manipulation, which led to phony guilt and real pain, that I was subjected to during my first 18 years, took 40 years to subdue.

Please keep up the good work.

I am looking forward to your next issue, a subject which I have great interest.

Sincerely and gratefully
Leonard M.


I SEE ALIENS mini mini zine
pocketsize zine of things only aliens can understand.
1 stamp
7A Old Amherst Rd
Belchertown MA 01007 USA



Ingreat Records POBx 293 Pittsburg PN 15230 USA Carries spoken word only cassettes consisting of interviews with people such as Henry Miller, Charles Manson, and Aleister Crowley. It's different. Write for a free catalog.

The Singer's Network is an interesting little zine that discusses the politics behind the scene in American opera. Send 1 dollar to:

THE SINGER'S NETWORK
1070-E US Highway 34, Suite 190
Matawan, New Jersey 07747 USA

Get in Touch With Congress

Want to write or call your representatives in Congress, but aren't sure how? Call the Congressional information desk at 1-202-224-3121, give your zip code and the operator will tell you who your representatives are and how to

My dear readers.

FLASHPOINT #1 was mailed out with a little packet that contained 30 copies of my ad plus a piece of chocolate. Some of those packages had coin shaped chocolates in them. I used the coin shaped ones because they were the easiest to mail. Unfortunately they tasted awful. I had not tasted them myself until after I had sent out at least a dozen packages. For those of you who received those yucky chocolates, I apologize for having offended your taste buds.

Shannon

Dear Shannon.

Let's address for awhile the question that has intrigued philosophers for millenia: whether or not God/(dess) exists. It seems difficult to resolve experimentally, since at first one perceives no unambiguous evidence for God's existence. On the other hand, a God who was "playing possum" could surely evade earthly eyes, so clearly atheists cannot speak with conviction, either.

Go back in history and recall "Pascal's Wager" on the question. Essentially, he took the position, "If I believe in God, and I'm right, then I will spend eternity in heaven; if I'm wrong, well, no big deal. If I *dis*believe in God, and I'm right, again, no big deal; if I'm wrong, I burn forever in hell." Obviously, under this scenario, it's clearly *in one's interest* to believe, since the most elementary "risk/reward analysis" shows that *whether one is right or wrong, the consequences of believing are better than the consequences of not!* Put another way, believing guarantees the avoidance of hell (we're being a little sloppy here, but let it go for now), and holds out at least the possibility of heaven--*neither of which are available to the non-believer!*

Couple this with the well-documented "placebo effect" from medicine, and it might be argued that people who believe they will go to heaven when they die (even if they're wrong) live happier lives here on earth than those who believe their consciousness vanishes forever when their lump of protoplasm gives up. Now the argument in favor of belief seems all but overwhelming.

But of course it's not *quite* that simple. We return now to the sloppiness two paragraphs ago, because it's generally *not* enough to simply believe in God/(dess), but, rather, one is expected to follow His/Her commandments on how to live if one expects to get into heaven. If, in order to ultimately attain Paradise, one is expected to abstain from most of the things that give pleasure here on earth (drinking, smoking[redacted], gambling, sex with Traci Lords at age 17 years 364 days, etc.), the "wager" gets sort of grisly: Maybe the only shot at pleasure, fulfillment, and happiness that your consciousness is EVER GONNA GET IN ALL ETERNITY is this one shot here on earth; now you've got to sort of perform an "inverse renormalization" on your mathematics, because this (finite) life is ALL THE ETERNITY YOU'LL EVER HAVE, so if you waste it trying to "obey" something which doesn't exist, you have *fucked yourself over royally,* because there's *nowhere and nowhen else* you're *ever* gonna enjoy life later.

And, indeed, the situation is *even worse* than just described.

There's not just *one* candidate for Godhood--there are several. And their orders conflict! And not just "conflict" in the sense that "God A" thinks dancing is a sin, while "God B" thinks it's no big deal, so you can play it safe by never dancing. Their orders "conflict" in the sense that "God A" thinks that worshippers of "God B" should be killed and their lands and property forfeited for the benefit of "God A"--while, not surprisingly, "God B" thinks that symmetrically the same fate should befall followers of "God A."

Christians, to be precise, had no qualms about murdering and expropriating the property of non-Christians (and even "heretic" Christians) during the Inquisition; and Moslems and Jews today struggle with the question of whether God is named Allah or Jehovah--and with the question of which band of gunmen is ordained by God to control which patch of fuckin' desert.

Certainly each group has an opinion about what will befall the other's soldiers after death. Maybe they even have an opinion about what will befall those who, unable to decide which God is the right one, sit on the sidelines! Bummer. Jesus, too, is said to have stated, "He who is not for Me, is against Me," so *neutrality* may not be a viable option here. Better get on the stick, throw the dice, decide Who runs the Universe, and start killing His enemies, before it's too late.

The sub-Genii have the line "God spelled backwards is Dog, but Bob spelled backwards is still Bob." Couple this with the notion some people have after dropping acid that they're receiving messages from higher intelligences on the Dog Star Sirius. Let's go some more down this road: Somebody once said that "Man is probably a dog's idea of God." Take this to the next (perhaps uncomfortable) level: "Man is probably God's idea of a dog." Maybe our purpose is to give our Lord loyalty and companionship and surprises; to be grateful for the gifts of life and intelligence, and to use them, where possible, to amuse and entertain our Creator, while simultaneously enjoying them ourselves.

Certainly makes more sense that the prevailing notion that God wants Man to renounce and suffer and die.

The Inquisition never decently addressed the "What if, despite our faith, we're WRONG?" problem. If they were in fact right about God and hellfire (as they THOUGHT they were, of course), then they WOULD indeed be *doing you a favor* by torturing your body if that could prompt you to change your religion in a way that would save your soul. Indeed, even hours of being barbecued like Joan of Arc or Lolita of Waco *would* be well worth it if, prior to your fiery death, you accepted the religion of the people who set you on fire, and therefore went to heaven.

But what if they were wrong? What if there's NO GOD, and your consciousness has a finite life span on earth, and THAT'S IT! By murdering you, they deprive you of ALL THE LIFE YOU'LL EVER HAVE IN ETERNITY to get you to "accept" a thing that doesn't even exist!

And have you thought of the INFINITELY WORSE case? What if the Inquisition happened to be worshipping the WRONG God? What if, by torturing and threatening to murder you to make you readjust your theology, they happen to make you RENOUNCE THE TRUE GOD AND ACCEPT THEIR FALSE ONE? They will have then TORTURED YOU ON EARTH for the specific purpose of MAKING YOU DO SOMETHING WHICH WILL THEN CAUSE YOU TO BE TORTURED FOR ETERNITY!!

I SURE wouldn't want that on MY conscience.

And this whole idea of somebody else burning in hell because I messed up is why I'm so fuckin' touchy about even suggesting some of my serious ideas.

And *especially* my Sirius ones . . .

And dare I mention that the 18-year-old with the purple Mohawk and the self-fulfilling prophecy "No Future" tattooed on his arm gets the same one vote as Dr. Hawking does in his Parliamentary district? Even when they are selecting the politicians who will decide how much of Dr. Hawking's salary will be taken at government gunpoint for distribution to those who CHOOSE to have "no future."

But the "Win-Win" concept may be the most powerful tool for human progress since fire or the wheel! So it is worth the telling. It is EASIER to learn how to offer your fellow men "Win-Win" THAN TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THEM! Your reputation does most of your work for you! Suppose people went around saying, "Watch out for Koresh, he'll *walk all over you* to get what he wants." Even if I was careful enough never to actually break any law, and never to get sued, how easy would it be for me to have pleasant or profitable commercial or other intercourse with the rest of the World after awhile? But now suppose I acted so as to make people say, "Watch out for Koresh, he'll *get you whatever you heart desires* if you help him get what he wants." See? Even if I had NO DESIRE TO BE MORAL and to treat people fairly and honorably, I WILL LEARN THAT IT IS BETTER TO DO SO! Adam Smith's "Invisible Hand" guides us EVEN IN OUR PRIVATE LIVES to respect others' rights--if only as a better way to achieve our own goals!

If the repressive Marxist dictator of Fredonia needs to be taken out, you *could* send a covert hit team to do it, but then you would need to wrestle with your conscience about "Thou shalt not kill." Howsomever, the Bible says *nothing* about whether thou shalt give him "gaslight" with an "absence of malice" so that he maybe offs *himself*, neatly solving the problem with a "Win-Win" that risks no-one's immortal soul! There's even the morally nicer possibility that abject disgrace and humiliation might depose the tyrant without spilling ANY blood (even his).

So you must LEARN to THINK and to SEE. Especially with your Third Eye.

Your brother in Christ,

Dave Koresh

Dave Koresh

Hey Shannon.

Thanks so much for sending yer zine. Though I'm not generally into re-print zines, I did enjoy it allot, being alternately terrified (KKK, anti-choice stuff) and amused, which I suppose was the point. Good job.

Keep on profaning the sacred.

Ronni.

☆ FLASHPOINT ☆

FLASHPOINT zine issue one
Enough Religion To Make Us Hate
Not Enough To Make Us Love

a zine about corrupt religions
and their abuse of power

62 pages letter size
three dollars US cash
postage paid world wide

Shannon Colebank
FLASHPOINT zine
POBx 5591
Portland OR 97228 USA

DEAR SHANNON,

I JUST FINISHED READING YOUR ZINE FLASH POINT AND I'M COMPELLED TO ADDRESS YOUR CRITICISM OF CHRISTIANITY. I'M AN ORDAINED MINISTER FROM A BIKER CLUB AND WHEN WE TURN THE OTHER CHEEK, IT'S USUALLY TO DISTRACT OUR ENEMIES FROM THE BRASS ~~KNUCKLES~~ KNUCKLES WE'RE PULLING. (A LITTLE BIKER HUMOR) SO LETS GET DOWN TO YOUR ZINE:

1. THE CATHOLIC CHURCH- I CAN'T ARGUE TO MUCH FOR THESE CHILD MOLESTERS, EX-NAZI MAFIA/MASONIC ASSHOLES- JUST THAT THEY ARE NOT CHRISTIAN- A TALK. THEY ARE A BASTARDIZED PAGAN/JEWISH OCCULT WOMAN WORSHIPING CULT.

2. INTRO- SOUNDS LIKE YOU WERE IN A FUNDAMENTALIST CHURCH. THESE GUYS ARE ABOUT 70% INCORRECT- BIBLE WISE. THEY TRY TO BE HOLIER THAN GOD HIMSELF. THE BIBLE SAYS IT'S OK TO DRINK (EVEN JESUS DRANK WINE) JUST DON'T GET DRUNK. YOUR MUSIC IS A GIFT FROM GOD- USE IT TO GLORIFY HIM- NOT JUST CHURCH MUSIC. BY THE WAY, I'M PRO PORNO- IT'S BETTER TO MASTURBATE THAN TO RAPE. THERE IS NO EXCUSE FOR WHAT YOUR PARENTS DID TO YOU- PRAY TO FORGIVE THEM AND GOD WILL DEAL WITH THEM ONE WAY OR ANOTHER. CHRISTIANITY IS NOT A FAILURE, IT'S BEEN FOUND DIFFICULT AND LEFT UNTRIED. RELIGION IS MAN'S HYPOCRITICAL SUBSTITUTION.

3. GOD HATES FAGS- ACTUALLY GOD HATES THOSE WHO PRACTICE A SINFUL LIFESTYLE. HOMO ARE CHILD MOLESTERS- ON VACATION THEY BUY TEN YEAR OLD BOYS FROM POOR FAMILIES. WHEN I WAS IN HIGH SCHOOL IN THE 1960'S, THE GREASERS WOULD BEAT UP FAGS AND ROLL THEM FOR CASH.

4. ABORTION- ACTUALLY, ABORTION DOCTORS SHOULD STAND TRIAL FOR MURDER AND BE HANGED. THAT GOES FOR THE "MOTHER" TOO. VIGILANTE DEATH SQUADS KILLING ABORTIONIST, ADULTERERS AND HOMOS- HEY, THAT WOULD WIPE OUT HOLLYWOOD AND THE WHITE HOUSE. DON'T TEMPT ME.

5. RUSH LIMBAUGH- HE'S A TOTAL FRAUD. HE WAS BANKROLLED BY LIBERALS (PHIL DONOHUE) TO CONTROL THE RIGHT WING. YES, THERE IS A CONSPIRACY AND THE REPUBLICANS ARE PART OF IT.

6. RAPE- IF ANY MAN SAW HIS WIFE BEING RAPED AND DIDN'T SHOOT THE BASTARD- THE WIFE SHOULD SHOOT THEM BOTH. AN EYE FOR AN EYE- IT'S IN THE BIBLE.

7. ARYAN NATIONS/KKK- I THINK ARYAN NATIONS IS A HOAX AND REALBUTLER IS A GOVT. AGENT. THERE ARE VARIOUS LEVELS OF KKK FROM NON-VIOLENT TO DEATH SQUADS BUT THEY ARE ALL FREEMASONS WHO PASS THEMSELVES OFF AS CHRISTIAN.

8. THE TROUBLES OF JANICE VOL 1+2- SOUNDS INTERESTING. FLOG THAT SAUCY WENCH! SIGN ME UP FOR CHRISTIAN PORNO.

9. "FATHER" DANIEL HELMINIAK ON BIBLICAL PERVERSIONS- SOUNDS LIKE HE'S DELIBERATELY MISREADING SCRIPTURE SO HE CAN MOLEST ALTAR BOYS. I CAN SEE A BOYS CHOIR OF ALTAR BOYS SINGING " DAY BY DAY

FATHER DAN IS GAY
OH, DEAR LORD
KILL HIM WE PRAY."

I'M SENDING YOU A ZINE OR TWO TO GIVE YOU THE OPPORTUNITY TO GIVE ME SOME FEEDBACK ON MY WACKY VIEW OF LIFE. I'LL SEND YOU ONE ON CHRISTIANITY AND ONE ON POLITICS.

AWAITING YOUR REPLY,

DAN

86

Random Shots zine
3651 A S 76th St
Milwaukee WI 53220 USA
2 bux

← A COMBINATION OF ANARCHY AND CHRISTIANITY (?)

Rebecca, who does the rather spiffy Verboslammed zine, also does a radio show with Erin on KBOO radio, Portland's listener supported, independent radio station, at 90.7 FM. Their show is called Life During War Time, and they need your support.

Here's a description:

Sometime probably close to a year and ½ ago i started volunteering at the community radio station. so did my friend erin. we dreamed up this plan about what we'd do if we ever got on air, and six months ago we ~~starting~~ started staying up until 3:30 am to broadcast "life during wartime." it's my first time doing on-air radio, and i have to say it's one of the reasons verboslammed sat dormant for so long — it's totally exciting. of course, erin's a radio addict and has been for years, so some of her stuff rubs off on me. we've structured the show sort-of like an audio-zine (and are "publishing" tapes based on the show), with interviews, zine readings, and music. well, maybe i should back up and say that our objective — second only to having fun — is to try and document the experience of being a punk. the issues that surround our lifestyle and have formed our identities, the everyday experiences and the once-in-a-lifetime ones. its more than just the music, though that's sometimes the easiest to focus on, we're trying to bring all the other aspects of d.i.y. into it. and we need some help — more zines and more demo tapes or record releases, and we'd love tapes of you talking (about your first experiences, your bests, what happens in your town's scene, how it feels to put out a zine or play in a band, how you see punk evolving or changing). the record library at the radio station is lacking a lot of indie releases, so we've been relying heavily on our own collections but if you put out a record or tape that you could contribute to the library — wow! it'd be so great.

AUDIOZINE No. 1
"MY FIRST SHOW"
AVAILABLE
NOW!!
#3 PPD

Life During War Time/Verboslammed zine
c/o Erin & Rebecca
POBx 1113
Portland OR 97207-1113 USA

Dear Shannon.

Thanks for your letter.
I am honored and delighted that you will be reprinting a page from FBQ. Please give copy right credit to the author, whoever she is. And yes, back issues are still available (except for issue 1 Volume 1) at $3 each. Please give my Matairie POBx. Checks can be made payable to FBQ.

Thanks again.
Mimi Y.

FBQ
POBx 1794
Matairie LA 70004 USA

As of November '96, Flashpoint zine issue 1 has sold 242 copies. I thank all who have shown their support.

With that large of readership I think I can charge for advertising, 5 dollars a quarter page, 10 dollars a half page. If you are broke, like me, go ahead and send me your ads anyway. There will always be small spaces that need filler.

My next project is The Whizzbanger Guide To Zine Distributors. It consists of self-descriptions of numerous zine distros from around the world. If you have ever written to me, I have you in my rolodex and will send you an ad when it is finished. If you know of any zine distributors, please tell them to write to me for information. It costs them nothing to participate.

I also have an issue 3 of Flashpoint in the works. It is about corrupt drug companies and their control of the medical profession. Some pretty sick connections between pharmaceutical manufacturers and the military. I also present the fact that AIDS does not exist, and show you my diary I kept while in a clinic that cures cancer, multiple sclerosis, herpes, so-called "AIDS," etc. I also include a ton of personal writing on a variety of subjects, including healthcare, gender issues, victim feminists, childhood vaccines and the diseases they cause, the AIDS scam, the history and maintenance of human evil, several more of my gender dreams, some ranting, and another episode of Decibelle The Good-by Kitty (don't you just love dimpled knees?). Issue 3 of Flashpoint is pretty much finished but will not be officially released until late '97, early '98, due to the fact I am completely overwhelmed with my other 2 issues and The Guide.

I heartily invite everyone to write to me about anything you have read in either issue of Flashpoint, especially if you disagree. Unlike most zine people, I answer my mail.

All back issues will be continually updated and kept readily available. Please spread word of them to your friends and enemies.

You will notice on page 80 there are some zines with "mystery addresses." These are people who moved without leaving any forwarding address or bothering to notify their pen-pals or give back the money that was sent them for their next issue. What is the point of putting out a zine if you do not care enough to maintain your rolodex? Every person who has ever written to me is in my rolodex, which I religiously maintain the accuracy of.

Closing comments: Teach yourself how to have full body orgasms alone, and never watch television.

See you in the Whizzbanger Guide.

Shannon Colebank
Flashpoint zine
POBx 5591
Portland OR 97228 USA

please do not send me music!

Sick of the same old poop??

FLASHPOINT